



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

080 cu
.145/6

EDITED BY

H. M. PERCIVAL, M.A.

Sometime Senior Professor of English Literature and Officiating
Principal, Presidency College, Calcutta; Editor of "Faerie
Queene," Book I, "As you like it," "Merchant of
Venice," "Samson Agonistes," "Macbeth," etc.



UNIVERSITY OF CALCUTTA

1955

Rs. 3/-



BEU 704

173370



PRINTED IN INDIA

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SIBENDRANATH KANJILAL,
SUPERINTENDENT, CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY PRESS,
48, HAZRA ROAD, BALLYGUNGE, CALCUTTA.

1838 E—January, 1955—A.

FOREWORD

It is sixteen years now since I retired, after thirty-one years of work in teaching at the Presidency College. The memory of that work, and of the happiness I felt in performing it has never left me. In imagination often, and in dreams sometimes, it has come back to me. But this is no more than the shadow of a past happiness. The affection of two of my old pupils is replacing this shadow by the substance; and as I once lectured on Shakespeare in the Class-Room, their affection enables me now to lecture again on Shakespeare through the Press.

July, 1928
London

H. M. Percival

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The two pupils mentioned by the late Professor H. M. Percival in his *Foreword* are Sri P. C. Chaudhuri and the late Professor P. C. Ghosh. Sri P. C. Chaudhuri, who held the copyright of Professor Percival's manuscripts, not only transferred his interests in them to the University of Calcutta but also made a handsome donation towards the cost of printing and publishing them. The University records its appreciation of the efforts of Sri P. C. Chaudhuri to honour the memory of an eminent educationist, who was also a distinguished teacher of Shakespeare.

The editing of the manuscript of *Antony and Cleopatra* was entrusted to Dr. M. M. Bhattacharyya, Sir Gooroodass Professor of English, University of Calcutta, Sri P. K. Guha, Principal, Surendranath College, and Dr. S. C. Sengupta, Professor of English, Presidency College. In preparing it for publication, the editors have made only such minor changes as the author himself would have made if he had read the proofs himself.

The manuscript contained some marginal comments by the late Professor P. C. Ghosh. As the editors feel that some of these comments would be of interest to advanced students of the play, they have been inserted at the end in an *addendum*, and are distinguished by Professor Ghosh's initials—P. C. G.

The manuscript has been seen through the Press by Dr. S. C. Sengupta.

INTRODUCTION

I

Dates and Sources

By most critics the date of composition is put down as 1607-1608; and the date of publication as 1608, this last date being that of an entry in the Stationers' Register of "A book called Antony and Cleopatra", and the entry being that of a permission for publication. The application of certain Tests (such as those of many unstopped or run on lines, where the sense does not stop with the line, but runs on to the next, of a large proportion of blank verse to rimes, of many lines of eleven syllables, of many speeches ending in the midst and not at the end of a line) places this play in the fourth or last period of Shakespeare's authorship. On the strength of this, a few critics have assigned *some* later dates than those above, on the assumption that the book entered under that name above, without an author's name, may not be Shakespeare's. There are no quartos of the play, and its first publication, with his name as author, is in the First Folio. 1623.

The source throughout is North's translation of Plutarch (1595); in a few places the source is Appian's Roman History (translation, 1578), both originals being in Greek. Shakespeare adheres closely to North's narrative throughout in his Life of Antony, sometimes down to his words; but where artistic reasons require it, he departs from him: these departures will be noticed in the *Notes*.

II

Historical: all dates are B.C.

55. Antony meets Cleopatra for the first time, when as commander of cavalry under Gabinius, proconsul of Syria, he is in Alexandria,



at the restoration of her father Ptolemy XI (Anletes, the flute-player) to the throne of Egypt.

51. Cleopatra is joint queen with her brother Ptolemy XII; Pompey the Great being appointed by the Senate to be Protector of the kingdom, but never landing in Egypt except to meet his death.

48. Cleopatra, expelled from the throne by the king's minister, Pothinus, flies to Syria, raises an army, invades Egypt, and, while she faces an army raised by her brother, Pompey, flying after his defeat at Pharsalia, lands at Alexandria, and is assassinated; his son, Sextus, with his mother, witnessing the deed from board their ship.

47. Julius Cæsar lands at Alexandria, defeats Ptolemy, who is drowned, restores Cleopatra to the throne, making her second brother, a mere boy, joint ruler with her.

46. Antony marries Fulvia as his third wife.

45-4. Cleopatra at Rome as Cæsar's mistress, till his assassination.

43. Cleopatra returns to Egypt, where she murders her second husband Ptolemy XIII.

The second Triumvirate is formed, by which the proconsular Provinces are placed under the absolute rule of the three partners; Italy being continued under the rule of the Senate: the triumvirs issue the Proscription lists, under which Cicero perishes; Fulvia exults over his death, and outrageously insults the dead opponent of her husband.

42. Antony, as triumvir of the East, summons Cleopatra to appear before him to answer a charge of having helped the Republican army under Brutus and Cassius, two of Cæsar's assassins (after their defeat and death at the battle of Philippi). Cleopatra sails to Cilicia, in Asia Minor, to answer the charge, and *sails up the Cydnus*.

42-40. Antony and Cleopatra in Egypt.

40. Revolt of Antony's brother and Fulvia against Octavius Cæsar; Antony leaves Egypt to support the rebels; before his arrival in Italy the rebellion is quelled by the siege and battle of Perusia; Fulvia dies; by the peace of Brundisium, Antony is reconciled to Cæsar; marries his sister Octavia; obtains the provinces east of the



INTRODUCTION

ix

Adriatic as his share in a new partition of jurisdiction between the triumvirs.

39. Treaty of Misenum between the Triumvirs and Sextus Pompey, by which the latter is granted Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica, on condition of acting as Lord High Admiral of the triumvirs for the suppression of piracy in the Mediterranean.

39-8. Antony's lieutenant, Ventidius, conquers hither Parthia; another lieutenant, Sossius, captures Jerusalem; Antony installs Herod the Great, the governor, as king of Judæa. Antony sends Octavia back to Cæsar, bestows Syria and Phœnicia as kingdoms on Cleopatra's sons; Cleopatra meets Herod the Great; tries to fascinate him, but is unsuccessful; and mortally hates him ever after. |

37. Pompey violates the treaty with the triumvirs; after some success at sea, is defeated by Agrippa; escapes to the East; is captured, and put to death by Antony's lieutenant.

36. Lepidus deserts Cæsar; heads the remnant of the Pompeians; is deserted by his troops; is spared his life by Cæsar, but is deprived of all power, and made to retire with the title of Pontifex Maximus. Antony in person invades further Parthia, is compelled to make a disastrous retreat.

34. Antony conquers Armenia and celebrates a triumph.

32. Antony divorces Octavia. ✓

31. Cæsar, after long endurance, avenges the desertion and divorce of Octavia at the battle of Actium. Cleopatra flies back to Egypt; summons her vassal kings to her aid, tries to draw her fleet across the isthmus into the Red Sea, to provide a retreat into Persia, fails, negotiates with Cæsar, when he arrives in Egypt.

30. Battle of Alexandria, desertion of the Egyptian army and fleet to Cæsar; deaths of Antony and Cleopatra, Cæsar reduces Egypt to a Roman Province.

29. Cæsar celebrates a Triple Triumph, in which an image of Cleopatra, lying on a couch, as she did at her death, is carried in procession; Cæsar closes the temple of Janus, as an indication of the reign of Universal Peace in the World. ✓



III

Action

[The subject of this play is Sensual Love: its action shows the rise, the course and the ending of a love of this nature; it begins with sensual pleasures, which quickly run to excesses that are mistaken for true happiness; its course shows the interruptions of these pleasures by discords, also running into growing violence; it ends in the greatest unhappiness and in violent deaths. This is the lesson that this action teaches, that it draws from the story of the lives of two such lovers that once actually lived, and that might apply to similar cases in human life any day.

This action has been described by some critics as ill-constructed, halting, straggling, as disfigured by too many incidents and too many personages, as containing a bewildering multiplicity of details, as devoid of artistic connection between incidents or between details, all of which defects, they say, distract attention from the main interest of the play. Criticism of this kind began with Dryden, and led him to write a "classic" version of the subject of this play, in his *All for Love*, in the preface to which he gives his reasons for trying to improve on Shakespeare's play; in his version he claims a faithful observance of the Aristotelian Unities; of Time, a few days, if not strictly a day only; of Space, Alexandria only; of Action, the painting of one devouring Passion, without any episode or under-plot. And this, says an admiring critic, Dryden has done by discarding a number of uninteresting characters, and a number of irrelevant incidents drawn from war, negotiation, domestic matters, by the introduction of all of which, he continues, Shakespeare has violated the last of the Unities, and by spreading them over ten long years and over three countries (Greece, Egypt, Italy) has violated the other two; and that for these reasons Dryden's is the superior work in point of coherence, simplicity, unity. The play itself bears out both preface and critic: it has only about a dozen personages; it lasts for an unspecified short while; and is confined to one place: it begins with the estrangement of love from love, and ends with the sacrifice of love for love: the result of Action is the cause of this beginning, and the course of the action



INTRODUCTION

xi

between this and the ending is this—renewed war against the victor, reconciliation between the lovers at parting for this war, a victorious return, jealousy of the lady-love at reconciliation between her lover and his lawful wife, jealousy of the lover on suspicion that his lady-love has taken up with a new lover, dreadful scene of discord between the two lovers, false report of death of lady-love, revival thereof of lover's love, and his consequent suicide, revival thereof of lady-love's love, and her consequent suicide; and thus do both give life for love; for that I suppose is the meaning of "love for love".

Of the self-contained symmetry of such an action there can be no doubt, it is "perfect art", but it is the perfection of spurious art: it is art divorced from nature; it is art that does not describe human nature as we see it in the two persons described by Plutarch, or as we might see or hear of in actual life about two common persons, neither queen nor triumvir. Dryden gives us, instead, two phantoms, very artificial, very unlike human beings, and he and his admirers mistake these for two idealized human beings, raised to the ideal from the real. In Plutarch we have two real shameless libertines in high places, whose manner of life only rouses our contempt and aversion, and whose manner of death leaves us indifferent. Shakespeare describes this real man and real woman, abating nothing from the lives they lead; and (here comes in that divine imagination with which he, of all poets, was most richly gifted) he so idealizes them, that contempt and aversion change at their deaths into pity and grief. This is the magic that his true art alone has worked, and that Dryden and a dozen others, who have tried their hand at this story, have failed in.

✓ ACT I

Antony leaves Egypt and Love for Italy and Duty.

Scenes i and ii. Antony's doting slavery to Cleopatra, and her artful tyranny over him, in leading a life of voluptuous frivolity: a like frivolity in their friends and attendants, from the infection of their example. The call of public duty rouses Antony to an effort to shake off this slavery.



iii and iv. The effort succeeds, and Antony takes leave of Cleopatra and voluptuousness: what that call to public duty was to which Antony thus responded.

v. The desolation of Cleopatra at the loss of her slave of love.

ACT II

Public Affairs in Italy and Antony's part in them.

Scene i. Pompey's already achieved success, and his hopes of further success.

ii. Reconciliation between Antony and Cæsar, and the marriage that was meant to seal it and seal the fate of Cleopatra's power over Antony. The Episode of the Cydnus describes how that power was first gained.

iii. Antony breaks this seal by secretly resolving to go back to Egypt.

iv. The insignificance of the third triumvir.

v. Cleopatra receives news of the marriage, that was to have ended her power over Antony, but not the news that he had resolved to return to Egypt: a phase of her character shown by the way in which she receives that bad news.

vi. The reconciliation of Cæsar with Antony now enables their united strength to meet Pompey in his hour of success (against Cæsar when he was alone) upon equal terms, and to effect the treaty of Misenum.

vii. Pompey withstands the temptation to make himself the sole power in the Roman empire, through an act of treachery, instead of being only jointly in power with the triumvirs in it, through honourable observance of the treaty.

ACT III

Embraces a period of about eight years, during which Antony slowly fills up the measure of his ill-treatment of Octavia, and at its close receives punishment, at the hands of her brother in the defeat at Actium, through the cowardice or treachery of the mistress, for



INTRODUCTION

xiii

whose sake he had ill-treated his wife: after being reconciled to Antony, Cleopatra is ready for a betrayal (perhaps the second) of him to Cæsar, in the hope of discarding Antony and securing Cæsar in his place, as the price of betrayal.

Scene i. His lieutenant's success in Parthia only rouses Antony's jealousy of him.

ii. Antony leaves Italy for Greece with Octavia, as the first step towards the carrying out of his secret design of returning to Egypt.

iii. Cleopatra procures reports of her rival Octavia's personal gifts (or defects) that she might calculate the chances of her keeping a hold on her husband, and keeping him away from her, his mistress.

iv. Arrived at Athens, Antony takes the next step by sending Octavia back to Rome, ostensibly to mediate between brother and husband, really as a wife divorced without her knowledge.

v. The alleged reason for this mediation is a difference between the two men: Antony charging Cæsar with having destroyed Pompey's power that had acted as a balance, pushed Lepidus altogether out of the triumvirate, and by these actions, with having made himself the sole power in the West.

vi. And Cæsar charging Antony with having publicly enthroned Cleopatra as empress-consort of the East, conferred separate kingdoms on her and her sons, and, under pretence of mediation, divorced Octavia. Octavia learns the truth only on her arrival at Rome.

(Between the first return of Octavia to Rome as mediator, and her second return as divorced wife, about six years intervene in history, during which she returns to Greece with supplies of troops and money for Antony, and he refuses to see her; returns to Rome, and there takes into her care Antony's children; and looks after his house and property. During these same years Antony is active in Parthia, Judæa and Armenia. Shakespeare merges Octavia's two returns to Rome into one, and passes over these activities of Antony, because they are unconnected with the continuity of the action of his play).

vii. Antony's divorce of Octavia fills up the measure of his wrongdoings, and brings the action of the play into Actium, where they are to receive retribution. Cleopatra and his evil star lead him to



choose to fight by sea, against the advice of his military experts, and the appeals of his veteran soldiers.

viii. The Battle of Actium, and the ruin of Antony's cause, as the result of Cleopatra's cowardice or treachery.

ix. (This scene is on board the *Antoniad*, Cleopatra's flagship, off the harbour of Tænarus in the Peloponnessus, but is wrongly set down in stage directions as at the palace at Alexandria, making several passages meaningless, if it is adopted).

Cleopatra effects a reconciliation with Antony, and effects it with two words, "my lord", "my pardon", but joined to all the power of her silent fascination.

x. Cæsar pursues the two fugitives from Actium to Egypt; receives a joint envoy from both, sends his own, with secret instructions, to negotiate with Cleopatra alone.

xi. Antony challenges Cæsar to a single fight. Cæsar's envoy unfolds to Cleopatra a secret and ambiguous offer of protection and favour, as the price of her delivering Antony, dead or alive, into his hands. Cleopatra puts her own interpretation on the ambiguity, and accepts the offer. Antony enters just in time to witness the act of acceptance, mistakes it as a token of love, in a fit of jealousy charges her with faithlessness to him, in coarse language describes her past life, and—is again reconciled to her, through her artful management, and the Act ends with preparations for the celebration of the reconciliation and of her birthday.

ACT IV

This Act has been squeezed into the Procrustean bed of the unity of Action, as the last has been into that of Time, by critics who see in it merely a scrap-book, into which Shakespeare has pasted scraps of history, cut out of Plutarch. It is not a collection of disconnected scraps, but every scene is a link in the chain of continuous action, and of character-drawing.



INTRODUCTION

xv

SCENE I-VI

The Eve of Battle

The battle of Actium was a great event in history, as determining the destiny of an Empire, and therefore history describes it at great length, but it was only the flight of Cleopatra from it that is concerned with this play, and therefore Shakespeare passes over the battle with a stage direction, and dwells upon the flight. The battle of Alexandria is the reverse—of small historical but of great dramatic import, and Shakespeare accordingly describes it at great length, as Homer does his battles:—the eve of it, the arming for it, the omens about it, the personal episodes in it, the alternations of hopes and fears before it, those of success and failure during it, before he closes it. He does this almost all out of his own invention, there being not a word in Plutarch about them, except a few bare incidents, and he does so, because these details of action, mostly imaginary, are needed to bring out traits in character, most real in the men and women we have come to know in this play, as well as we do ordinary men and women in actual life around us.

Scene i. Cæsar dismisses Antony's challenge with contempt; he foresees that this battle will end matters between him and Antony.

ii. Antony swells with wrath at the refusal, and with an exaggeratedly light heart, the effect of secret despair, celebrates the birthday feast of Cleopatra, which is also his own last feast with the sworn brothers and sisters of the society of Die-hards.

iii. The spirit of Antony's ancestor and tutelary god, offended at his unseemly feasting at such a crisis, and fore-knowing the decree of the synod of the gods against him, departs and leaves him to his fate.

iv. Rising from the feast that he had prolonged into the morning, and without any sleep, Antony feverishly gets himself armed by his squire; Cleopatra (as Venus would have, in Homer, helped to arm Mars) helps in arming him.

v. Antony is told that Enobarbus has deserted him and gone over to Cæsar; like a knight of chivalry, or like a Homeric warrior king;



Antony generously sends his treasures after Enobarbus, with a letter of gentle farewell.

vi. Cæsar gives out the orders of the day for battle, with directions that Antony's life is to be spared. Enobarbus is struck with repentance at Antony's act of generous forgiveness.

vii-ix. First Day's Battle of Alexandria.

vii. Antony is greatly elated with his success at its close.

viii. Antony meets Cleopatra, rewards, through her fair hands, the bravest fighter of the day, is congratulated by her with fervent words that, concealing a double meaning, hint at a "snare" she had laid for him, which he has escaped to-day.

ix. To Cæsar's army, to-day's failure has been merely an orderly retreat from a too rapid advance. One of Cæsar's outposts hear Enobarbus's last words, calling on the moon, in the solitude of the night, to bear witness to his repentance; advancing, they find he is dead—dead of a broken heart.

x. Second Day's Battle.

Antony, nervous, restless, watches the battle from a hill, while Cæsar on the plains below awaits the desertion of Antony's fleet and army, that had been secretly concerted by his envoy, under his directions; with Cleopatra, this is the "snare"—she had ambiguously hinted it—that Antony falls into to-day, who only when caught in it, becomes at last aware of its having been laid, *and by whom*: thereupon follows the last and most violent of his outbursts against Cleopatra; for the first time in all her intercourse with Antony, Cleopatra slinks away without a word, he vows he will kill her for her treachery.

xi. In all their numerous quarrels, Cleopatra had always till now, succeeded by the sorcery of her presence, in bringing Antony round to their numerous reconciliations (not all of these are recorded in the play); she now sees that this power of her presence over him is gone, adopts a new method, and tries what the void of her absence can do. She flies to the monument, and from there sends word to Antony that she is dead, charging the messenger to bring back word to her how he takes her death!

CHARACTERS

✓ Antony

Shakespeare takes the real Antony of Plutarch, raises him into the ideal Antony of his play, and creates an Antony who is different and yet the same: this is the magic transformation that his art alone can effect, where other artists have attempted and failed. A general who hob-nobs and takes snacks with common soldiers in the barrack messes, is transformed into a knight of chivalry revered by his veterans of war; a gross indulger in drunken orgies is made to keep his head in Pompey's galley feast; a shameless libertine, who takes and leaves wife after wife and corrupts other men's wives, is transformed into a faithful lover and a jealous guardian of the happiness he thinks he finds in one unlawful love; the plunderer of town and country in a whole province, who squanders his plunder upon vile, fawning parasites and jesters, is transformed into the generous rewarder of courage and faithful service; when near his end on earth, this man in transformation is raised to the highest step of idealization, consistent with his real self, when he is made to shed his grosser self and put on a new and purer self; and when that end comes, this idealized Antony is, by a dream of apotheosis, raised to the level of the blessed gods. Yet when Shakespeare's Antony is progressing thus and ends thus, we are never allowed to forget that it is Plutarch's Antony that furnishes the material in the plain facts, out of which that form in colours of the imagination, is made to emerge.

The very root of Antony's tragic end is that happy, delightful, momentous incident, when as proconsul in Asia and representative there of the sovereign Roman republic, Antony summons Cleopatra, vassal queen of Egypt, to appear before him and answer a charge of high treason against her sovereign: the queen obeys; but the outcome of this strangest of state trials is that defendant makes judge her prisoner, and keeps him prisoner for the rest of his life. He repeatedly struggles to shake off this bond, but is repeatedly rebound, repeatedly



finds happiness when rebound, in indulgence with her in feasts, each costing a fortune, in wanton freaks at the cost of self-respect and the respect of others, in senseless frivolities in which he forgets his sense of duty. After two or three years of this life, political fears and troubles recall him, reluctant, to Italy and duty, where a political marriage (his fourth) frees him from political troubles and the virtues of a wife should have freed him from bondage to a mistress: but the natural grossness of his appetites soon tires him of the chastity of the one, and makes him long to return to the salacity of the other; by well-planned moves he gets rid of the unsuspecting wife, and returns to his flesh-pot, to renew with it his life of the flesh, achieves conquests of kingdoms through lieutenants, repays them with jealousy; bestows the fruits of their conquests upon his mistress and her sons; styles himself emperor of the East and her his empress-consort, and "to put a good colour on a dishonest action, invents the doctrine that the greatness of the Roman empire consisted more in giving away of kingdoms, than in conquering them", to cover his action in thus himself giving away kingdoms that others had conquered; follows up his wicked deception of his wife and shameful neglect of her since by sending public accusations to the government and the people of Rome against his wife's brother, after he had told that wife a barefaced lie in confidence, to support this public charge; this lie was that "*Cæsar had made his will*", and the meaning of it was that Cæsar had set up as a hereditary ruler or emperor of the West, which was the substance of that public charge; the plain fact was that *Antony had made his will*; and its substance was that, in the event of his death, his body should be carried to Egypt and delivered to Cleopatra. The poor wife was misled in this heartless way to misjudge her brother as being disloyal to the republic, whose first citizen and subject he was, while she was being wantonly deceived by her husband about this insult he meant to her after his death, to crown all the insults he had inflicted on her during his life. Cæsar had found out the truth about this will, and when Antony followed it up with the bill of divorce against her, the last straw was put on the back of his patience, and he declared war after seven years of endurance; Actium followed; its result was due to Antony's blind infatuation; he followed the wish and will of Cleopatra against the

advice of his generals and the entreaties of his war-scarred veterans. In the flight, the scene that takes place on board the *Antoniad*, is the first of the three great scenes of discord and of reconciliation drawn in this play, compared with which the scene in the first Act is only a "tiff" between the two. In these four recorded quarrels (and in others unrecorded that, as Antony's words about his "wrangling queen" show, must have often interrupted the course of love between this couple, false because based on sensuality), Antony's eyes are for a while opened, but the crafty tact of Cleopatra succeeds in making him only too glad to shut them again; this invariably happens, even in the last one that costs him his life: this wilful blindness the gods have struck him with, to lead him to his own destruction: he is alive to all the evil in woman's nature, and in these quarrels shows, with a coarseness of language that well fits the subject, and flows full from the coarseness of his nature, the degradation that it has brought on him and on herself; and yet he returns to that degradation as a dog to his vomit, he is dead to all that is good in woman's nature and turns away from it, as a hog from pearls: in the first or "tiff" scene, he is more alive to the fascination of Cleopatra's character than to its banefulness, in the three that follow, he becomes successively more and more alive to the banefulness; in the first, everything became her, even her wrangling; in the last nothing is left to become her but her death; and he himself means to inflict it; she pretends to die, to see if death becomes her, since she has ceased to become herself in his eyes in life; and she succeeds for the last time, as she has ever succeeded from the first. This is the story of this fascination and this infatuation.

Between the battles of Actium and Alexandria, Antony for a while lived the life of a hermit in the Libyan desert, and then the life of a cynic as a "new Timon of Athens" on an island near Alexandria; both were merely fantastic doings, to which Shakespeare does not refer; before the play opens, he had lived a life of hardship and sufferings, sharing them in common with his men in a retreat over the Alps, and to them Shakespeare does refer, because they show how adversity had once brought out the good in him, as prosperity in the play brings out the bad; in the play, however, adversity has not the salutary effect it had before; when Cæsar is encamped with an



army within sight of Alexandria, Antony enters upon a sumptuous course of banqueting and dancing with the Diers-Together, into which he had changed the name, but not the substance, of the extravagant debaucheries of the Inimitable Livers of the days of his prosperity. The Romans would say of this that the gods first drive to madness him whom they mean to destroy; we would say that despair drives to madness those who have lost all hope; he sends a challenge to Cæsar to a single combat, holds the last feast of the Diers-Together; gets himself armed for battle like another Mars; makes light of coming events; is elated beyond bounds at unexpected success on the first day; is nervous and restless the next day, sees his fleet and then his land forces desert to Cæsar. Then are his eyes opened to treachery at work, and to Cleopatra as the traitor; then follow his last and fiercest invective against her, her last stratagem to win him back, its unexpected result in causing his death. Before this man of many and of the gravest faults of character dies, there comes over him a transformation that arrests our severe judgement, and changes it into pity for him; Antony in the hour of his death is a changed and better man: a calm, clear mind, purged of all its old turbid impetuosity, a heart purged of all its old defiling grossness, a vision of the next life before his eyes as they close upon this, in which a purer life and a purer love will have an attraction for him that they never had on earth.

Such is Antony's character, traced through his actions; Shakespeare judged that these actions, extending over ten years and over three countries, were needed for thus unfolding this character. With what face can critics dispute the soundness of his judgement, and assert that a single day and a single place could contain all the action needed to unfold a human being's nature in its fullness, its variety, its changes, that first roused our contempt and disgust, changed us too and moved our pity and sorrow?

Cleopatra

Cleopatra first saw Antony when she was fifteen; what she then thought of a man of thirty, we don't know. At the age of twenty-eight she is summoned by the same Antony to appear before him on a



charge of high treason; she obeys the summons as never defendant before or after obeyed a summons, in that array up the Cydnus, which draws court and city to behold it, and leaves the judge sitting alone in his proconsular judgement seat; there is no penalty, no judgement, no trial, no sitting of the court, but, instead there is an invitation from judge to defendant to come ashore and do him the honour of dining at the proconsulate; the lady replies that it would be more becoming if the gentleman would have the civility to come and dine with the lady on board her barge; the late judge pleads guilty to the incivility, and comes in atonement for it, and his coming seals that bond to Fate which he will redeem only with his death, eleven years after. This was the first encounter between Cleopatra's wits and Antony's, Cleopatra won: during these years several more of such encounters take place, and Cleopatra ever wins; they were encounters of harmony, of discord, of reconciliation, between lovers whose love is that sensual love, in which revulsions of feeling ever occur; but throughout, it is her one constant object to keep him from breaking away; thrice in the play does a breach take place between them, and thrice does she succeed in filling it up, and drawing him back; this constant aim owes its success to the "infinite variety" of the means she employs, out of the infinite resources of her character, and not out of thoughtless, aimless caprice, as they have been miscalled, and as Antony's description of them has been misunderstood, when he sums them up in three words, "to laugh, to chide, to weep" (to which he adds a fourth, behind her back, her unfathomable cunning), while they should be understood to mean her laughing and chiding and weeping, employed on every occasion with the one aim of keeping him fast bound to her; in the fishing scene (one of many similar freaks) she laughs at him for his vanity; in the first scene (again one out of many) she chides him for showing signs of restiveness; as events thicken, after defeat and flight, she weeps him back to her with silent tears, broken by only two words; in the scene where his jealousy is inflamed, she invokes the gods themselves to aid her tears, and weeps him back to her again; in the last and most terrible scene, her resources as the living Cleopatra fail her, but she invents her own fictitious death, to see what a dead Cleopatra can do; and succeeds again in getting him back to her to the last. / Such tenacity



of purpose, such resourcefulness of means to effect it, such unerring calculation in the intuitive choice of resource for application in each case, unfailing success in them all are not mere caprice and folly in a thoughtless hare-brained woman living only for the present moment. This is the core, the centre, of Cleopatra's character; with the exception of this one oversight, Mrs. Jameson's estimate of that character is unapproached by any critic that has understood it. Round this core other traits gather: the charms of her mature beauty, the sweetness of her "nightingale" voice, the ready wit of her conversation, all brought to bear on Antony, "upon whom" says Plutarch "she was at every turn, never leaving him by day or by night"; gambling with him, drinking with him, hunting with him, fishing with him, going about disguised at night with him, through streets and looking into peoples' houses. When he left her for Rome, she did not let him go alone, but went with him in "soul and spirit", while only her body stayed behind in Egypt; set up a daily post of communication during his absence, and with his double chain of inseparable soul and postal service, stronger than the one that Goldsmith's heart dragged in his travels and pulled him with to his brother, she pulled Antony away from his wife and back to herself. When for a second time he proposed to leave her for war in the further East, she half-starved herself on purpose to look emaciated, managed to be seen by him in tears, and made believe to conceal them, set up her women to tell him that his going would be the death of her; and by these wiles, she prevented his going. All these are woman's charms, woman's allurements, woman's wiles, and all are excusable in a woman in love. But Cleopatra goes further, when she begins to take a part in war and politics; she brings about a fight at sea, against all prudent advice, and then deserts Antony, and so brings about his defeat, either through timidity so natural to any woman, or through treachery, which, doubtful here, is very certain on a later occasion: in any case, she weathers the storm of his anger, and makes Antony follow her back to Egypt, and the two again enjoy a spell of the high life of the good old days. But now comes that later occasion: after Actium, when she sees that Antony's cause is hopeless, and he a broken reed, she looks round for a good staff to lean upon, and thinks she sees one in Cæsar: she had fascinated the grand-uncle, why may not

Sensu-
love



she fascinate the grand-nephew? She sets about it; the interview with Cæsar's envoy seems to make it all plain sailing for her; when the furious storm of jealousy breaks upon her, and puts her again on her mettle to weather it, she weathers it, but runs greater danger, than she did before and celebrates her seamanship in a worthy way; then comes the first day's battle before Alexandria, and while with her fair hands she helps to arm her knight, her black heart calculates the chances of his falling into the snare she has laid for him, in concert with Cæsar and his envoy; the result of the day shows that she had miscalculated, and while she welcomes back her warrior with bright smiles and sweet words, *one word* shows the treachery that lurks in her disappointed heart; her dupe, blind to this lurking meaning, calls upon her as a "great fairy" to bestow a great fairy-godmother's gift upon a soldier, with his wounds still gaping raw on him; the result of the second day opens her dupe's eyes, and he sees the meaning of that word and, with it, all her double-facedness towards him; then comes the worst storm which she has yet encountered and which she cannot weather; to save herself she runs her ship aground; she sends word to Antony that she is dead; and o wonder! that message lulls the storm as by a magic spell, and refloats her ship; once more, and for the last time on earth, Antony is hers again, with all his old love revived, not to be quenched again by disgrace of defeat, by jealousy, by treachery, but by death alone; but quenched on earth, to be revived in a better world. ✓

These traits in the real Cleopatra of both Plutarch and Shakespeare come out also in her relations with others than Antony: her personal attendants have all a touch without the genius of their mistress; her maids have a touch of her frivolity, her valets of her cunning, her treasurer of her mendacity, of which that to Cæsar is the worst instance we knew; her violent temper, venting itself on an unoffending messenger; her vindictiveness upon one who crosses her disastrous purpose; her deadly hate towards one whose prudence takes alarm at the allurements she holds out to him; her contempt of a vulgar-minded foul-tongued rival in her lover's first wife (that she has to deal with); her cool estimate of the sober virtues of his second, as to how far they are likely to weigh against her own dazzling vices, in his affections; her penetration into Cæsar's real mind about her,



that pierces through the thick armour of his close-mindedness; her astuteness, greater than his, that foils his design against her:—all these and others I have left out, are traits to be found in her, good or evil as we choose to look on them.

What is there in all this infinite variety in her character to move our grief and pity at her death? Nothing, in the real woman that up to now she is in our eyes. What is it then that makes us pity her and grieve for her, as she lies dead before us in the play? It is the idealized Cleopatra that Shakespeare creates out of the real; which real, while he creates the ideal, is ever present behind it, below it. *This* is the magic illusion that his transcendent art alone has been able to produce, and the feeble art of Dryden and more than a dozen others in *their* Cleopatras has feared to attempt, or failed where it attempted. Throughout the first four Acts this idealization is in progress, and real and ideal keep pace together; in the fifth Act it is perfected, and the ideal leaves the real far behind. Her dignified leave-taking of Antony; her desolation when he is gone; her contrition on board the *Antoniad*; her invocation of the gods to prove her innocence, when jealousy threatened to lose love and Antony to her for ever; her arming him for battle, like a second Venus a second Mars; her own anguish as she hovers over him, embraces him, cries to him in his last agonies; the calm contempt with which, when he is dead, she renounces queenhood, pleasure, power, and all other hitherto coveted and cherished enjoyments of life, as being all mere vanities to her, now that there is no Antony to share them with; her fixed resolve to follow him at once; her dream-apotheosis of him; her vision of meeting him again in Elysium; her vision of life renewed with him there, with him to enjoy over again all the pleasures of earth, but purged of their earthy grossness; all pain and sufferings endured on earth to recur no more, to mar their happiness there, as they had marred them on earth; her welcome to gentle death as the nurse who is to lull her to that sleep, whence she will wake in Elysium to this new life with her renewed Antony; her talk to the asp, as of a mother to an infant at her breast; her leave-taking of her women; her dead face, ravaged by grief and sufferings, yet ennobled by the last breath of that spirit that braved them all before it left her body:—Readers, *this* is the idealized

Cleopatra. Array every trait in her real character that is or looks evil, charge it with as black a colour as you can with an unsparing hand, and then flash on that picture the light of this idealization, and say, each for himself, if that flash has or has not effected a magic transformation in your thoughts and feelings about this woman, ideal and yet real, real and yet ideal: as coaltar that looks so black, gives forth, when treated by a chemist, the varying, the beautiful colours of the aniline dyes to your astonished eyes, so this real black Cleopatra, when treated by such a chemist, such an alchemist, such a magician as Shakespeare, becomes the ideal Cleopatra of many colours, of much beauty.

✓ Octavius Cæsar

It is not worth more than barely to mention that some critics find Cæsar's character to be "mean, ugly, repulsive" and that they would have had a higher opinion of him had he been a superlative, heroic villain. Both in history and in the play, Cæsar is a complete contrast to Antony: he is small in stature (the flattery of sculptors made him tall in their statues of him), delicate in health; the one shown in the bear's hug he has to endure from his newly-made giant of a brother-in-law, the other in his absence from the field at Philippi, with which the same bravo taunts him later on, and in his inability to stand drink. But in mind, he was what Antony was in body—something of a strong giant: in *Julius Cæsar*, before his genius or dæmon Antony's quailed; when together, Antony felt he was the second man, and therefore preferred to be apart from him, where he could feel himself to be the first man; and there his immersion in ignoble pleasure, his boyish impatience at any call to work, at a time when dangers threatened the triumvirate, call forth Cæsar's indignant reproaches and urgent demand for him to rouse himself; he does so, and at that meeting between the two men, their minds again take each other's measures, as once before they had after Cæsar's assassination, and again the relentless firmness of the one overcomes, step by step, the ill-regulated resistance of the other, until he who had begun with a defence of his manner of life in Egypt, ends by



submission to a marriage meant to reform his life. In the negotiations with Pompey, Cæsar has the delicate task of keeping two hot-heads from wrecking them, and in the banquet that follows, the drink he has perforce to take, thickens his speech, but cannot muddle his head. At the parting from his sister, the tenderness of family affection shows itself in both; though she is his elder in years, she looks up to him as her elder in hardness of head, but as her equal, and no less, in softness of heart; which shows itself again on her return to him, when he has to break to her the news of her divorce. In the camp before Alexandria, all his astuteness again comes into play, in those confidential instructions to his envoy, that bring about the secret pact with Cleopatra for Antony's betrayal; and all his tenderness once again, when that betrayal also causes his death; but it is now the tenderness of a man, for a man, in which clearness of head is not lost in melting of the heart; for with a noble bluntness he says it was he himself who drove Antony to it, for if he had not, Antony would have driven him to do the same to himself; what confession could be bolder, what defence more unassailable? Then comes his first and last meeting with Cleopatra—the meeting of the man whose sister had been wronged, with the woman for whose sake she had been wronged; the death of the wronger has atoned for the wrong, and the brother can now be generous to the woman who was the cause of it; he had, through his envoy, held out an insidiously ambiguous hope; but the first glance of Cleopatra's penetrating eyes had cleared up the ambiguity to her mind, and she knew that the good staff held out to her to lean upon if she only threw away the broken reed, was not the staff that she wanted, and had been astutely led to hope for; "He words me, girls, he words me", she cries to her women, the moment he is gone; she is his match, and more than his match; for she leads him to believe that he can safely rely upon her to live and adorn his triumph; when it is too late, Cæsar, the victor over Brutus and Cassius, Sextus and Antony, the conqueror of Macedonia, Greece, and Egypt, the sole ruler of the West, finds himself out-witted by a woman, who had better concealed her purpose from him, than he had been able to conceal his from her.

**Octavia** ✓

Shakespeare's very words and syllables in his works have had their statistics drawn up with the patient labour of love bestowed on them by grave statisticians, and all honour to them for it; but no statistics yet show how many words Octavia utters in this play to every hundred of Cleopatra's; because she speaks so little, she is held up by volatile critics, and no honour to them, as but "a poor creature", as "a dull thing", and such like; to make her to be some thing, instead of this nothing, Dryden, in pity, brightens her up, gives her a tongue, brings her all the way to Alexandria, there sets her face to face with Cleopatra, each with a train behind her, makes her talk back, word for word, to her rival, and leaves her holding her ground, while he makes Cleopatra ignominiously turn tail, pea-fowl train and all. Mrs. Jameson rightly calls this "a scolding match between two pea-hens in a passion". The character of Shakespeare's Octavia is neither of these. In his play we first see her as a bride about to leave brother to go with husband; she speaks about a dozen words that we hear, and some words in a whisper, that we do not hear; even Dr. Warburton, who himself heard the "two words" that another wife whispered to her husband at parting, and recorded them in his notes, was not present to hear this sister's parting whisper to her brother, for he has left no record; but her "April eyes", her bashful looks, speak much to those present of what her tongue cannot speak aloud, and her husband, as he watches her, tells us so. We next see her with this husband in Greece; he has secretly determined to get rid of her that he might fly back to Egypt, she innocently believing his pretext that she must go back to Rome to mediate, to plead for him; she joyfully undertakes this mission as peace-maker between brother and husband; for war between them, whichever wins, means unhappiness to her; she is back to Rome on this mission and feeling like a heaven-sent angel of peace, presents herself to her brother, trusting to the strength of her love for both to overcome enmity between them; from the lips of the brother she for the first time knows that she is an outcast, and that her mission is that of a divorced wife thrown back on her brother, by a husband

who has now gone back to that life, to rescue him from which she had been married to him; she hears her brother, in the most delicate and feeling words, tell her this; she replies in four words of nine letters in all and retires into private life, followed by the love and pity of all Rome, and of all the world that hears of her wrongs; we see her no more; but we hear of her since:—first from Antony, who, when his eyes have been opened to the treachery of the mistress for whose sake he had left her, draws, in blind fury what he thinks is a picture but what is in reality a caricature, of this deserted wife, as waiting for the traitress when she will be dragged to Rome for her brother's triumph, thirsting for revenge, as a tigress thirsts for blood (as we may put it), or as a cat protrudes its claws ("prepared nails", as he puts it), or, as a second Fulvia would spread her ten fingers, to scratch her face (as he knew from experience she had often scratched his, besides, giving him a lick with the rough side of her tongue); and next from Cleopatra, who, though she had never seen Octavia, draws a true picture, from that instinct that women have, of her rival, while Antony draws this ridiculous caricature of the wife he had often seen, and should have known better. Cleopatra, harping on her fears of being taken alive and made to figure in the triumph, sees Octavia watch from her place the triumphal procession, notice her as she is carried along in it, and with a grave look alone in her sober eyes, tell her without uttering a word, *what she thinks of her*; a silent look, that will lash her lewdness as with a whip, lacerate her faithlessness as with a dagger. And *this* is how the wronged Octavia will take her revenge: not by a scolding match with Cleopatra, not by scratching Cleopatra's face.

When we saw her as a bride, we hoped all happiness for her as a wife; instead, we find her, first deserted, and then divorced; while deserted, she works actively for her deserter's welfare; when divorced, she takes care of his children by another: this was her revenge in the truth of history; her rival truly divines what her revenge would be in the fiction of a play; both history and fiction leave impressed on our minds the image of a virtuous, loving, long-suffering woman, returning good for evil, and such a character does Shakespeare fully draw by the miracle of making her speak hardly—one page of print altogether, shall we say?



INTRODUCTION

xxxii

Critics too often see little or nothing to discriminate between Shakespeare's minor characters; in his play Dryden bundles out most of them unceremoniously, including Enobarbus; but Shakespeare meant every personage in his plays, however "minor", to have a character: some in this play are briefly characterized below, at a somewhat greater length in the course of the *Notes*:

Enobarbus: a voluptuary *in prose*, who takes his pleasures on the q—t, and is cynically wide-awake to the failings of those who minister to it; a great teller of stories about feasting, about women and other subjects of small talk; while Antony is a voluptuary *in verse*, who takes his pleasures romantically, boisterously, shuts his eyes willingly to those failings, till he is forced to open them, and has no time for small talk. Enobarbus in the play is only once a deserter, and is repentant, while Menas is repeatedly a deserter, and unrepentant; and both are a contrast to Menecrates, faithful to a master, even after he is slighted by him.

Pompey: a hot-head, devoid of foresight, vain of success, letting slip the fruits of it: like Antony in all this, but unlike him, not a sensualist.

Lepidus: weak-minded, incompetent, thrown aside when no longer needed as an instrument, subservient to Cæsar's designs: has a worse character than this in Plutarch.

Ventidius: working hard and well to gain victories—"forward the better man", while Antony sits idle and enjoys the fruits of another's victories"—"aft the more honour".

Scarus: no general like Ventidius, in ability, though one in name; but yet a brave soldier, deserving and getting the Egyptian V. C. for personal bravery.

Taurus and Canidius: able lieutenants in war; the one obeying his leader's clear-sighted orders without a word of demur; the other remonstrating in vain with his, for his blind folly, and helplessly looking on at its consequences.

Mæcenas and Agrippa: the one, a civilian, of a mild temper, inclined to look on the better side of things; the other, a soldier, of an active temper, and sarcastic about the worse side of things. Agrippa takes in hand the delicate business of proposing the match between Antony and Octavia, gets Enobarbus to come out with the story of



the Cydnus, sarcastically praising up Cleopatra for her part in it, while Mæcnas mildly gives his opinion that Octavia's virtues will win Antony to lead a better life; both are silent guests at the party on board Pompey's ship; after it, Agrippa alone is voluble with sarcastic and ironical remarks about what passed there; both are again present at Octavia's return, a divorced wife; Mæcnas it is who gives her the cheering assurance of the love and pity of every heart in Rome; at the last battle Agrippa alone is present; at the news of Antony's death both are present, both pay their tribute to the dead, but Agrippa alone has the boldness to say that Cæsar's unrelenting pursuit was the cause of his death.

Dolabella: the last in Cleopatra's long list of lovers; so different from his immediate predecessor, that the respectful reserve of his love borders on the warmth of mere friendship; but Cleopatra's practised eye sees that it is not friendship but love that has prompted him to help her, at the risk of embroiling himself with Cæsar, his friend; and Cleopatra, who hitherto had always sought out and pursued all her former lovers, and captured them, is now, for once, sought after and rejects! But with what delicacy does she put her rejection in the form of a dream of the apotheosis of her dead lover, after whom she means to go in pursuit to the next world and will have no lover again in this. Dolabella understands her; and when for the last time he helps her by informing her as to Cæsar's intentions, he gives the information, with his *duty* towards her, not his love.

Eros, Dercetas, Proculeius, Thyreus, Alexas, Seleucus: Eros, faithful to the last, killing himself rather than kill his master; Dercetas, an opportunist, faithful to his master during his lifetime, trying to make capital out of this faithfulness, by offering to be a faithful servant to another master, with whom there are good prospects; Thyreus, a diplomatist, concludes a secret pact to his master's advantage, at the cost of a personal outrage on himself, borne in silence; Proculeius, of the smooth tongue, with which he keeps Cleopatra in play, till she is captured; Alexas, a sharer in the folly and dissipation of the upper servants' hall, a supple knave, ready alike with a truth or a lie, whichever will please best his mistress; Seleucus, a liar, an opportunist, an embezzler, as controller of the treasury, making false returns of revenue; when his mistress's fortunes are broken, charging



INTRODUCTION

xxxiii

her before Cæsar with making false statements to him of her treasures, perhaps to the full extent of what he had robbed her of; hoping with this show of truthfulness to be taken into his service, as a good and faithful servant.

Charmian and Iras: the former, the elder of the two, is a *soubrette* of ancient Egypt, well versed in her mistress's moods, tactful in flattering them; the leading lady "downstairs" in the frivolities of the palace, when she can safely venture, bold in contradicting her mistress, or in meeting her pettishness with pettishness of her own; the judicious recipient of her confidences; her help in the hour of distress; her fellow-sufferer when distress can no longer be helped; sworn to die with her mistress; procuring the means of her death; robing her to meet death in the gloomy solitude of the monument, as she had robed her to meet Antony amidst the crowd and the glitter of the Cydnus; trimming a slight disarrangement of her dead mistress's array, as she had often before arranged every fold of her dress, in life; calmly answering that her death was an act "well done", and then dropping dead by her whom she had served so well and so long:—Reader, compare the Charmian of the first scenes with the Charmian of the last scene of the play, and say what you think of that genius whose successive touches transformed the one into the other. To her, Iras is a contrast; a young girl, initiated not so long ago into the ways of the palace, doing as she sees her elders do, speaking little, worked up by her mistress rather to choose to die than be carried alive to Rome to be made a sight of at a showman's booth, silently ministering for the last time to her mistress, and dropping dead at the parting kiss from her lips—let us not peep and pry in trying to find out the cause of her death, whether kiss or asp or a breaking heart.

The Clown: not a simpleton, but knowing what's what; not a fool, but wise to apply what he knows to the right person. He has cleverly eluded the vigilance of the guards, brought into the monument what he had been well paid to bring; asks no questions about the use to which his odd merchandise will be put, but keeps his counsel; cautions the lady-purchaser to be careful how she handles her purchase, telling her of a recent case in which a woman (looking at the lady) had died of a snake-bite; a woman, known to her neighbours as being a habitual liar (looking at the lady again). How he came to know that

asp-bites are peculiarly fatal to liars, and by what inspiration he comes to know that he is speaking that very moment to a habitual liar we don't know, but he certainly means to apply both to her, and she seems to see a resemblance between that recent case and her own and giving him an additional reward, wishes to get rid of him, but though told to go, he lingers on, repeats his warning in plainer language; and before he leaves, his wisdom shines forth with this great truth:—*All women, as they came from the hands of the gods, were good, and fit to sit as guests at the table of their creators (or, as he puts it, fit to be offered as holy sacrifices on their altars): but half the women so created, were bad, marred by the hands of the devils, their destroyers; and the arch-devil himself could not digest a woman of his own marring, if placed as a dish on his table, so nauseous was the morsel; if this judgement is just, then one half of the world of women are good, and we know one of the best, Octavia; and the other half bad, and we know one of the worst, Cleopatra; but all women are not Cleopatras: here lies the consoling moral of the balance of the good against the bad, among mankind, that never entered the minds of our high placed voluptuaries, and is here uttered by the lips of a mere clown.*

V. Criticism

This play has been less charged with criticism than the difficulties in it require, as *Hamlet* has been over-charged; but in both there has been much criticism that need never have been made, for it never cleared up what needed to be cleared up. When I find fault with this kind of criticism, I should not, and do not, forget the great body of sound criticism that has grown up in the course of centuries, for which our gratitude is due to the long succession of Shakespeare critics, most of whom can hear our grateful tribute only in the spirit in the next world, where they are now: *most*, for the race of true interpreters of Shakespeare seems to be nearly extinct. The two great Variorums—Malone's last, a century old, and Furness's, still in progress, prove this. They are two great Pantechnicon vans, travelling down the centuries of criticism, picking up everything that offers itself for transmission to posterity, and finding accommodation for the carriage,

alike, of true interpretations, as in a treasure-chest, and of rubbish, of two kinds mostly, the mud-heavy and the froth-and-feather-light, miscalled interpretation, as in a dust-bin. For another class—that of literary murders, also miscalled criticism, the dust-cart is too good a place, and the gallows and the gibbet the proper place; on which should be hanged and exposed, by judgement and sentence of the high court of justice in the republic of letters, this class of criminal criticism for the murders it has committed on Shakespeare characters: to give three of these cases—the murder of Ross in *Macbeth*, that of Ophelia in *Hamlet*, those of Octavia and Cleopatra herself (V. ii. 287, 288, note), in this play.

In the *Introduction* I have shown, I hope, that the Action of this play is a connected one, against a charge that it is not; that some of the characters are not so good, nor others so bad, as critics have taken them to be, and that others again are the very opposite of what they have been taken to be.

In the *Notes* I am surprised at finding such a number of particular points that required explanation but have been passed over in silence, and another number of them that have been mis-explained.

These are some of both kinds:—

- I. ii. 153-61; iii. 91-3; iv. 11-3; iv. 41-4; v. 48-50.
 - II. ii. 57-58; iv.
 - III. ii. 40-61; iv. 4; ix. 35-74; xi. 56-72; xi. 159-167.
 - IV. viii. 16-8; x. 52-5; xii. 38-43; xiii. 52-82.
 - V. ii. 7, 8. ii. 80-100; ii. 147-78; ii. 271-4; ii. 288; ii. 316.
-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY,	}	triumvirs
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,		
SEXTUS POMPEIUS,		
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	}	friends to Antony
VENTIDIUS,		
EROS,		
SCARUS,		
DERCETAS,		
DEMETRIUS,		
PHILO,		
MÆCENAS,	}	friends to Cæsar
AGRIPPA,		
DOLABELLA,		
PROCULEIUS,		
THYREUS,		
GALLUS,	}	friends to Pompey
MENAS,		
MENECRATES,		
VARRIUS,		
TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar		
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony		
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army		
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar		
ALEXAS,	}	attendants on Cleopatra
MARDIAN, a Eunuch,		
SELEUCUS,		
DIOMEDES,		
A Soothsayer		
A Clown		
CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt		
OCTAVIA, sister of Cæsar and wife to Antony		
CHARMIAN,	}	attendants on Cleopatra
IRAS,		
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants		
SCENE.—In several parts of the Roman empire		

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ACT I

SCENE I. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her Ladies,
the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her*

Look, where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourne how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me: the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows 20
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? both?
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine 30
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair [Embracing.
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! 40



Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives 50
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
No messenger, but thine; and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it: speak not to us.

[Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who 60
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. Another room*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,
almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that



you praised so to the queen ? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands !

Alex. Soothsayer !

Sooth. Your will ?

Char. Is this the man ? Is't you, sir, that know things ?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy

A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink. 10

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid !

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush ! 20

Sooth. You shall be more loving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune ! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all : let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage : find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O Excellent ! I love long life better than figs. 30

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune Than that which is to approach.



Char. Then belike my children shall have no names: prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers. 40

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be
—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike. 50

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—
come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman
that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her
die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse,
till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-
fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though
thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech
thee! 64

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the
people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome

man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen. 70

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't!

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches. 81

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller. 90

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. On:



Things that are past are done with me. 'T is thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus—

This is stiff news— hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue:
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome; 101
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us
Is as our earring. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

First Att. The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?

Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear. 110

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger

What are you?

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Sec. Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a letter.



Ant.

Forbear me.

[*Exit Sec. Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempt doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become 120
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus

Re-enter ENOBARBUS

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: we see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone. 130

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought. 138

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!



Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir ?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

150

Eno. Fulvia !

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

161

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people, Whose love is never link'd to the deserver Till his deserts are past, begin to throw

170



Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power, 180
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
Eno. I shall do't. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. Another room*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:
I did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return. [Exit Alexas.]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him 10

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.

But here comes Antony.

Enter ANTONY

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good
news.

What says the married woman? You may go: 20

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 't is I that keep you here:

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen

So mightily betray'd! yet at the first

I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, 30

Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words: no going then;

Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,

But was a race of heaven: they are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,

Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know 40

There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.*

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 50
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: my more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read 60
The garboils she awaked; at the last, best:
See when and where she died.

Cleo.

O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

Cleo.

Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well,

So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more. 80

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target. Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten. 90

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'T is sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword



Sit laurel victory! and smooth success 100
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Rome. Cæsar's house*

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, reading a letter,
LEPIDUS, and their Train*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are 10
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchased; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amisss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet 20



With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him,—
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'t is to be chid 30
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger

Lep.

Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs.

I should have known no less. 40

It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess.

Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,



Make the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads 50
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more 60
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek 70
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'T is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome; 't is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.



Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell. 80

Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN

Cleo. Charmian!

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 't is treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has; 't is well for thee, 10
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not indeed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.



Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now ? Stands he, or sits he ?
Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ? 20
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !
Do bravely, horse ! for wot'st thou whom thou movest ?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring ' Where's my serpent of old Nile ? '
For so he calls me : now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time ? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was 30
A morsel for a monarch : and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow ;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail !
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony !
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony ?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,— 40
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. ' Good friend,' quoth he,
' Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster ; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms ; all the east,



Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke 49
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes, 60
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth, 70
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgement: cold in blood,



To say as I said then! But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I 'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IISCENE I. *Messina. Pompey's house*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS, in warlike manner

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope 10
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 't is false.

BLU 704

*Men.*

From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love, 20
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter VARRIUS

How now, Varrius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 't is 30
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men.

I cannot hope

Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar; 40
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom.

I know not, Menas,

How lesser enmities may give way to greater,
Were't not that we stand up against them all:

'T were pregnant they should square between themselves;
 For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands
 Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas.

50

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rome. The house of Lepidus*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
 To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
 I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'T is not a time
 For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
 Serves for the matter that is then born in't. 10

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
 But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
 The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.



Enter CÆSAR, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate 20
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'T is spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus. [*Flourish.*]

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit. 30

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you? 40

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome

Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practised?

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it; 50
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so; 60
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might
go to wars with the women! 70

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted



Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but next day
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep.

Soft, Cæsar!

Ant.

No,

Lepidus, let him speak:

The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath.

90

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required them;
The which you both denied.

Ant.

Neglected, rather;

And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do

100

So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'T is noble spoken.

Mæc. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenus.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant,
you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return
it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have
nothing else to do. 110

Ant. Thou art a soldier, only speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,— 120

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts 130

With an unslipping knot, take Antony
 Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
 No worse a husband than the best of men;
 Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
 That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,
 And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
 Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
 Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
 Would, each to other and all loves to both, 140
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
 For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
 With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
 If I would say, 'Agrippa, 'be it so,'
 To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
 His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
 Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand: 150
 Further this act of grace; and from this hour
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves
 And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly: let her live
 To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
 Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;



For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only, 160
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land ?

Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we 170
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Fourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*]

Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas! My
honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mæc. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well
digested. You stayed well by't in Egypt 181

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and
made the night light with drinking.

Mæc. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and
but twelve persons there; is this true ?



Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mæc. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her. 190

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made 200
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr.

O, rare for Antony!

210

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast





Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone 220
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
Being barbèr'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart 230
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mæc. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale 240
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mæc. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.



Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Cæsar's house*

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them,*
and Attendants

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*]

Enter Soothsayer

Ant. Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in Egypt? 10

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.



Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 20
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone: 30

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him: [*Exit Soothsayer.*]
He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS

O, come, Ventidius, 40
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A street*

Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mæc. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.

Mæc. } Sir, good success!

Agr. }

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.* 10

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN the Eunuch

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.



Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there, 10
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say 'Ah, ha! you're caught.'

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time,—O times!
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn, 20
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger

O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antonius dead!—If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. 30

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use



To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo.

Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes, 40
Not like a formal man.

Mess.

Will 't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess.

Madam, he's well.

Cleo.

Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo.

Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess.

But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay 50
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'!

'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo.

For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia. 60

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 't is not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage; 70
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.
[*Draws a knife.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call. 80

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*]



These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess.

I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say 'Yes.'

90

Mess.

He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo.

O, I would thou didst,

So half my Egypt were submerged and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo.

He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

100

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em!

[Exit Messenger.]

Char.

Good your highness, patience.



Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 't is no matter. 110

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.

[*Exit Alexas.*]

Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way 's a Mars. Bid you Alexas [To Mardian.

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Near Misenum

Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with drum
and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
ENOBARBUS, MÆCENAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs.

Most meet

That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;

Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,

And carry back to Sicily much tall youth

That else must perish here.

Pom.

To you all three.

The senators alone of this great world,



Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was 't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire; and what
Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

10

20

Cæs.

Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom.

At land, indeed,

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep.

Be pleased to tell us—

For this is from the present—how you take
The offers we have sent you.

30

Cæs.

There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

Cæs.

And what may follow,

To try a larger fortune.

Pom.

You have made me offer

Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,

To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom.

Know, then,

I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

40

Ant.

I have heard it, Pompey;

And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom.

Let me have your hand:

I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you, 50
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by 't.

Cæs.

Since I saw you last,

There is a change upon you.

Pom.

Well, I know not

What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep.

Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs.

That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's 60
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant.

That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first



Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress. 70

Pom. I know thee now: how farest thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;

I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never loved you much; but I ha' praised ye,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*]

Men. [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
made this treaty.—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.



Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water. 90

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsome'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts. 100

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back again.

Men. You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir? 110

Eno. 'T is true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation. 120

Men. Who would not have his wife so ?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard ?
I have a health for you. 130

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum*

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet

First Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out ' No more; ' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion. 10

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.



A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains.

Ant. [To Cæsar] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow
o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells, 20
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And it shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by
the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out. 30

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till
then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyra-
mises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have
heard that.

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech
thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Forbear me till anon.
This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile? 40

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it
hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with

it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is
a very epicure. 51

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of
that? away!

Do as I bid you. Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt
hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter?
[*Rises, and walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith. What's
else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou? 60

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,

And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,

Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which way,

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine. 70

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me't is villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside*] For this, 80
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. A' bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels! 91

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear't.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days 100
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To Antony.*]
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley. 110

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*]

THE SONG

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good night. Good
brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;

You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb 120
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,
You have my father's house,—But, what? we are friends.
Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell 130

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd, sound out!

[*Sound a flourish, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho! says a'. There's my cap.

Men. Ho! Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. *A plain in Syria*

Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,



Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil.

Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

10

Ven.

O Silius, Silius.

I have done enough; a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But't would offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

20

Sil.

Thou hast, Ventidius, that

Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,

30

That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil.

Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass along!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house*

Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARBUS at another

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter. 10

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar:' go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. [*Trumpets
within.*] So; 20

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.



Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

30

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

40

Oct. My noble brother!

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs.

What,

Octavia?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,



And neither way inclines.

50

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that, were he a horse;

So is he, being a man.

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus, When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead, He cried almost to roaring; and he wept When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;

What willingly he did confound he wail'd, Believe't, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,

You shall hear from me still; the time shall not Out-go my thinking on you.

60

Ant. Come, sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:

Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,

And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter the Messenger as before

Come hither, sir.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome;
I look'd her in face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony. 10

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongued or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps:

Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life, 20
A statute than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing;

I do perceive't: there's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgement.

Char.

Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess.

Madam,

She was a widow,—

Cleo.

Widow! Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

30

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.
Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo.

There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:

I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Most fit for business: go make thee ready;

Our letters are prepared.

[Exit Messenger.]

Char.

A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much

That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,

40

This creature's no such thing.

Char.

Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,

And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:

But't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Athens. A room in Antony's house*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord, 10
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and husband!'
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia, 20
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between's: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct.

Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

30

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another room*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

11

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool Lepidus!'
And threatens the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.



Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news 20
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'T will be naught:
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Rome. Cæsar's house*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria: here's the manner of't:
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10
Absolute queen.

Mæc. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As't is reported, so.

Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence 20
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now received
His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd. 30

Cæs. 'T is done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mæc. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA with her train

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway! 40

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,

Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: but you are come 50
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted, 60
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king 70
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ay me, most wretched,

That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led, 80
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, makes his ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady. 90

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Near Actium. Antony's camp

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it ?

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against us, why should not we
Be there in person ?

Eno. [*Aside*] Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say ?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony; 10
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and't is said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius, 20
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne ? You have heard on't, sweet ?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.



Cleo. By sea! what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight. 30

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea. 40

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn; 50
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger

Thy business?



Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried:
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier

How now, worthy soldier!

60

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well; away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*]

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

70

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justei-
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can.

Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger**Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius.

79

Can. With news the time's with labour, and throes forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A plain near Actium**Enter CÆSAR, and TAURUS, with his army, marching**Cæs.* Taurus!*Taur.* My lord?

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. 10 [*Exeunt.*

*CANIDIUS marcheth with his land army one way over the
stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other
way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-
fight.*

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:

The Antoniads, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them.

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies.

20

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

30

Eno. Alack, alack!

*Enter CANIDIUS*

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own!

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why, then, good night indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

40

Scar. 'T is easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX. *Alexandria. On board the Antoniad,
Cleopatra's flag-ship*

Enter ANTONY with Attendants

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't;
It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither:
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever: I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone:
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone:

10



My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O,
 I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
 My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
 For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you shall
 Have letters from me to some friends that will
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
 Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
 Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
 Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway: 20
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
 Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:
 Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
 Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down*]

*Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS;
 EROS following*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! why: what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir? 30

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam!

Iras. Madam, O good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
 His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
 That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
 Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
 In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter. 40

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:

He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me: O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen. 50

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me. 60

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!



Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss; 70
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Egypt. Cæsar's camp*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with others

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, ambassador from Antony

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so: declare thine office. 10

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;

Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs.

For Antony,

I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

20

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs.

Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Euphronius.*]

[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 't is time: des-
patch;

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure 30
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this ?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other ? why should he follow ?

The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The meered question: 't was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

10

Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS, the Ambassador

Ant. Is that his answer ?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord ?

Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,

20



May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*]

Eno. [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show, 30
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgement too.

Enter an Attendant

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my women!
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir. 40

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Eno. [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS

Cleo.

Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.



Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's. 50

Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows 60
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded.
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [Aside] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit.]

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony, 70
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.



Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'T is your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can, 80
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [Aside] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and
devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!' 90
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet.

Enter Attendants

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. [Aside] 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him. Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, 100
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony!

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.]

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever: 110
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
O misery on't!—the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have 120
Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards



And say ' God quit you ! ' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal
And pligher of high hearts ! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank 130
For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS

Is he whipp'd ?

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he ? and begg'd a' pardon ?

First Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment : look, thou say 140
He makes me angry with him ; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was : he makes me angry ;
And at this time most easy 't is to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture, 150
As he shall like, to quit me : urge it thou :
Hence with thy stripes, begone ! *[Exit Thyreus.]*

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone 160
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too 170
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart ? Dost thou hear, lady ?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth, 180



And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
queen; 190

There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe. [*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frightened out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. 200 [*Exit.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS, with his army;
CÆSAR reading a letter*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mæc. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads 10
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight: within our files there are,
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace*

*Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
IRAS, ALEXAS, with others*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?



Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'

Ant. Well said; come on.
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors

Give me thy hand, 10
'Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
'Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'T is one of those odd tricks
which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.

All. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: 20
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;



May be it is the period of your duty:
 Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
 A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow
 You'll serve another master. I look on you
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
 I turn you not away; but, like a master
 Married to your good service, stay till death:
 Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
 And the gods yield you for't!

30

Eno. What mean you, sir,
 To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
 And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,
 Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
 Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
 Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
 You take me in too dolorous a sense;
 For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
 To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
 I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life
 Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
 And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

40

SCENE III. *The same. Before the palace*

Enter two Soldiers to their guard

First Sold. Brother, good-night: to-morrow is the day.

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
 Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news?

Sec. Sold. Belike 't is but a rumour. Good night to you.

First Sold. Well, sir, good night.



Enter two other Soldiers

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night.

[They place themselves in every corner of the stage.]

Fourth Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

10

Our landmen will stand up.

Third Sold. 'T is a brave army,

And full of purpose.

[Music of the hautboys as under the stage.]

Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?

First Sold.

List, list!

Sec. Sold. Hark!

First Sold. Music i' air.

Third Sold.

Under the earth.

Forth Sold. It signs well, does it not?

Third Sold.

No.

First Sold.

Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

Sec. Sold. 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.

First Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

[They advance to another post.]

Sec. Sold.

How now, masters!

All.

[Speaking together] How now!

How now! do you hear this?

First Sold.

Ay; is't not strange?

Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear? 20

First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.

All.

Content. 'T is strange.

[Exeunt.]



SCENE IV. *The same. A room in the palace*

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN,
and others attending

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS with armour

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her: come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

10

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this than thou: despatch. O love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime, 20
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers

Capt. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'T is well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable [*Kisses her.* 30
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. Adieu.

[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Antony's Camp*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS;
a Soldier meeting them*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who!

One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure 10

He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Despatch.—Enobarbus! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Alexandria. Cæsar's camp*

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with
ENOBARBUS, and others*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger

Mess.

Antony

Is come into field.

Cæs.

Go charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van,

That Antony may seem to spend his fury

10

Upon himself.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S

Sold.

Enobarbus, Antony

20

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with

His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

[*Exit.*
30

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

[*Exit.* 39

SCENE VII. *Field of battle between the camps*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA
and others

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded

Scar. O my brave emperor: this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat'em into bench-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

10

Enter EROS

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serve
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'T is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of Alexandria*

Alarum. *Enter ANTONY, in a march;*
SCARUS, with others

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: run one before
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss 10
The honour'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus*] Give me thy hand;

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. [*To Cleo.*] O thou day o' the
world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha'
we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march; 30
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,

With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach. [Exeunt. 39]

SCENE IX. *Cæsar's camp*

Sentinels at their post

First Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard: the night
 Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' the morn.

Sec. Sold. This last day was
 A shrewd one to 's.

Enter ENOBARBUS

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

Third Sold. What man is this?

Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
 When men revolted shall upon record
 Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
 Before thy face repent!

First Sold. Enobarbus!

Third Sold. Peace!

10

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
 That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
 Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,



And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver and a fugitive:
 O Antony! O Antony!

20

[Dies.

Sec. Sold.

Let's speak

To him.

First Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern Cæsar.

Third Sold.

Let's do so. But he sleeps.

First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet for sleep.

Sec. Sold.

Go we to him.

Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.*Sec. Sold.*

Hear you, sir?

First Sold. The hand of death hath raught him. [Drums
afar off.] Hark! the drums

30

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
 To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
 Is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on, then;

He may recover yet.

[Exeunt with the body.]

SCENE X. *Between the two camps**Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with their Army*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
 We please them not by land.

Scar.

For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
 We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot

Upon the hills adjoining to the city
 Shall stay with us; order for sea is given;
 They have put forth the haven . . .
 Where their appointment we may best discover,
 And look on their endeavour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Army

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by land, 10
 Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
 Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
 And hold our best advantage.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: where yond pine does
 stand,
 I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
 Straight, how 't is like to go.

[*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallows have built
 In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
 Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,
 And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
 Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts, 20
 His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
 Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*]

Re-enter ANTONY

Ant. All is lost;
 This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:

My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
 They cast their caps up and carouse together
 Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 't is thou
 Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
 For when I am revenged upon my charm,
 I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone. [*Exit Scarus.* 30
 O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and Antony part here; even here
 Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
 O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home:
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,— 40
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.
 What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let 50
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*



'T is well thou'rt gone,
 If it be well to live: but better 't were
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die: 60
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot; she dies for 't. Eros, ho! [Exit.

SCENE XI. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
 Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
 Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument!
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
 The soul and body rive not more in parting
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument!
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
 Say, that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
 And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
 And bring me how he takes my death. To the monu-
 ment! [Exeunt. 10

SCENE XII. *The same. Another room*

Enter ANTONY and EROS

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct, 10
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt: and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph. 20
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword,

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!' 30

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou depart'st hence
safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*]

Off, pluck off:

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, 40
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.

No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile. [*Exit Eros.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther: now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.

Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me: 50
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,



And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
 I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
 The courage of a woman; less noble mind
 Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
 'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent should come, which now
 Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is come:
 Thou strikest not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

60

Eros. The gods withhold me!
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

70

Ant. *Eros,*
 Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
 His corrigible neck, his face subdued
 To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me! 80

Ant. When I did make thee free, swore'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [Kills himself.]

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't 100
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[Falling on his sword.]

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, despatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and Guard

First Guard.

What's the noise ?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

Sec. Guard.

The star is fall'n.

First Guard. And time is at his period.

All.

Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

First Guard.

Not I.

Sec. Guard. Nor I.

Third Guard. Nor any one.

[*Exeunt Guard.* 110

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio. Where's Antony ?

Der.

There, Diomed, there.

Dio.

Lives he ?

Wilt thou not answer, man ?

[*Exit Dercetas.*

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed ? Draw thy sword, and
give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio.

Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee ?

Dio.

Now, my lord.

Ant.

Where is she ?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying
fear

120

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—
Which never shall be found—you did suspect

She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage
 Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;
 But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
 Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
 I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.

Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what,
 ho!

Come, your lord calls!

130

Enter four or five of the Guard of ANTONY

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
 'T is the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to
 wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
 To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
 Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
 Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
 I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
 And have my thanks for all.

140

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

SCENE XIII. *The same. A monument*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, and her maids aloft, with
 CHARMIAN and IRAS*

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES

How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling stand 10
The varying star o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe't is so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last 20
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
 And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
 Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
 Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up: 30
 Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
 Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
 That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
 The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
 And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
 Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;

[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*]

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:
 Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
 Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight! 40

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
 Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
 That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
 Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
 Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
 None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
 None about Cæsar.

50

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
 Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
 In feeding them with those my former fortunes
 Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
 The noblest; and do now not basely die,



Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide 60
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women, [Antony dies.]
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [Faints.]

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt, 70

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras*!

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin 80
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,

Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart:
 We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
 Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

90

[Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.]

ACT V

SCENE I. Alexandria. Cæsar's camp

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS, GALLUS,
 PROCULEIUS, and others, his council of war*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
 Being so frustrate,
 Tell him he mocks the pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[Exit.]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that darest
 Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
 Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
 Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,
 He was my master; and I wore my life
 To spend upon his haters. If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him
 I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

10



Cæs. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens: the death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

20

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mæc. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

30

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mæc. When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together



In the whole world: but yet let me lament, 40
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—]

Enter an Egyptian

But I will tell you at some meeter season:
The business of this man looks out of him; 50
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?
Egyp. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egyp. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit. 60

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.



Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.]

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [Exit Gallus.] Where's

Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?

All. Dolabella!

70

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in the monument*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS

Cleo. (My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'T is paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.)

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS,
GALLUS, and Soldiers*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

10

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo.

Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

20

Pro.

Be of good cheer;

You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo.

Pray you, tell him

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

30

Pro.

This I'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised:

[Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.]

[To Proculeius and the Guard] Guard her till Cæsar come.

[Exit.]

Iras. Royal queen!



Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*]

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this 40
Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish? /

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O! temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary, 50
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies 60
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. 70

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course; and lighted 80
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 't was
That grew the more by reaping: his delights



Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
 The element they lived in: in his livery
 Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
 As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

90

Dol. Cleopatra!

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
 As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. [You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
 But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
 It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
 To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
 An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
 Condemning shadows quite.]

Dol. Hear me, good madam.
 Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
 As answering to the weight: would I might never
 O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
 By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
 My very heart at root.

100

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
 Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray, you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't.

[*Flourish, and shout within, 'Make way there:
 Cæsar!'*]

110

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MÆCENAS,
 SELEUCUS, and others of his Train*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

[*Cleopatra kneels.*]



Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well 120
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children 130
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 't is yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 't is exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam. 140

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved

To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours; 159
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired! What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness 160
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me 170
Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus*] Prithee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs.

Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit Seleucus.*]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs.

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours, 180
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar 's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs.

Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should
not 190

Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo.

Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;

Go put it to the haste.

Char.

Madam, I will.

*Re-enter DOLABELLA*

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char. Behold, sir.

[*Exit.*

Cleo. Dolabella !

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and within three days
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

200

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*

Now, Iras, what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapour.

210

Iras. The gods forbid !

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras: saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians,
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods !

220



Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see 't; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN

Now, Charmian!
Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch
My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave 230
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore 's this noise? [*Exit Iras. A noise within.*]

Enter a Guardsman

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guardsman.*]

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket

Guard. This is the man. 240

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party
that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is
immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died on 't ? 247

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one
of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman,
but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but
in the way of honesty; how she died of the biting of it,
what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report o'
the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall
never be saved by half that they do: but this is most
fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm
will do his kind. 260

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in
the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness
in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is
not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ? 268

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know
the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a
woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not.
But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great
harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the
devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip: 280
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell. 290

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world.
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss 300
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool.



Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle—

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:

310

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*

[*Dies.*

What should I stay—

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies

A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;

And golden Phœbus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;

I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies an asp.*

O, come apace, despatch! I partly feel thee.

320

First Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's
beguiled.

Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

First Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is this well
done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[*Dies.*

*Re-enter DOLABELLA*

Dol. How goes it here ?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

330

[*Within* ' A way there, a way for Cæsar ! ']

Re-enter CÆSAR and all his train, marching

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths ?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them ?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs :
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake :
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood
And on the sudden dropp'd.

340

Cæs. O noble weakness !
If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood and something blown:
The like is on her arm.



First Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable 350
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall 360
In solemn show attend this funeral;
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.]

NOTES:

The action of the Play begins in the winter of 41 B.C., and ends in August 30 B.C. At its beginning Cleopatra is twenty-eight, Antony forty-five (or forty-two). The actions on the Stage fill about twelve days, and intervals of many years, therefore, occur between Acts and Scenes.

ACT I

SCENE 1

Antony Asleep

Antony's imbecile dotage on Cleopatra and reckless disregard of public affairs are the subject of common talk among his friends who have been witnesses to both.

1. **of our general's**: redundant double possessive.
2. **O'erflows the measure**: exceeds all bounds of moderation.
3. **files . . . war**: armed array of troops drawn up for battle.
4. **plated**: clad in armour.
5. His eyes (that once glanced with the fire of command over an army) now turn with the devotion of love, as if in duty bound ("the office") upon a mistress.
6. **tawny front**: dark face and forehead: Cleopatra is here given the complexion of a native Egyptian; she was by blood a Macedonian Greek.

captain's: general's; "captain" and "chieftain" are the same word, and the general-in-chief of Ferdinand and Isabella, Gonsalvo de Cordova, was called "the Great Captain"; and yet critics have captiously objected to the word as derogatory to Antony.



8. **reneges all temper**: (1) quite disowns its former fiery temperament this gives the right contrast between warrior and lover—his heart that once flamed with the fire of a warrior's rage, now only heaves with the winds of a lover's sighs. (2) quite disowns its former equanimity and freedom from excess; this mistakes Antony's character, that always ran to excess in war or in love, in debauchery or in asceticism (I. iv. 60 sq.).

temper: the steeling of his heart for warlike action, as iron is hardened into steel for warlike weapons.

9. The action of the bellows is to raise a flame—here for raising the flame of lust (as this sensual love is); that of the fan is to cool what is heated, here for cooling lust; the sense of the line then is "bellows to raise and fan to cool."

[10. **a gipsy's**: double meaning (1) an Egyptian woman's, (2) a loose woman's, as gipsies were slanderously said to be; "Bohemian" has a similar double meaning; "gipsy" is a contraction of "Egyptian," these wandering people having come from Egypt into Europe.]

12. **triple pillar**: one of three pillars; Antony, Lepidus and Octavius Cæsar formed the Second Triumvirate, who from 43 to 27 B.C., divided the rule of the Roman empire between themselves.

13. This hard epithet on Cleopatra is shown, by her past record, to be well deserved, as will appear by and by.

15. That love is a poor love of which it can be said that it is "so much and no more."

16. I will tell you how much and no more your love for me is and should be: it should be no more than your love for Fulvia; this is what she provokingly implies.

bourne: limit, *bourne* and *bound* are the same word, the one with an excrescent "r," the other with an excrescent "d," the old correct spelling being *boun*.

17. Then you must look for a limit beyond those of this earth and this heaven, for I love you *more* than any other woman; he understands her implication and repels it with another—he loves her more than Fulvia: of course, neither of them mentions the name.

[18. **Grates . . . sum**: any news from Rome irritates me; be brief. Antony hates any intrusion of business into his pleasures, and



wishes the news to be given as briefly as he gives his command, which he is too impatient to give in full—"Tell me the sum of it."

19. **hear them**: hear the news in full detail: another provoking remark.

20. She now comes out with the name and evidently knows the character. Fulvia was a shrew, who had kept a strong hand over Antony, had "tamed and broken him to obedience," as Plutarch says.

angry: at your stay in Egypt.

21. Octavius was, at this time, twenty-two years of age.

22-4. This is a taunt at his subservience to Cæsar in public affairs, as the other was at his submissiveness to his wife in private life; both are meant to show him that there *are* bounds to his love for her, which he professes to be boundless: the taunt here is that triumvir Antony *should be* the equal of triumvir Cæsar, but to his shame he is not.

Take in: conquer and annex to the empire.

enfranchise: confer rights of royalty upon conquered kings, but now as vassals of Rome: the conquest of Parthia and the setting up of the kingdom of Judæa are examples. Plutarch says that the greatness of Rome lay in the taking of kingdoms, and then the giving away of kingdoms.

24. **damn**: condemn, as your master, to punishment.

How . . . love: I don't understand you, lady; these taunts are nearing the limits of Antony's endurance, but she proceeds with them without seemingly noticing it.

25. Perhaps there is some thing more, indeed I am almost sure there is some thing more.

26. I am almost sure the messengers bring orders from Cæsar that Antony must leave Egypt at once, under pain of dismissal from his service: therefore, Antony, hasten to obey your master's orders.

28. Where is Fulvia's order to you to leave me and return to her at once? Where is Cæsar's order to you to leave Egypt, and go to pull down and set up kingdoms, far away from it? Where are the orders from *both* wife and master? Various punctuations have been proposed here; the sense given above should determine the right one.



process: summons issued upon an accused person; she affects the use of legal language in mockery.

29. **messengers**: she pointedly uses the plural, as if she was sure there were messengers from both Cæsar and Fulvia.

30-32. Your blushing shows I am right in describing you as Cæsar's obedient servant and Fulvia's hen-pecked husband.

shrill-tongued: Cleopatra is conscious here of the power of her own voice, "an instrument of many-strings," and the charm of her own conversation, that make her speak scornfully of her rival's loud, vulgar railings at him.

She imperiously repeats her wish for the messengers to be ordered in, but secretly wishes for a delay; for she dreads there is some news that will resolve him to leave Egypt; and so it turns out to be; but with what daring artfulness does she seem eager to hear what she fears to hear!

33, 34. Let Rome and her empire cease to exist; here in Egypt, here in your companionship, I shall still find that limitless new earth and new heaven for my limitless love to range in; in other words, Fulvia, Cæsar, Rome, empire may all go to hell, I find my heaven with you here.

Rome . . . melt: may Rome, from where this news has come, with her seven hills, glide bodily into the Tiber, and disappear beneath its waters—a completer destruction than ever Gauls and Vandals inflicted.

wide . . . fall: may the stable, well-ordered empire fall into confusion and chaos, with that effacement of Rome; as a great arch falls down, a heap of ruins, when the keystone is pulled away.

my space: a new Rome, a new empire, a new heaven and a new earth for me, to live in and to enjoy.

35, 36. To conquer kingdoms is only to clutch lumps of clay with the hands; to lead an animal existence, by feeding on the fruits of the earth, is common to man and beast alike, but to lead a life of the soul that alone raises man above the beast is—to love: such is the doting Antony's philosophy of life and love, and with the word "thus" he puts it into practical illustration on the spot.

dungy earth: earth that owes her fertility to filthy manure.



37. **do thus**: embracing Cleopatra: which is what she had been driving at, while she had been taunting him; for his embrace is a tacit promise that he will not leave her, whatever the message from Rome may be; and she does not secure the promise through tears and entreaties, but exacts it through the most audacious provocative-ness. "*thus*" has been explained by critics, high sticklers for the proprieties, as meaning an 'obeisance' to Cleopatra, since the bashful Antony would never think of embracing and kissing the chaste Cleopatra in the presence of other people!

mutual: reciprocating in soul, two and yet one.

38, 39. By which action I call upon the world to bear witness that we two have no equal on earth, and to visit me with dire punishment, if I am wrong: it turns out that he is wrong and pays the penalty.

in which: redundant, as it repeats "*can do it*"

40. **Excellent falsehood**: falsehood of heart put into beautiful language.

41. He vowed to love Fulvia when he married her, and has been false to his vow: he vows that he loves me, and will be false to this vow also. Now that she is satisfied that her hold on Antony remains unshaken, she no longer watches his face sharply nor addresses him directly, but smiles to herself, and speaks of him in the third person to her women or, as it were, into the air.

42, 43. I will still seem to believe his vows of love to be true, though I know they are false; for Antony will ever be consistent with himself, ever be true to his character—he will be false to me, as he has been to Fulvia: to this Antony replies that he *will* be consistent with himself, but the consistency will be that in every action of his, Cleopatra will be the sole, the constant motive.

But: I will be myself, but always moved to be so by Cleopatra, never by Fulvia or by Cæsar; some critics have strangely misunderstood the meaning of "*but*" here.

44. **Love**: the queen of love; surely Cleopatra herself, and not Venus; his infatuation can allow of no other queen, even though a goddess.

45. **confound**: waste: from the common Elizabethan meaning of "*destroy*".

conference harsh: the lovers' quarrel just ended.

46. **stretch:** be filled, be not left vacant.

47. **now:** (1) now that the quarrel is ended. (2) read *new*: Plutarch says "she had at every moment some new delight or charm to meet his wishes."

48. Now that she feels the game to be hers, she indulges in a last playful hit, exalting the messengers to the rank of ambassadors, sure that not even ambassadors can prevail over her attractions for him.

wrangling: shame on you for still continuing the "conference harsh."

49. **whom . . . becomes:** in whom every mood is charming.

52. **No . . . thine:** (1) (with semicolon after "*thine*") I shall listen to no messenger except one that you may send me: her message would be her pleasure in answer to his question "What sport tonight?" (2) (with semicolon after "*messenger*") I shall listen to no messenger, but shall be all yours, all at your service and command, ("I shall alone with you" etc).

53, 54. Antony and Cleopatra, disguised as servant-man and woman, used to ramble about at night, peering into people's houses, exchanging abuse with them, and, sometimes, Antony getting beaten by them, though most people guessed who they were, and liked them all the more for their pranks: this is the way they meant to "note the qualities of people."

55. **speak . . . us:** (spoken to the attendant) don't bother me with your "news from Rome".

And so **exeunt** Antony and Cleopatra arm in arm ("come, my queen"), quite reconciled after their "tiff": compare his fatuous love in this scene with his fierce hate on his discovery of her treachery, and draw the lesson how love of *this* kind ends.

56. **with:** by, in the eyes of

57. **when . . . Antony:** when Antony is not himself (repeating, but with a better meaning, Cleopatra's words, l. 43); when he forgets those great qualities of warrior and statesman ("great property", l. 58) that belong to him.

59. **still:** always



60. **approves . . . liar:** proves that common report, which often spreads lying slanders, in this case of Antony and Cleopatra only speaks the truth.

62. **Of: for. Rest . . . happy:** may God keep you from harm.

SCENE 2

The Awakening of Antony

[1-74. Like mistress, like maids; this scene (one of many similar ones that have occurred before) between Antony's and Cleopatra's maids, valets, friends, is a picture of the life led "below stairs", reproducing on a lower scale the life that goes on, on a grander scale, between Antony and Cleopatra themselves, "upstairs". (cf. II. ii. 182. sq.).

75-187. Cleopatra's short-lived sense of security about Antony, gives way to alarm at a change in his mood, when she finds that a "Roman thought" has displaced his wish to be "all hers". After all, Antony *did* give audience to the messengers from Rome, and the news they give determine him to leave Egypt at once; his determination is strengthened by Enobarbus's irony and satire about Cleopatra.

1, 2. The jingling repetition in *most, almost, most*, and the obvious omission of a "most" before "sweet", show the careless slipshod way these frivolous young women talk.

absolute: perfect; so, later on, "most absolute lord", and elsewhere, "a most absolute horse."

[4. **Charge . . . garlands:** (1) is destined to be dishonoured by his wife so cleverly, that he will not be aware of his dishonour, but will mistake her manner towards him to be proofs of wifely love and honour; the metaphor is from an ox led to sacrifice with garlands adorning his horns, and all unconscious of his fate. (2) (reading "change" with the Ff.) exchange the garlands of a husband's happiness for the horns of a cuckold's disgrace.]

8. This is the high-sounding jargon of charlatans like him.



10. **banquet**: dessert after dinner, consisting of wine, fruits, etc. Critics are exercised about the absence of a stage direction here, and infer that no one pays heed to Enobarbus's order; of course, his order is obeyed (he was a general, an ex-consul, and a friend of Antony's, who, however, liked to take his pleasures in the upper servants' hall); the "banquet" is brought in; and the company indulge in the wine, while having their fortunes told. Shakespeare trusts to the imagination of his audience to supply the obvious; the realistic play-mongers of later days adopt a different course.

13. **I make not**: I do not frame, I do not invent, fortunes: this is just what fortune-tellers do.

15. A bit of indirect flattery.

16. He means I shall be more beautiful in face and person, (whatever I may be in mind and morals).

17. No, you will be more beautiful only through art, through the lilies and roses of rouge and paint.

18. A frivolous way of saying "God forbid that I should paint my face, when I am an old woman". All this talk shows that they have little faith in the fortune-teller.

22. I don't care to treat my liver with love, I prefer to heat it with drink, (suiting the action to the word, and drinking); the liver was once fancied to be the seat of love (and other passions too).

24. She takes the matter out of the professional's hands, and becomes her own amateur fortune-teller.

25-7. This is wild talk, and to Christian ears, blasphemous; but it is spoken by a woman, young, of free morals, and now somewhat in drink. By an anachronism references are here made to the birth of Christ some forty years later; the "three kings" were a popular rendering in Christmas pageants of the "three wise men" of Scripture, who came, led by a star, to pay homage to the infant Jesus. Herod the Great (who had been honoured, as king of Judæa, with a visit from Cleopatra, and whom Charmian must have seen on the occasion) had asked the wise men to tell him of the infant's whereabouts, that he too might go and pay homage to him, and in "child" the reference is to the infant Jesus: this drunken blasphemy is mixed up with impossibilities like marrying and losing three husbands in succession in a single day, and being a mother at fifty:



a critic takes all this seriously, and bases absurd calculations on them.]

28. **companion me with:** make me the equal of my mistress, as the wife of Antony's brother triumvir.

29. This haphazard prediction comes true, but by an unconscious irony, true by only a few minutes.

30. There is unconscious prediction and irony again in this flippant remark: she would like to live a long life, but the asp in the basket of figs prevented her from having her wish.]

31. **proved:** experienced: the soothsayer's predictions are now taking a more sombre aspect; he feels affronted by the flippant manner in which his "good luck" predictions have been received, and proceeds to avenge himself by foretelling some "bad luck" in store for her.

34. Not a word has the fortune-teller said about children, but the minds of this kind of young women habitually run in grooves like this: from husbands to cuckolds, to children, to bastards (children with "no names").

36. This implies inordinate licentious desires.

38. I think you are a witch (here a male witch, a wizard) to have divined my most secret desires.

43. The whole party are now drunk; Enobarbus who keeps his head best, hints it is time to leave off and go to bed.

44. Though cordially invited to proceed, the fortune-teller sullenly declines; so, Iras who has been holding out her palm to him, proceeds herself to examine its lines, and to predict her own fortune: namely, as being the very opposite to Charmian's, as predicted by the professional.

45. **famine:** ironically for "fertility": the fertility of the Nile valley is all due to the annual inundations of that river, and famine is due to their failure.]

46. The two maids, we may suppose, share the same bed room.

47. A hot and moist palm was thought to indicate a sensual nature. Othello's jealousy says this of Desdemona's palm.

48. **I . . . ear:** if I am wrong in this, then I shall be unable to scratch my ear; if right, I shall be able to do it: suiting action to word she scratches her ear, and thus proves that she is right: a tipsy Q.E.D.



49. **work-day fortune**: prediction of a dull, prosaic life in the future, unlike the brilliant one you gave me.

50. He spitefully gives Iras a fortune no worse than what he gave Charmian.

52. He answers he has nothing more to say to them, and to the next question he gives no answer whatever, and this fortune-telling that began so auspiciously, ends, for himself, thus in sullen silence.

53. But the two women continue it, turning to Isis to guide them.

Isis: the chief goddess of the ancient Egyptians, one of whose many attributes was that of goddess of love; hence the present recourse to her.

57. Heaven save us from harbouring obscene thoughts; they have indulged in them freely before sending up this prayer, and proceed immediately after it, to indulge in a little more, but they do it now in a mood of drunken piety, and this scene of "high life below stairs" that began with drunken blasphemy ends with drunken "Amens".

59. **go**: go with child, bear children.

63. **more weight**: due to the "million children" in l. 36.

65. **prayer . . . people**: the prayer that every Egyptian prays: namely, that every knave (Alexas being one) should be also a cuckold; such, in their present state of inebriety, is their idea of what people pray for to the gods!

68-9. **keep . . . accordingly**: act as becomes a goddess of true love, by giving this knave the fortune he deserves: they began with calling him "most absolute", and end with calling him an "ill-favoured knave".

72-3. **but . . . it**: if it were only to make me what they wish me to be.

And thus, after going through the friendly, the quarrelsome, the maudlin, the pious stages of drunkenness, ends this banquet in course of which amidst its frivolity and indecency, are told, in enigmas, the *true fortunes* of both mistress and maids.

74. **Hush . . . Antony**: Enobarbus knows well enough it is not he, but says so to frighten the ladies into putting a stop to their talk; this is better than saying that he was mistaken, and that Charmian corrects him.



78. **A Roman thought:** (1) thought about Rome. (2) thought that befits a Roman: Antony had, after going out with Cleopatra, arm in arm, bent all on pleasure, suddenly left her, and she divined it was such a thought that had made him do it; she took quick alarm, and has been hunting for him over the palace, till her search brings her to the servants' hall.

82. Seeing him enter with the messenger, she guesses he has, after leaving her abruptly, given an audience to him; and she instantly resolves on what course to adopt: she will take no notice of him; and she leaves, to plan her next move (Scene iii). Antony's changes of mood are quick but her own changes of tactics to meet them are equally quick.

go: come; both words are from the same Aryan root GAM, with many branching words in Aryan languages.

86. **the war:** Fulvia had raised civil war against Cæsar; Lucius Antonius, then consul, at first resisted her, but, later, joined her; their joint forces were overthrown by Cæsar at Perusia; Fulvia fled from Italy and sought refuge in Greece, B.C. 40.

the time's state: Lucius's "piety" towards his elder brother and his jealousy, as consul, of Cæsar's power as triumvir, Fulvia's jealousy of Cleopatra's hold over her husband, and her wish to draw Antony back to her from Egypt; a famine and confiscations of land by Cæsar, that led Lucius and Fulvia to combine against him.

90. The bringer of bad news is infected with the fear that the hearer of it might wreak his anger on him; I feel afraid to give you the bad news I bring.

91. The bringer of bad news need not be afraid to give it, unless the man to whom he gives it is a fool or a coward, (a fool to be angry with an innocent man, a coward to be himself frightened at what he hears).

92. **with me:** as far as I am concerned.

93. **death:** the news of a death soon follows.

94. I would feel pleased with him for telling me the truth, even if that truth was a death.

95. **stiff news:** news hard to bear.

94-8. Labienus, a partisan of Brutus and Cassius, after their defeat at Philippi by Octavius and Antony, had taken refuge in

Parthia; whence, on hearing of Antony's infatuation with Cleopatra, he led a Parthian army into Antony's province of the East, and overran Syria and Asia Minor.

96. **extended**: (a law term) seized upon; in *As You Like It*, "make an extent upon his house and lands".

Asia: the Roman province of Asia under triumvir Antony.

Euphrates: accented *Eu phrá tes*: "a" is short as in Greek and Elizabethan English, it is long in Latin and modern English.

99. **O! my lord**: spare me the utterance of what I would have to say about you.

100. Spare me not, but speak out all that common report says **of me**.

102. **Rail . . . phrase**: use such language as people know Fulvia habitually used towards me.

103. When people bear malice against a man, and have facts to justify it, they can with impunity speak out the worst about him.

104-106. (1) reading "*quick winds*" with the Ff. we lead a life of useless self-indulgence in vice and folly, as long as no reports of what people think and say about us, reach our ears; but when at last such reports do reach us, they rouse us from slothful lethargy to a renewed activity for our country and for the public good: just as the heavy water-clogged soil of a field brings forth only noxious weeds, when no winds blow over it to render the soil light and dry; but when these winds take to flowing, that soil becomes fit for ploughing and for bearing wholesome crops.

quick winds: quickening winds; winds reviving us from the lethargy of slothful vice.

lie still: do not blow; do not bring the reports of our evil lives to our ears.

ills told us: when these winds blow; when these reports reach our ears.

Is . . . earing: acts on us by making us reform our life into one of fruitful action; as these winds act on a weed-growing waste and change it into a crop-bearing field.



earing: rendering arable; Old Eng: to ear, Lat. arare, to plough; "**ear**", a spike of corn, is a different word.

(2) reading "**quick minds**": our minds, that should be awake and alive to active work, but lie lethargic and dead in vice and idleness: this is a reading that is shorn of the vivid metaphor in the reading "**winds**"; it was suggested by the unusual use of "**our**" in reading (1) to apply to winds that should quicken *us*: this was sacrificing a fine metaphor for a point of grammar.

[112. **dotage**: Antony unconsciously uses the very words that his friends had used about him in the first line of the play: at last he has come to see himself as others see him—that gift which Burns prayed for.]

113. This messenger speaks his message of death outright, while the other hesitated before speaking his message of infamy: even in such minor personages does Shakespeare differentiate character; we learn much of old James Gurney in *King John*, from the only four words he utters in the whole play.

If the announcement of the death is abrupt, Antony's reception of it is unmoved.

116. **Forbear me**: a civil way of saying "You may go."

[117-25. Antony in this elegy upon Fulvia, as in his funeral speech on Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*, does justice to the memory of those to whom, when alive, he had been unjust:—Here was a great spirit; when she was alive I wished for her death; now that she is dead, I wish she were alive; the life I now lead with Cleopatra, I once thought to be a life of happiness, but now it is turned into a life of loathing; and my past life with Fulvia, which during her life I loathed, I would live once again, now that I cannot call her back to life: this I cannot do, but something else I can—I can, and I will, break away from Cleopatra and idleness, that I might face and slay the numerous brood of public evils that she and it have hatched, and still may hatch.]

117. **great spirit**: Plutarch says Fulvia was a woman of a bold and restless spirit, who ruled her husband in private life, was ambitious of ruling Rome, as if she was Rome's first civil magistrate, in times of peace, and of directing Rome's consul and general-in-chief, in times of war.

120. The wheel of time (like that of Fortune) brings us from the zenith of what we fancy to be happiness, to the nadir of what we feel to be misery.

122. **could**: would wish to; could find it in its heart to.

shoved her on: wished to and did get rid of her: Antony remorsefully says that it was his hand that pushed her on to death—his desertion of her that drove her to it.

125. **Enobarbus**: is an Antony on a smaller scale, and with a difference; like him he is fond of eating and drinking and sensuality, but the patrician carries on his pleasures in high style, the plebeian (Enobarbus was one) in a quiet way; both are turncoats in politics, but the one turned it theatrically at the Forum of Rome, the other will do it unobtrusively in a camp in Egypt; like Antony's, his death is tragic, but it is from repentance, while the other's is from despair in love; and, the strongest difference, indulgence of the animal appetites has made the one a cynic about womankind, while it will raise the other to dreams of inextinguishable love in Elysium, after love's seeming extinction on earth. That cynicism finds expression here.

128. **we see . . . them**: said sarcastically of the fainting fits

(l. 135) Cleopatra and ladies like her so often and so easily get.

129. **if . . . word**: if they are forced to bear our leaving them, it will be the death of them all; it will be passing sentence of death on every one of them. **word**: does not mean watchword, as a critic takes it.

131. **compelling occasion**: unavoidable necessity, compelling you to go. Throughout this scene Enobarbus is ironical, sarcastic: critics who have misunderstood his character, mistake him as being in "serious earnest": the state of affairs in Rome, and Antony's life at Alexandria are known to his friends and his officers, and they have all seen the "compelling necessity", the "great cause" (l. 133) for Antony to leave Egypt.

134. **catching . . . this**: getting the slightest wind, hearing the merest whisper, of your intention to leave her.

135. These fainting fits (no harm came of them) were one item among many, in her repertory of wiles and artifices.



137. Death is so much in love with Cleopatra, so formidable a rival to you, that he takes as much delight in killing her (that being Death's way of showing his love) as you do in kissing her (that being your way).

138. You are right, she is artful and cunning beyond anything I can imagine a woman to be.

140. **finest . . . love**: the quintessence of love, without admixture of an atom of cunning.

winds . . . tears: her storms and deluges cannot be called by the same names as what we call sighs and tears in other women: *her* sighs are storms, *her* tears are deluges.

142. **than . . . report**: the meteorological office (as we should say) cannot report of cyclones or hurricanes so violent as her storms of sighs, or of rainfall so heavy as her deluges of tears. In Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour*, there figures an almanac of of weather predictions.

cannot be cunning: cannot be the result of artifice; no! must be natural, purely natural!

143. But if, as you say, she is cunning past man's thought, then she must be as cunning as a god, whose cunning is beyond man's comprehension (Enobarbus uses the word here humorously in its good sense of "skilful"): for she can cause a shower of rain as easily as Jupiter can, and it is equally past man's thought how either she or Jupiter can do it. Jupiter Pluvius, or the Rain-maker, is the god here meant.

144. This and l. 138, show that Antony's words in ll. 119-21, "present pleasure . . . itself", are now coming true in his own case.

147. **your travel**: books of travel and of the wonders of the East and of the newly discovered West were plentiful in the 16th century; the most famous and most mendacious of these traveller's tales were the *Peregrinations* of Fernao Pinto, at whom there may be a mild hit here.

153-61. This is Enobarbus's mock elegy upon Fulvia: Sir, I congratulate you heartily upon this happy event; it is the blessing of the gods, who have taken a worn out robe off you, only that they may present you with a new one to put on—taken away Fulvia only to give you Cleopatra—if there was no Cleopatra, I would have condoled



with you with genuine, genuine tears; as there is one, I can only make a show of condolence, with tears called forth by onion juice; the old phoenix is dead, but only to give birth to the new phoenix.

[old robes, old smock: Fulvia; new robes, new petticoat: Cleopatra. **tailors . . . earth**: the gods who make new suits of clothes for mankind; i.e., a new wife for a widower, a new husband for a widow. This obvious meaning has strangely escaped some critics, who go far afield and discover far-fetched ones about "free love", about "Adam", about "the three Fates", etc.]

162. The business of Civil War that Fulvia had started in Italy.

164. The business of Love that Antony had set up in Egypt.

165. **especially**: this word hints that Antony's friends had followed his example, and set up similar business of their own, on a smaller scale: the Court of Alexandra had become a hotbed of feasting, frolicking, love-making, debauchery; this scene gives a specimen.

167. **No . . . answers**: while Enobarbus has been flippant about Cleopatra's character, Antony has been quite serious, and, in the simplest words, has said what he has seen since his eyes were opened; "since he had waked from his sleep, or become sober after he had been drunk", says Plutarch.

169. **expedience**: haste; Lat. *expedio*, lit. free the feet, move quickly, *expeditus*, soldier in light marching trim.

170. **leave to part**: (1) permission to depart (2) reading "love" with the Ff. induce her love to consent to separation.

171. **more . . . touches**: matters that touch me closely and urge me to act without delay.

173. **contriving friends**: friends working in my interest in Italy.

174. **Petition . . . home**: beg of me to go home: "at" would now be omitted.

174-80. While Cæsar was busy against Lucius and Fulvia, Sextus Pompey had occupied Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica, three great grain-growing islands, got command of the seas with his fleet, and, joined by the pirate captains, Menas and Menecrates, was ravaging the coasts of Italy and plundering merchant shipping, laden with corn from Egypt and the province of Africa; thus causing famine in Italy. Cæsar called upon Antony to join him to meet this danger, but the



people, urged by the republican party in the Senate, called aloud on the two triumvirs in Italy to come to terms with Sextus; it is this emergency that (among other reasons) determines Antony here to leave for Rome.

178-80. When death has made it impossible for the people to reward Pompey the Great, who deserved well at their hands, they turn to his son, and reward him for his father's merits, as if the son himself possessed those merits.

dignities: merits, lit. rewards deserved.

throw upon: heap upon, ascribe to.

name: that of Pompey. **power**: command of the sea.

blood: youthful spirits. **life**: the fact that he is alive and with them, while his father is dead and gone.

181-3. **stands up**... **danger**: takes the place of his father as the first soldier and great captain of the Roman republic, whose generalship ("quality"), when it comes into action ("going on"), may shake the framework ("sides") of the empire from end to end in the western, eastern and southern provinces ("world").

183-5. Much public danger is being hatched, which, though now only coming into life, has not yet acquired the power of inflicting mischief ("poison") upon the empire; it is to prevent in good time this power from developing, that I am leaving for Italy. What a change in Antony, and what large views and distant foresight does he here, for the time, display!

courser's hair: once a vulgar belief was that a horsehair, kept in water, became a living worm.

185. Issue orders in my name to all officers under me to be ready to accompany me on my departure, which will be at once, from Egypt. There is no need to change the Ff. reading "our" to "their". Antony is leaving Egypt with his army.



SCENE 3

The Leave-Taking

1. After she had turned her back on him after herself searching for him and finding him, in the last scene, she had sent Charmian on a second search for him, from which she has returned unsuccessful; she now sends Alexas on a third search.

3. **I . . . you:** if you find him and he asks whether I sent you, say "no".

5. **and return:** come back and tell me how he takes your report about me, as I have just instructed you in.

7. This is not the way to make him love you in return.

8. **I do not:** that (pronoun) I do not.

10. **the way:** that is the way.

12. If a man is crossed too often, he may come to hate where he loved.

13. **I am:** I will pretend to be.

15. This is an instance of Cleopatra's "celerity in dying". (I. ii. 137).

16. My heart will break with grief, my bosom will burst.

sides of nature: framework of the human body.

18. Antony says this in surprise at her repelling him.

20. **What . . . woman:** what says Antony's wife about Antony's mistress? Does she say Antony must leave her? Well, Antony may leave her, and go. There is scorn in the word "married", as the lips of the "unmarried" woman utter it.

24. Antony was going to protest passionately that it was she, not Fulvia, who had power over him—"I swear by the gods that I am yours, not hers".

26. I knew from the very beginning that you meant to be false to me, and yet I loved you, and let you love me.

28. Though the terrors of the punishment you have invoked on yourself, if you break your views to me, make the gods whom you have invoked to inflict it, themselves tremble at the very thought of having to inflict them, as they sit, your judges, in full majesty on their thrones.



29, 30. It must have been raving madness in me to believe your vows, that in your heart you meant to break, even when your lips were uttering them.

34. **Then . . . words:** that was a time when you had much to say about staying, and nothing about going.

35-7. These are the "words" of l. 34, that Antony poured out in homage to Cleopatra's charms: "our" means "my" throughout.

eternity was: you vowed that eternity dwelt.

brows' bent: the arch of my eyebrows: brows in possessive pl.

parts so poor: (1) other bodily attractions inferior, in love's list, to the superior ones enumerated above, (2) my attractions however poor.

a race of heaven: of heavenly origin: for instance Antony may have vowed that her very hands and feet (some of the "poor parts" (1) above) were those of angels, or he may have vowed that her attractions were those of the beauty of angels, when in her own eyes they were poor indeed (if "poor parts" are (2) above). In either case, she reminds him of some of the lover's nonsense he once spoke to her.

37, 38. I am still the same Cleopatra I then was; I have still the same charms that I then had; and if these charms had power then to keep you near me, why are you now going to leave me, unless all that you then said were lies?

39. In spite of his grief, Antony cannot help feeling insulted at being called a liar, and chafes under it; but she relentlessly proceeds.

40. I wish I were as tall as you are, that I might prove at the point of my sword, woman as I am, that you are what I have called you: Cleopatra means she would challenge him to a duel, like a very Amazon; needless to say she never dreams of doing so.

heart in Egypt: double meaning (1) courage in the queen of Egypt to vindicate her insulted dignity, (2) a heart in that queen's bosom, bleeding from wounded love.

41. **queen:** repeating, in sense, her own word "Egypt," i.e., queen of Egypt; in l. 16 it was "my dearest queen"; here the other two words are omitted, and the omission shows his frame of mind is getting more firm and less doting.



43, 44. It is my right arm alone that goes to serve my country in its hour of need, my heart remains with you, as entirely as ever it has done.

in use: in possession, in usufruct.

45. **civil swords:** swords drawn in civil war.

46. **port:** gates.

47. **two . . . powers:** two political parties in Italy equal in strength: the triumvirals for Cæsar and Antony (Lepidus was a cipher), and the republicans for Sextus Pompey.

48. **scrupulous faction:** factions bent on finding fault with each other's claim, down to minute points. Eng: *scruple*, Lat: *scrupulum*, a small stone, 1/24th of an ounce, a petty, hair-splitting objection.

49. The Pompeian republicans, once unpopular, have now grown popular, because, through Sextus's command of the sea, they have grown stronger.

50. **Rich . . . honour:** invested with the popularity his father once enjoyed and credited with a generalship his father had actually shown.

51. The old Pompeians or republicans under Pompey the Great.

52. **present state:** confiscation of lands by Caesar and of treasures by Antony, to satisfy the clamours of the soldiery, and the famine caused by Pompey's naval blockade; Antony passes lightly over these acts of his own party, and dwells upon those of the other, to illustrate his words about "breeding scrupulous faction".

53, 54. The peaceful period that followed upon the battle of Philippi, and the defeat of the old republicans. **would purge:** wished to restore itself to health. **desperate change:** civil war; Antony implies that this remedy would be worse than the disease.

my . . . particular: as to what concerns me personally and privately.

55. **should . . . going:** should remove all cause of alarm that my going might have caused you. **with you:** shows that "*safe*" cannot mean "*justify*" here, as some critics take it.

56. **Is Fulvia's death:** Antony has artfully reserved these three words to the last, as his trump card.

57, 58. And at these words Cleopatra's heart surely gives a great leap, but she as artfully dissembles it: old as I am, I yet know



I have been a fool in giving up my heart to you with the ardour of youth; but I would be a child to believe what you have just said—that you, too, gave me your heart, and are going to leave it with me, when you yourself go: and she counter-trumps him with her three words—"Can Fulvia die?"—Can the power of Fulvia over Antony ever die? Never: for is it not even now drawing him away from me? Fulvia dead (if you will have her to be dead) has more power over Antony than Cleopatra living. This is the poetry (and artfulness) of her three words; their plain prose meaning is "I don't believe you when you say she is dead; this is another of your lies", and she closely watches his face to see if she can read the truth there to see, if it betrays the lie of his lips.

60-62. The calm reply from his lips, the truthful look on his face, the letter, all satisfy Cleopatra that he has not lied.

at . . . leisure: whenever it may be your royal pleasure to read it: we may be sure she reads it at once.

garboils: disturbances. Diez derives this word from Lat. *garrere*, to talk loud and fast, and *bullire*, to boil, to ferment.

at . . . best: (1) at the end of the letter, which gives the best part of the news.

(2) the last thing she did was also the best thing she ever did—to go and die.

O . . . love: Antony's unfeeling way of speaking about Fulvia's death, or rather his undissembled rejoicing at that event, must have been balm to Cleopatra's soul, but that inveterate dissembler turns his own words against him: you never loved your wife, and you rejoice at her death: that shows that you will rejoice at my death too.

63. sacred vials: it was once believed that the ancient Romans and Jews used to store up in bottles or phials, the tears mourners shed over the dead, as the former used, also to store up their ashes in urns: "Put thou my tears into my bottle", in *Psalms*, is the rendering in the Authorized Version due to this belief, where Wyclif gives the proper rendering: "Thou hast set my tears in thy sight", after the Septuagint and the Vulgate.

[68. By the fire: by Osiris, by the Sun; Antony swears as an Egyptian man would; as Cleopatra often swears by Isis, as Egyptian women would.



Scan: As yóu/shall gíve/thadvíce/. By the/fíre: 4th foot pyrrhic, 5th foot doubly stressed monosyllable.

69. From the *fact* of the fertilizing power of the mud deposited by the floods of the Nile to produce vegetable life, arose the fiction of its similar power to generate animal life; in both cases, the mud deriving its fertility, it was supposed, from the fostering heat of the sun.

71. **affect'st**: likest, art pleased to decree.

cut . . . lace: I am fainting; another of Cleopatra's "deaths" is imminent.

73. **so**: provided; I am ill, if I doubt and fear about Antony's love for me; I am well again, when I am reassured of it.

74-5. Forbear to doubt my love, and bear witness to its truth; for proof of which, I am ready to submit to a fair trial: reading "credence" for the Ff. "evidence" destroys the metaphor present in "trial". **honourable trial**: absence from you, that (as you shall see) will not, from a sense of honour, alter my love for you.

75. **So . . . me**: Yes, Fulvia wrote to me that you used the very same words to her when parting from her, and your absence from Fulvia showed me how well your sense of honour led you to make no change in your love for her. Of course, this is a wholly imaginary letter.

76. Hide your face from me, while you shed genuine tears for her death; then turn your face to me, and say that those tears are meant for the parting from me, and so bid me a hypocritical farewell.

78. **Egypt**: me, queen of Egypt; she always calls herself so when standing on the dignity of her injured feelings.

80. **perfect honour**: genuine sense of grief felt by a man of honour.

81. You can dissemble still more, and when unmasked, you can chafe still more; but you have dissembled and chafed quite enough for me; really, you are behaving in a most becoming manner.

82. **And target**: you swear by your sword; don't forget you should swear by both sword and target; that will make your swearing stronger; indeed Charmian, he is doing better and better; but he can do better still. She disdains to speak any more to Antony, and, turning to Charmian, goes on to speak at him.



84. See how this big-built giant of a Roman, looking so like his ancestor Hercules, frets and fumes, snorts and scowls, behaves in the right 'Ercles vein; and how handsome, how like a hero, he looks, when he behaves so. Antony's chafing and looking big has given her the handle for all this scathing comment.

Herculean: double meaning (1) large-built like Hercules, (2) descended from Hercules, as Antony boasted of being.

85. **carriage . . . chafe**: (1) reading so with the Ff: his manner of showing his anger; how becoming is his deportment ("carriage", way of carrying himself) in this angry mood ("chafe") that he thinks it proper to display before me. (2) There is plenty of criticism fit for the dustbin here: one critic says the Ff. reading is "fatuous", "a silly blunder", and emends "chafe" into "chief", meaning Hercules; another explains "carriage" to mean "make believe", the carrying out of an *assumed* role of being chafed; another thinks that this "gentle, caressing, heart-broken queen" says to her maid, "look how becoming it is in Antony to bear a little teasing", taking "chafe" to be the modern slang "chaff" and "*his* chafe" to mean "my chaffing of him", to the amiable critic everything is amiable, but neither Cleopatra's mood nor Antony's is amiable here.

[86-101. A change, as if by magic, comes here over Cleopatra: she has gone to the utmost limits that her scathing taunts and burning tears could go; when Antony turns round and is about to leave her without another word, she sees it is useless to sail further on this tack and instantly changes her course: she becomes calm; she turns with altered mien towards him; she asks his pardon; she wishes him to answer the call of honour; she wishes him victory; and bids him go.]

[86. **courteous**: there is refined irony in this flattering word; Antony, in turning away from her, has forgotten good manners, and this word is a lady's way of reminding him that he has done so.]

87. **but . . . it**: but that is not what I wish to speak to you about.

88. **but . . . it**: but neither is this what I wish to speak to you about.

89. **That . . . well**: you know well that we have loved, and I need not therefore remind you of it.



something . . . would: I wish to say something, but O! my memory—I cannot bring to mind *what* that something is.

90. O! my memory, and O! Antony, you are two things very much alike; you are two things, and yet the same thing.

91. For a forgetful memory and Antony are two words that mean one and the same thing: my memory has forgotten the word (l. 86) I wished to say, and Antony has forgotten me.

I . . . forgotten: double meaning; (1) I have quite forgotten what I wished to say, "*am*" having the active force of "have" (as in "I am come"), (2) I am quite forgotten by Antony, "*am*" having its passive force.

91-3. Were it not that your royal pleasure and imperious will have held me as their subject and slave to live a life of idleness with you here, I would have taken you to be the very incarnation of idleness. Antony calls both Cleopatra and himself "Idleness personified", and by Idleness he means Love; what he once took to be love and called by that name, he now sees to have been idleness, and calls by that new name; he then was the slave of love, she the mistress of that love; he now sees he had been the dupe of idleness, and she the author of that dupery. Antony's substitution of "Idleness" for "Love", when his eyes have been opened to this dupery, also opens Cleopatra's eyes; makes her see that Antony is no longer hers to keep; and determines her to let him go with a good grace. It is painful to read the various mis-explanations given of these lines.

93-5. It is killing hard work for me to continue to live this life of Idleness; labour like this presses heavy on my heart, and will break it. These words show that Cleopatra understands what Antony meant by Idleness and that she agrees with him.

As . . . this: as I bear this.

96. You once said everything became me (I. i. 49) and pleased you; because you were pleased, I cared to live; but these my becoming no longer please you, and I shall die because they displease.

97, 98. Your sense of honour calls upon you to serve your country; let not pity for my folly, that I once called my love, make you deaf to that call.



100. **laurel**: in sense means "laurelled," but two dentals "-ed" here and "ict" in "victory" would sound too harsh close together.

smooth: unhindered by a single failure.

101. Come with me; let us go out together: in l. 86 he was about to leave her abruptly; her rebuke and her altered mood change his; and the two will part friends, we may be sure.

102-104. In our separation we shall be together, when I go from here in the body, you will go with me in the spirit; and when you remain here in person, I shall remain with you in soul.

abides and flies: so that our parting will be no parting at all, but we shall both stay together here in Egypt, and both journey together to Rome. For the realization of this most metaphysical Union in Separation, we shall see what very practical measures Cleopatra adopts, and how she succeeds in bringing back Antony to Egypt and to her and so convert the metaphysical paradox into a very real Re-union, body and soul.

Thus ends this unparalleled scene of a Lover's Quarrel and Separation, that we can hardly venture to call a "tiff" (the second) in which Cleopatra chides, but chides in tears, as in that first "tiff" she chided with smiles; and in which Antony grows restive, while in that first he was charmed; and this scene of reproach, with sighs and tears, is followed by a leave-taking by Antony, rather a leave-giving by Cleopatra, to which she condescends when she finds that neither smiles, nor tears and sighs, nor scathing words of reproach, will avail to keep Antony by her side any longer; and with a dignity and majesty that befits her as a queen, and might have befitted her had she been one of "the race of heaven" that she thought Antony took her to be, she bids him go. Three more quarrels are destined to follow and three more reconciliations, each on a growing scale of intensity, as we shall see.

SCENE 4

The Call from Rome that led to that Leave-Taking

1-32. Antony again as others see him; Cæsar, in the blackest of colours; Lepidus, as black relieved by many bright spots.

3. **competitor**: colleague; lit. one who seeks with others for the same object, here in co-operation, in modern English in rivalry.

4. **fishes**: a critic finds fault with both Cæsar and Shakespeare for blaming Antony for indulging in so harmless an amusement; but this is a fishing extraordinary; and its description in II. v. 17 shows that Antony was making a fool of himself, as much with such fishing, as with drinking and debauchery.

6. Cleopatra, after the rule of royal succession in Egypt, was married to two of her brothers in succession, when they became kings of Egypt; this rule operated in the Macedonian dynasty founded by Ptolemy Lagus in Egypt.

9, 10. A man combining in his single character the sins and vices of all sinful and vicious men.

That . . . follow: that all men are liable to: *that* is objective, *men* is nominative; not the other way, as critics take it.

11-3. No: his character is bad, but there is good in it, too, and the bad and the good in him set each other off; as a black sky looks blacker when the stars shine through its blackness, and the stars shine brighter when they are seen to shine through a black sky.

11. **evils . . . goodness**: here clearly "*evils*" is the obscuring darkness and "*goodness*" is the brightness thus obscured.

12, 13. **faults . . . blackness**: here it looks as if "*faults*" are the "*bright spots*" in the sky, and "*night's blackness*" is the "*goodness*" that serves for their background: the difficulty is to reconcile the metaphor here to that in l. 11. (1) to obviate what looks like irreconcilable "*night's blackness*" is taken to mean the black political outlook; this explanation can be dismissed at once, because here we are thinking only of Antony's personal faults and merits, and the political consideration does not come in till l. 25; and because it still makes the strange comparison of faults to stars and of goodness to a dark sky, (2) to reconcile the apparent contradiction, I explain thus:—

The real contradiction is that of Lepidus to Cæsar: Lepidus means to contradict Cæsar, but does it in a deferential way; when he says "*I must not think*", he means "*You must not think*", but he dare not say so; let us say it for him:—"You must not think that the evils in him obscure all the goodness in him; I think [his goodness



shines through the evils in him, as stars shine through the darkness of the sky; you, on the contrary, see no goodness at all in him, and evil in everything in him; you make his goodness to be a blank, like a black sky, and his evils to be fiery comets in that blank darkness; I like to see in his character, a dark sky of vices, relieved by bright stars of good points; you like to see in it a *black sky of the absence of all goodness*, with blazing meteors of glaring vices." Thus the apparent contradiction is reconciled.

13-5. His faults and vices are hereditary, not acquired ("purchased"); they are such as he would change for the better if he could, not such as he would choose, if the choice was left to him. Antony's father was a spendthrift and idler, and his boasted ancestor, Hercules, in his youth, became a slave of love to Omphale, and dressed and span like a woman, and in later years became a jolly, open-handed toper—"Hercules in his cups".

17. Cæsar scornfully repeats this infidelity of a married man with a married woman.

18. To lose a kingdom for the sake of a good joke; bestow the wealth of a kingdom on a jester; there is a story in Plutarch of this kind.

19-21. Cleopatra used to sit up drinking with Antony, and indulged in the night frolics of I. i. 53f, with him.

slave: wretch; of Cleopatra here, and often of men in the play.
keep . . . tippling: hob-nob, exchange cups of drinks.

at noon: Cæsar's indignation makes him mis-state the time, (which was at night), so as to make Antony's doings look all the more shameless, and blacker even than they were.

knave . . . sweat: creatures belonging to the lowest class. Shakespeare makes his "artistocrats" often speak so of the "working man".

22, 23. Grant that these faults do not obscure his merits—and it is rare to find a man whose merits are not blemished by such faults—yet Antony cannot be excused, when his faults endanger our own interests: reading "*and*" for "*as*" gives the same sense.
composure: the elements that combine to form character.

24, 25. Cæsar accepts Lepidus's excuse for Antony, but says he cannot excuse him on this other ground:—his levity that sits so

tightly on him, presses heavily upon your and my interests: it is here, and not in ll. 11, 12, that the political consideration, as distinct from the personal one, comes in.

27. **dryness . . . bones**: drying up the marrow in the bones, as a consequence of dissipation; similar fancy about "dry brains".

28. **call . . . it**: bring him to account, punish him.

confound: waste. The personal consequences to him of his idleness and dissipation do not concern us; but their consequences to the triumvirate and the empire concern him and us deeply, and justify the severest condemnation of his conduct.

29. **drums**: summons him aloud to councils of war and the field of battle.

30. **As . . . ours**: as his own and our own public interests in common (summon him).

'tis . . . **chid**: if he wastes his time at such a public crisis (l. 28), then he deserves to be chid.

31-3. Antony, who is *not* a boy, but is mature in knowledge and experience, yet deserves to be chid as if he were a boy; since like a boy, he sacrifices knowledge to the gratification of pleasure, and acts against reason and judgement.

who: antecedent "they" (and not "boys"), implied in "to confound" and "to be chid": "they who confound *are* . . . to be chid".

pawn: sacrifice; pledge, but do not redeem; risk, and lose the benefit of.

34. Cæsar's vigilance to keep news (a contrast to Antony's aversion to hear news—"grates me") has led him to set up an "hourly" post: on the other side, Cleopatra's love will lead her to set up a daily postal service between herself and Antony.

38. **ports**: because of "reports" in l. 39, this has been amended to "fleets": (1) reading *ports*: people discontented with Cæsar's rule remove from the interior to the maritime districts, to place themselves under Pompey's protection, (2) reading *fleets*: the discontented flock to enlist in Pompey's warships.

39. Reports are widespread that give out Cæsar as having grievously wronged Pompey.



[41-4. Cæsar speaks in very general terms and in enigmatic language when his mind dwells upon the specific relations between himself and Pompey, and, while he is certainly thinking of particular persons, he mentions no names: this is because he feels there are reasons for his own unpopularity and Pompey's popularity, but is reluctant to mention them: let us try to mention names and reasons that he avoids.]

[41. We have learnt this lesson from history ever since the body politic ("*primal state*") was set up by civilized man.

42. That the man who is in actual power in the state, was wished for, was popular, until he came into power; and then he began to be unpopular: for instance, I, Cæsar, was wished for (ever since the murder of my great-uncle Julius) by the people; and now, when I have taken my great-uncle's place as virtual head of the empire, I am becoming unpopular: on the other hand, Sextus Pompey is being wished for by the people (because of the murder of his father, Pompey the Great, whom my great-uncle drove to that fate); but if ever Sextus comes into actual power, I know, from the lesson that history teaches, that he will, in his turn, become unpopular.

43. Again, history teaches us that the man who came into power with the flood-tide of popularity, and then went out of power with the ebb-tide of unpopularity, begins to be popular again, and to be loved again, when love and popularity are of no avail: for instance, Pompey the Great was the plaything of this flood—and ebb-tide, and, after his death he became the idol of the people's unavailing love; so was my uncle Julius Cæsar; and *so do I myself seem to be*, at this turning of the tide; and so, by the inevitable law of fluctuation that political history has established, will Sextus, too, be—he may flow in, but sure enough he will then ebb out. It is Cæsar's misgivings about himself that make him talk in generalities and mention no names.

44. (1) reading "*fear'd*" with the Ff. the man who has ebbed out is the man who was feared and unpopular when he had flowed in (into power), who had been loved and popular before he had flowed in, (and who will be loved and popular again, now that he has ebbed out), (2) reading "*dear'd*" as an emendation: the ebbed man will be loved again when he is wished for, but is wished for in



vain; will be loved again when he is missed, but cannot be found and brought back. In reading (1) "*by*" has to be given the unusual meaning of "from being", "after he has been"; in reading (2) the meaning is "we love a thing as long as we have it not; we cease to love it as soon as we have it: for instance, this is true in my case, and will come to be true in Sextus's."

Thus does this young dissembler put the case, without confessing that there is something to be said for Pompey, and something against himself: in fact there was something against both: Pompey tried to starve Rome and Italy into surrender and to wrest Africa from Lepidus; Cæsar tried to squeeze land and money out of Rome and Italy, in the midst of that famine created by Pompey, to gratify his army. In this situation the question for Antony arose: "To whom is Egypt to go?" To Sextus, as Pompey the Great's successor, or to Cæsar, or to himself? A great deal, out of which I can make little meaning, has been written on ll. 41-4.

• **common body**: the mass of the people.

45-7. Thus do the people go to and fro, liking and disliking, wishing to get, wishing to get rid of when got (this or that man for their ruler); in this, the people are like a water-weed, floating this way and that with the tides, until it decays and rots.

• **lackeying**: following the tides, as a footman follows his master.

48-55. These two pirate captains were Pompey's auxiliaries, useful for capturing Italian merchant shipping (especially those carrying cargoes of corn), ravaging coast towns and villages, striking their inhabitants pale with fears ("lack blood"), inducing young men to revolt and go over to Sextus, whose name—"Pompey"—recalling his great father's memory, does more harm to Cæsar's cause than all his own exploits have been able to.

• 49. **ear**: plough, also spelt "*are*" Lat. *arare*—"earring," I. ii. 106.

wound . . . kind: tear through with warships of all builds and sizes. **wound**: appropriately used of ships engaged in the work of destruction.

55-71. Cæsar is on safer ground when speaking of Antony, and speaks no longer in generalities, but direct to the point. Antony, leave Egypt and shameful indulgence behind; you can do so, if you



like; for once, in the strain of war and famine, you, brought up in luxury, readily endured cold, hunger and privation, with a fortitude that set an example to your suffering men.

57. **Modena**: Antony, proclaimed a public enemy by the Senate, was attacked and defeated by the two consuls at Mutina in Cisalpine Gaul in B.C. 43, and retreated across the Alps; it was during this retreat that these hardships were undergone.

• 62. **gilded puddle**: water thick with foul yellow mud and rotting organic matter.

• 67. **strange flesh**: "flesh that no one before this ever cared even to touch" says Plutarch.

• 71. **lank'd not**: did not look hollow and shrunken.

75. **me**: let me ask you to, please. Caesar treats Lepidus as he would a secretary, to receive his directions: the reading "*we*" therefore is not needed; in *Julius Caesar*, Octavius and Antony treat him like a messenger.

• 79. **encounter**: meeting with you.

• 82. **stirs**: what is stirring, what is going on.

• 81-4. The way the two address each other shows that the one looks upon the other as his superior in intellect and power.

• **knew**: even before you asked me: this is the force of the past tense.

• **bond**: duty towards you as my colleague.

SCENE 5

Cleopatra in Desolation

• 3. A hysterical laugh.

4. **mandragora**: Gk. corrupted into Eng. "mandrake," a plant whose juice caused drowsiness and sleep.

• 7. **'t is treason**: his leaving me is treason to true love.

8-18. The grossness of Cleopatra's notions of true love is meant to be brought out here; with her, love and lust are the same thing—a passion of the flesh, not an emotion of the soul, in spite of her talk about its being so; it is this strong trait in her nature that binds her to a kindred nature in Antony; and it is to bring it out—



that Shakespeare affects no prudery; to omit it would have given a false idea of the real Cleopatra; doctors have a name for the abnormally depraved frame of mind from which she now suffers.

✓ **freer thoughts**: amorous desires. **fly . . . Egypt**: as my thoughts do.

✓ 18-27. Cleopatra is thus *with* Antony, though he is gone, as he said at parting they would be.

23. **demi-Atlas**: one who bears the weight of half the Roman world (*i.e.*, of the provinces of the East), as the Titan Atlas, bore up the whole globe of the earth on his shoulders. ✓ **arm**: arms of offence or attack.

✓ 24. **burgonet**: an armour of defence, a helmet, of a peculiar make, first devised in Burgundy.

25. **serpent . . . Nile**: Antony seems to have been frank with her about her guilefulness, and she to have taken his frankness in good humour: the present tenses in "he is", "where is", "he calls" show the vividness of her fancy, that sees what she describes as if she is with him.

✓ 27. **delicious poison**: the sweet but vain thought that he is thus thinking and speaking of me.

✓ **Think on me**: how absurd is the fancy that he is thinking of me!

✓ 28. Whom the burning-hot kisses of the tropic sun have turned black: she refers to her supposed dark complexion.

29. And whom age has furrowed with wrinkles; all this self-depreciation must not be taken as sincere: she is neither black nor old, as she knows very well, but Antony not being there to see her, she does not care to be fair or young to other eyes.

✓ **broad-fronted**: with a broad forehead.

31. Cleopatra had been mistress to Julius Cæsar, and then to Cnæus Pompey, elder son of Pompey the Great; the son also being called "the Great" after his father. Her own words show how she stood with each of these lovers: Cæsar treated her as only a pretty piece of flesh, a mere concubine; Pompey adored her as a goddess, or as a living idol of one; the one looked down upon her, the other looked up to her; but she and Antony stood on the same level, as loving and beloved; her discernment is unerring, and she feels no shame and much pride in showing it, but what is worse is, that in her vanity as a



man-killer, she tells a lie, when, by using the words "great" and "monarch", she would insinuate that it was the great father, and not the obscure son, who had been her lover; this libel on the father is the greater, because the elder Pompey, unlike Julius and Antony, was known and respected for the purity of his married life.

✓ 34. **his life**: Cleopatra herself, for whom alone he lived.

35-7. Antony's image has so filled her brain that she starts at Alexas's entry: "How unlike you are to Antony, yet, as you have been with him, you have contracted a touch of Antony, and make me fancy that I see a resemblance in you to him."

36. Antony was the *philosopher's stone* whose touch changed baser metals into gold; and Alexas is a piece of base metal that has been changed into something like the gold in Antony, by having been in touch with him, and now by bringing a message from him.

✓ 41. **orient**: bright, as the rising sun.

His . . . heart: I cannot utter what he spoke, for the effort chokes me with emotion: Alexas is fishing to be asked by her, before parting with the message he bears.

42. I am all ear to hear; my ear will be the magnet to draw out his message from your lips.

✓ 43. **firm**: ever constant to you and to love.

44-7. To this poor present of a pearl, I will add, as richer presents, new kingdoms to her kingdom of Egypt.

✓ **So he nodded**: with these words he dismissed me with a nod.

✓ 48. **soberly**: no longer the rollicking voluptuary of Alexandria, but the triumvir, looking forward to serious business of state.

an arm-gaunt steed: a tall, wiry, raw-boned, veteran charger, worn thin by many charges in battle: like rider, like horse, we are to picture to ourselves Antony, grim, travel-worn, bearded (II. ii. 7), mounted on the very charger, perhaps, that he had often ridden before in his campaigns, soberly riding off to meet the beardless "boy", Cæsar; and are to contrast him with the clean-shaven (II. ii. 229), perfumed, garlanded, inebriated Antony, that once lolled upon couches beside Cleopatra.

arm-gaunt: cannot mean looking large and grim, because armour-clad (like the horse in Dürer's picture of the knight); for as Antony is not setting out for battle, the horse is not in armour, neither



is he. A great many mare's nests have been discovered by critics in search of this arm-gaunt horse's meaning.

49, 50. Just when I began my farewell reply, that beastly horse neighed so loud, that Antony could not hear a word of my reply; here again critics take up matters very seriously, the finest outcome of their efforts being this one:—What I wished to say in articulate words, the horse took up, and said it in inarticulate sounds: if that horse read this, he would have given a horse-laugh, sure, as inarticulate expression of the pleasure he felt.

51. Alexas is not sure which mood it will please his mistress best to hear of, and so he very cautiously steers a middle course.

53-60. Cleopatra believes him, and at once puts her own interpretation on what he says:—he was not sad, for he knew that if he looked sad, others who saw him would look sad too; he was not merry, for how could he be merry, when his heart was away and here with me?

for . . . his: for he was the glass of fashion there, I am sure, as he was here in Egypt; he knew people in Rome would set their faces by his, and he did not wish them to set them to sadness.

his . . . joy: for he had left his soul and his joy both with me here in Egypt, and was present only in body in Italy.

59. But whether you are sad to extremes or merry to extremes, you are peerless, and every mood in extremes adds a charm to you, where it would be a fault in any other man.

62. I passed twenty of them on my way back; may I venture to ask why you sent so many?

65. Shall . . . beggar: that day will be accursed, and will be entered in calendars and horoscopes as a day of ill omen. The mention of her postal runners sets off her mercurial mind to write her daily letter at once on the spot.

✓ 67. The maid, unlike the man-servant, is less cautious, more bold, and, woman-like, likes to contradict.

✓ brave: handsome, lovable; but the maid perversely gives the other meaning to the word, and applies it to Cæsar.

✓ 70. This and similar tokens of temper her servants are familiar with.

✓ 71. paragon: compare.



72. Gracious mistress, I only repeat what I have often heard you say yourself: Charmian was bold, but not too bold, for she had chapter and verse to defend herself with. Cleopatra is pacified, and laughs it off:—"I said that, true; but I said it when I was a young thing"; that was only between four and eight years ago, and in that short time she says she has grown from a girl into an aged, wrinkled woman!

73, 74. **salad . . . green**: salads being vegetables, usually lettuce, eaten raw or green (as a relish, Lat: *sal*, salt) she means to call herself young and of immature judgment.

cold in blood: I did not then know what it was to love ardently (as I know now); I only passively allowed myself to be loved (as I let Cæsar love me). Plutarch says, "Cleopatra's acquaintance with Cæsar and Cn. Pompey was when she was a girl, young and ignorant of the world; but she met Antony at a time when a woman's beauty is perfect and her judgement mature."

78. I shall send messenger after messenger, as long as there is a man left in Egypt to carry a message.

Thus ends this Serio-Comic scene of Cleopatra's Lament.

ACT II

SCENE I

Pompey's want of insight and judgement

Menecrates in his speeches argues with Pompey; Menas in his only gives him news; Pompey takes offence at the former's disagreement with him, and favours the other for his obsequiousness to him; he takes no notice of Menecrates after his two speeches, and pointedly goes out arm-in-arm with Menas at the end, leaving the other to shift for himself. After this, the cringing Menas deserts Pompey, comes back, and deserts again; while the outspoken Menecrates sticks to him to the last. Before entering here, Pompey had been impatiently speaking to the two men about his wish to begin hostilities; Menecrates



had tried to dissuade him from it, and advised him to wait for a more favourable time; while Menas had supported Pompey. Both men had been freedmen of Pompey the Great.

1. Cæsar had proscribed Pompey and had confiscated his and his father's properties; for this, Pompey here says he relies on the gods to do him justice; after his recent successes at sea, he had styled himself the 'Son of Neptune'.

3. Have patience, my good master's son, and don't think that the gods will refuse you all help in the future, if they only delay helping you now.

4. I have been praying to the gods for justice, and they have delayed doing it to me; till, now, what I prayed for to them seems to be slipping quite away from me.

5, 6. We mortals do not know what is best for us; the gods do, and they will bestow it on us at the right time; lest, what will be for our good if bestowed then, turn out to our harm, if bestowed now.

10-11. **crescent**: growing like a crescent moon.

full: to be fulfilled like a full moon; now, therefore, is the time to act and bring about that fulfilment.

13. **no . . . doors**: all his wars are now fought within doors; he wages wars with dishes of food and bottles of drink (like king Claudius in *Hamlet*); he wages wars as a soldier of Cupid and Venus; and all those wars he wages within the doors of the palace of Alexandria, l. 23.

14. Cæsar, by his exactions of money (and lands) from the people, is getting most unpopular with them.

15. There is only a hollow show of friendship between Lepidus and the other two; he loves neither of them, and neither thinks much of him.

16. Menas quietly gives news that, if true, falsifies what Pompey has just said; but we know nothing of Silvius, the source of his secondhand news, and the next scene shows that his news is not true. Menas, therefore, is quietly telling a falsehood to flatter Pompey's eagerness to begin hostilities at once.

✓21. **soften**: render tempting, lend colour to, look rosy in a lover's eyes.



✓**waned**: (past pl. of wane) faded, wan, pale through age.

✓23. Confine Antony within the walls of your palace in a round of revelry.

field of feast: waging his battles "within doors", l. 13, and not on fields of battle, "without doors". Much prolix writing has been indulged in, in attempts to explain this line.

26. **prorogue his honour**: make him forget his honour, and put off the hour when he will remember it again.

✓27. **till . . . dullness**: till the forgetfulness is lengthened out to last for good.

✓30, 31. He is overdue at Rome; he could have travelled farther than Rome, by this time, since he left Egypt.

32. This is very serious news, and I can hardly believe it; I could have more readily believed ("better ear") news less serious. Pompey's overweening confidence in his good luck receives a rude shock, and his hopes of there being nothing to fear from Antony are falsified almost as soon as they have been uttered.

✓34. **petty war**: as this of the other two triumvirs against me.

35, 36. I fear his generalship as much as I despise that of the other two; but let us think all the more highly of ourselves, since our active operations ("stirring") have made him break away from his revelries, and hasten to meet the danger we threaten.

✓38, 39. **I cannot . . . shall**: I hope . . . shall not; I expect . . . shall not. **well greet together**: cordially meet each other; Menas replaces Pompey's disappointed hope by a fresh one; I don't think Antony will join Cæsar against us, though it is true that he has broken away from Egypt and is here in Italy: so that we can with good hopes attack Cæsar at once, as you wish to do.

40, 41. Fulvia had incited the discontented Romans whose lands he had confiscated, to rise in rebellion against him, under Antony's brother's leadership.

43-9 (1) Comma after 'greater', colon after 'all', Ff. punctuation: Menas, you are right; I don't see how Antony can join Cæsar, forgetting their own enmity ('lesser') to combine in common enmity against us ('greater'); it is very natural that they two should continue to quarrel between themselves, for they have reason enough to do so; and I am not sure how even their common fear of us can



induce them to make up their own differences and make common cause against us. (2) full stop after 'greater', comma after 'all', emended punctuation: this involves a contradiction, though adopted by many critics; for it makes Pompey first say that Cæsar and Antony will not combine, then say that they will combine, through fear of him and then again say that they will not combine, in spite of fear of him.

✓45. **square**: take up a fighting attitude, as boxers are now said to do.

✓49. **We . . . know**: this winding up with the same words with which he began, and in the same sense, shows that the Ff. reading is correct.

50, 51. Pompey evidently is much sobered by this news about Antony, to the quick falsification of his own predictions, and speaks more respectfully of the gods, and less confidently about his own good luck. It is all that our lives are worth, that we do our utmost against things as they have turned out to be.

52. His action here shows his blind trust in a false friend, and foolish slighting of a true one; he will shortly be disillusioned in his friendship, as, after him, Antony will be in his love;

SCENE 2

Reconciliation of Antony with Cæsar: the story of Cleopatra on the Cydnus.

The preceding scene has shown the recklessness of the Young Pretender of the House of Pompey; this scene sets forth the astuteness of the young Prince of the House of Cæsar; and the two scenes therefore should be in the same Act; some critics have made the mistake of separating them, and placing the former in Act I.

1-175. The situation between Cæsar and Antony, when they meet here, is tense; Enobarbus is for Antony, his chief; Lepidus acts as mediator; the hand of Octavia seals their reconciliation.

✓1-3. Lepidus is afraid lest Antony's impetuous temper should wreck everything, and is most conciliatory in his tone.

✓4. Like himself, like his better self; like Antony sober, not like Antony drunk.



✓if . . . him: if Cæsar is the aggressor and begins the quarrel: Enobarbus is less conciliatory in tone, and rather stands up.

5. We know that Antony was of Herculean proportions, and Suetonius tells us that Cæsar was of a low stature, so that Antony could very easily ignore Cæsar's presence in this haughty way.

8. I would not even shave myself before meeting him; Antony, says Plutarch, wore a fine beard habitually; if he shaved himself when appearing in Cleopatra's drawing-room, he must have grown a beard again during the voyage; and appearing unshaven at a meeting like this, would be a studied insult.

✓9. **private stomaching**: display of anger on personal grounds (such as Fulvia's death and Lucius's reverses at Cæsar's hands).

10. There may or may not be reasons for such a display, as things happen to turn out at this meeting.

11. Personal differences must give way before a public emergency (such as this present one, that needs joint action of all three triumvirs).

12. Not if the private differences must be settled before the public emergency can be taken up for consideration.

✓Your . . . passion: your language is impetuous (like your chief's).

✓13. Please don't make dormant personal grievances break out into the flames of an open rupture.

14. If we settle matters here with our brother triumvirs, off we go to Parthia; Antony talks to Ventidius, whom he sends there afterwards, and seems to have that subject more on his mind than the present one.

16. I cannot say either yes or no to what you suggest; Agrippa knows better about it; Mæcenâs had been talking to Cæsar as they entered, about a good way of smoothing difficulties (see l. 122). Agrippa had talked to Cæsar about this, and had undertaken the delicate task of moving it at the meeting; Cæsar knew very well about it, but, of course, he could not himself move it.

18-25. We formed the triumvirate with the safety of an empire as its object, let not personal grievances break it up; these grievances can be quietly stated and happily settled; let us not make them a subject of angry debate; for that would kill what it meant to cure;



the matter we have to consider is certainly disagreeable, but let our manner of considering it be conciliatory.

✓ **curstness . . . matter** : let us not add bitterness of language to the bitterness of the subject.

27. **do thus** : I would shake hands with my opponent before fighting him; Antony puts out his hand to Cæsar, who takes it as he replies.

30-32. Cæsar, as the younger man, asks Antony to be seated first: Antony returns the compliment by asking Cæsar to be seated first, adding the word "sir" by way of acknowledgement of the compliment; Cæsar complies, saying "Well then, if you insist on it, I will sit first"—and we may suppose, both take their seats at the same time, to cut the matter short. Even these three lines and the action accompanying, have been mis-explained.

34. **Or . . . not** : or, being ill, concern me alone privately; he means his manner of life at Alexandria.

38. When there was no occasion for me to name you, in any business that I was concerned in.

43. Your private, personal life in Egypt did not concern me, but since, when there, you plotted and planned against me in public affairs, your life in Egypt did concern me.

44. What do you mean by saying "plotted and planned" ?

47. **their contestation** : the war they raised against me.

48. They raised a revolt against me in your interests, and in your name.

theme for you : undertaken for your sake, a subject whose interest centred in you: there is no need to read "themed for" or "theme from", nor to explain the meaning to be "a subject that you were to take up and expand", "a cue for you to make war on me on a larger scale", as if "theme" meant subject for an essay.

word of war : your name was their warcry; "For Antony" was their slogan: "theme" and "word" both refer to their actual deeds in Antony's name, and the former does not refer to any possible action of his.

50. **urge . . . act** : put me and my name forward when he took that step. **inquire it** : make enquiries on that point.

51, 52. And got this information that he never named me or

my interest, from men who fought on your side, and therefore were stronger witnesses to its truth, than any of my own partisans would have been. **reports:** reporters.

53-5. He did harm to my authority as triumvir, and discredited me in the eyes of you, my brother triumvir ("yours", your authority) by waging war with you against my wish ("stomach") for, as colleagues, your and my interests were alike.

Having: I having; the "I" being understood from "my" above.

57, 58. (1) reading with Ff: "*As matter . . . you have to . . . with*": if you wish to make up this quarrel with the object of restoring the integrity of our former friendship, this lame excuse will not secure that object: the "quarrel" is a rent in a garment, the "patch" is the mending of this rent, the "whole matter" is the garment so mended, and made to look like what it was before; "You have to" means "you must"; "it" has antecedent "quarrel"; "with" means "with which patch" understood from the verb "patch" above; "this" means "this patch". (2) reading "*you have not*", "*you've not*", "*you n'have*", all due to taking "you have" to mean "you possess" and the emending negative to make it mean "you do not possess", the whole to mean this—If you wish to make up this quarrel, as you have no sound reason to give which can make it up, this lame excuse will not make it up. There is no need for this emendation, about which some critics are positive that it should be made. The Ff: reading above (1) means this—If you want to patch this rent garment, since you must patch it so that it will look like a whole garment again, in which the patch will not show, then this patch will not do; your patch must be a piece of neat "invisible mending", not a clumsy piece of botching. This is putting it strong, for it says it *must have* the garment renovated. The readings (2) mean this:—If you want to patch this rent garment, since you have not a whole piece of cloth to patch it with, this tattered piece of cloth will not do for a patch. This is putting it feebly, for it helplessly says it can't find anything fit to serve for a patch:—then why continue the conference at all? The mania for emending Folio readings too often leads into blind alleys, like the one here, where the thoroughfare is quite plain—the right turning is to take "matter whole" to mean "the whole garment well patched", the wrong turning was to take it to mean "a good patch".



60. If I make lame excuse now, as you say I do, you yourself made lame excuses then; for if you disapproved of your brother's and your wife's rebellion against me, your colleague, why did you not come to my assistance instead of holding yourself aloof in Egypt?

Not . . . so: Antony feels that Cæsar is closing in upon him, and eagerly disclaims any such motive as that hinted at.

61-5. He makes a laboured attempt at justification and in involved language:—I am sure you could not think that I, your colleague in the triumvirate, against which, and not against you personally, my brother rose, could countenance a war that threatened me as much as it threatened you.

necessity . . . thought: this feeling which you must have had; you could not have felt otherwise.

with graceful . . . wars: look with favourable eyes upon such wars, but this is what he is charged with doing, and merely denies.

66-8. As for my wife, she was beyond all control; if one like her in temper was your wife, you would find it easier to rule your third of the empire as triumvir, than to control her as her husband.

a snaffle: a light bridle-bit, that easily manages a soft-mouthed horse, as opposed to a heavy curb for a hard mouth.

pace easy: cause to go at an easy pace, make to amble; whereas she would go off at a tearing pace with the bit between her teeth; Antony, a cavalry officer from youth, often uses "horsy" metaphors.

69, 70. I wish that women (like the Amazons of old) would go to war against men; for then men would cease to go to war against men, as we seem to be on the verge of doing just now. Enobarbus tries to throw oil on troubled waters, or at least waters threatening to be so; some nonsense has been written on these lines.

71-5. Antony waxes eloquent on this subject of his late wife's treatment of him, little dreaming that he is smoothing the way for the plan the other party have devised for him:—She was an utterly unmanageable disturber of the peace, in private and in public life, to which her restless spirit ("impatience") drove her; though I must say that she displayed much political capacity, and that her doings must have annoyed you much but you must admit that I was helpless to control her.



Antony admits then that he took no steps in his brother's case, though he disapproved of his action, and that he could take no steps at all in his wife's case.

75-8. Having gained this step, Cæsar takes the next:—Well, you could do nothing you say; but when I had written several times to you, could you not even reply to me to say that you could do nothing—saying *then* what you say *now* ?

78. **missive**: messenger, like "report" above.

79-85. Antony feels that Cæsar has closed in upon him and is now cornering him and descends from self-defence to excuse and apology; his word "Sir" shows this descent:—I am very sorry, but the man intruded into my presence without waiting for permission to be admitted into it and at a time when I was feasting royalties, and was not quite what I was in the morning (in short, when I was drunk); but next morning I told him so myself, and that meant a personal apology; let not my treatment of a mere messenger, intervene in the question now between you and me.

85-7. Another step gained, Cæsar takes a third: you have broken your oath to me; you can never say I have broken mine to you.

Soft, Caesar: Stop, don't go too far; Lepidus, the peace-maker, intervenes when he sees Cæsar is treading abruptly on very delicate ground.

88-91. From the apologetic, Antony abruptly too changes his mood to the defiant:—No: don't stop him: he now talks upon the subject of honour, a subject sacred to me; he seems to say I have been wanting in honour and have broken my oath: proceed, Cæsar, you said "the article of my oath", what article ?—There should be a note of interrogation after "oath".

92. You swore on your honour that you would send troops and would yourself come to my assistance, when I should ask you to do so; I asked, and you refused me both.

93-102. Antony's sudden flash of indignation dies out, and he falls back again on apology, this time frankly asking pardon:—I did not mean to refuse, but I neglected to grant, and the reason again was my accursed life of voluptuousness, that made me forget myself, my oath, my honour, and for this forgetfulness—not for any intentional breach of oath and of honour—I am penitent; in future my



sense of honour will not let me remain inactive, when called upon to be active and exert my power, and my power will never be exerted except in the cause of honour. Fulvia's motive for warring on you, was to get me out of Egypt; I know this now, but was ignorant of it then; and for being the unconscious motive of that war, I ask your pardon, without admitting that I have intentionally sullied my honour. In other words, Antony says that he did not come with an army to Cæsar's aid, because he did not wish to have to meet Fulvia, or to have anything more to do with her, even if it was to fight against her.]

97. **greatness**: means the same as "power".

103. Mæcenas now speaks for the first time since his entry; he sees from Antony's last words that the way to his and Agrippa's project (of which Cæsar affects to know nothing) is now quite clear; he seconds Lepidus upon this happy termination of the public question, and leaves it to Agrippa to take up the private matter, for which he is the best person, being Cæsar's kinsman, as son-in-law to Octavia.

104. **griefts**: grievances.

104-106. If you remember that the present general crisis calls upon you two to be reconciled ("atone"), then you will surely forget your personal grievances; **atone**: make to be *at one*, unite.

107-109. Or if you make a truce for the present, that you might dispose of the common enemy, you may resume your personal hostilities, after doing so.

return it again: pay back the temporary loan; **again**: back.

111. This prediction, though Antony rebukes its flippancy, comes true, *a soldier, only . . . more* (1) *Ef*: punctuation; I respect you as being a soldier, but do not speak in this way. (2) *a soldier only; speak . . . more*: emended: you speak like a soldier, roughly, but speak no more.

113. You insult this august assembly; speak no more. I repeat.

114. Scan: *Gó tò/then yóur/consíd/' râte stóne/*. 4 feet, the 5th foot being made up with silent pantomime, Enobarbus standing quite still, to look like a stone statue, as well as he can: Well I'll speak no more; I'll be like a stone figure, silent; but unlike one, I have my thoughts and feelings ("considerate") as to what may come

of all this peace-making. A long seven years' war was waged between two critics over these three words, one of them preversely reading "you, considerate stone," and making "you" mean Antony: this war of words led to breach of personal friendship.

[115-20. Cæsar astutely seizes upon Enobarbus's words, to lead up to the next step; which he leaves it to Agrippa to take: he was certainly in the secret, but how well he dissembled it! Though I dislike his flippant way of speaking, I think there is much truth in what he says; for this renewed friendship may not last, so different are we two in our natures and our actions; if I only knew of some bond strong enough to keep us from breaking away from each other under the force of this natural mutual repulsion, I would search the world for it, from end to end. **give me leave**: allow me to speak.]

126. You would well deserve the reproach of Antony for speaking in this unadvised way.

131. **take**: let Antony take.

134. **virtue**: purity, chastity; this point is specially mentioned by itself, and reminds all who hear it of the dissolute lives led by both Fulvia and Cleopatra.

general graces: natural gifts in all other respects.

135. Her own virtues speak more eloquently for themselves than any one else can speak for them.

137. **fears . . . dangers**: fears that bring with them the danger of their realization; well-grounded fears.

138. **be nothing**: be groundless.

[138-9. **truths . . . truths**: truths could be as harmless as fairy tales, for they would be all about undisturbed friendly relations between Cæsar and Antony; whereas now, rumours, partly false and partly true, cause all the fear that a report all true causes; for there are rumours of impending discord between them ever flying about.]

Scan: Would thén/bè nothing//truths wóuld/bè tales/; 4 feet, with a pause of a foot after the second.

142. Agrippa is quite frank and honest. 146. **I would**: I were to.

148. **His**: Caesar's, as brother and guardian.

151. **Further**: carry out to a happy conclusion.

154. **you**: Cæsar uses the cold reserved "you"; Antony had used the warm, open-hearted "thy" in l. 150.

157. **Fly**: supply "let", implying a wish, as in "govern" l. 152.

159. When Antony's mother, with Fulvia, fled out of Italy, Pompey received them into his protection in Sicily.

160-62. I must first thank him, lest it should be said that Antony has a very short memory, when gratitude is due from him; and after thanking him, I shall begin war against him.

162-4. Lepidus is for action without delay; unless we attack him, he will attack us (and throw us on the defensive).

169. **Would . . . together**: I wish I had fought him (see II vi 25 for this grim euphuism), Antony must have passed that way with his army in transport ships when coming from Egypt; this reckless fighter talks, like a knight of chivalry, about "drawing swords" "donning arms", "defying"; with him it is "a word and a blow"; and, unless he has forgotten what he said two minutes ago, he meant to thank him before coming to blows.

it: the talking together.

171. The marriage was celebrated "by special licence", as we now say; but whether before or after waiting for the lapse of ten months of widowhood required by Roman law, we cannot say; for the same year, 40 B.C., is given for both her widowhood and her marriage.

172. **view**: presence; upon this mention of the impending first meeting of bride and bridegroom, follows the description of the first meeting of Antony and Cleopatra, and what a contrast do the two meetings present!

181. **digested**: arranged, in the same sense we have a "digest of laws".

stayed . . . it: you stuck to it gallantly; you had a good time of it.

it: the merry-making.

182. We held out against the day, and forced it to look like night, and against the night, forcing it to look like day; this is the gallant "staying". **light**: double meaning (1) like daylight, (2) merry.

184. Plutarch says so; the reason was that the guests called for meat at any time they pleased, and the cooks kept meat roasting



at different stages, to be able to serve it roasted to a turn, at any time.

186. Quite true, but that is only a small matter compared with others more wonderful.

190. *be square to*: come up to, if she really is what common talk makes her out to be.

192. She put his heart into her pocket. *up*: securely, where it remained ever since; all this was in the summer of B.C. 41.

193. *appeared indeed*: cut a wonderful figure.

195. Enobarbus is in his element upon subjects like feasting and love-making, a sad dog in both to Antony's raging lion; besides, he is a *bon raconteur*, a good story-teller about them.

201. The eddies caused by the strokes of the oars are meant.

204. *In . . . pavilion*: under the canopy.

205. Dressed like Venus, and looking more beautiful than Venus in that celebrated picture in which fancy surpasses nature, so that this real living woman surpassed that picture in beauty: no such picture is, of course, extant, and critics substitute for it the statue by Praxiteles (copies of which are extant), in which Venus is supposed to be rising from the sea (*Venus Anadyomene*).

209-210. Seemed to give the glow of warmth to what they were meant to cool and so seemed to undo the work they meant to do.

rare for Antony: what a rare sight for him.

211-3. Her attendants, dressed as goddesses and maidens of the sea, dutifully kept their eyes upon *hers*; and (1) reading "*adorings*" devoutly bent their bodies towards her, as in adoration of a goddess (2) reading "*adornings*" with *Ff*: bent in graceful attitudes around her, posed themselves about her, so as to set off the gracefulness of their mistress's own pose as the central figure.

Nereides: daughters of Nereus, a sea-god of the Mediterranean; they may be the same as the mermaids of the text, for both had fishy tails. "so many" implies this.

tended . . . eyes: watched their mistress's eyes, and from them took her silent orders, and understood her silent wishes.

These lines have called forth much absurd comment, of which these are a few: (1) readjusted Cleopatra's arched eyebrows ("bends") when ruffled by the fanning; (2) the mermaids gracefully wagged



their curving tails ("bends"); (3) her maids stood in the "bends", or bows, of the ship, at her dead-eyes (hawser-holes) handling the "lanyards" (this nautical jargon is like Mr. Micawber's on board ship, when sailing for Australia); (4) attended to their work of putting antimony on Cleopatra's eyes to make them shine more.

214. The helmswoman was a Nereid.

215. Other maids manage the sails with hands all unlike those of horny-handed sailors, and all unaccustomed to such work.

216. But who yet do that work quite smartly.

217. Plutarch says the scent was carried by the winds to the city, which made the people flock out to see the cause of it.

218. **wharfs**: river banks; "Lethe wharf" in *Hamlet*.

220. **Enthroned**: sitting in his chair of office (as Proconsul) at the judicial tribunal.

221. Whistling in amused surprise at what it was that made the people flock out of the court of justice.

which . . . vacancy: the very air of the court would have rushed out to satisfy its curiosity, were it not that it felt bound to obey the law: "Nature abhors a vacuum."

223. And so made that vacuum which Nature abhors.

230. **ordinary**: payment for the feast; a meal at a fixed price, or the place where such meals were served, was called an ordinary.

231. **For what**: Cleopatra herself, her beauty.

235-7. All this is in the antithetic style of Euphuistic paradox:—being speechless, she spoke; being breathless, she breathed hard and quick, what was her defect (*i.e.* her exhausted state after hopping so) she made to look like her perfection in beauty, being weak and breathless, she breathed forth all the power of fascination.

239. Enobarbus's predictions all come true, sooner or later; and he is a better fortune-teller than the professional one.

240. We have by this time been so often told of Cleopatra as ageing that we must believe it, and ascribe her power of fascination less to beauty of person than to charm of manner; on her coins she is certainly not beautiful to look at.

custom . . . variety: even those who have known her long, cannot guess what she will do next; she is never insipid from repetition, is ever full of new resources, to surprise and to charm.

243. **vilest things**: caprice, artifice, deceit, mendacity, and, vilest of all, unbridled lust.

become themselves: look attractive, not repulsive, in her.

245. **riggish**: lustful.

246. Plutarch says "beauty, prudence, honour"; all this is thrown away on Antony, and all Cleopatra's "vilest things" draw him back to her.

247. **blessed lottery**: prize in the lottery of matrimony.

SCENE 3

Antony sees his Bride, and Resolves to go back to Egypt.

This present interview is not the first sight (the "view" of II. ii. 172) Antony has of his bride: Plutarch says nothing of the interval of time between the wedding and the departure.

1. This is a continuation of a conversation.

2. Octavia will pass her time on her knees in prayer during the separation from her husband; we have seen something, and will see more, of Cleopatra's way of passing hers during her lover's absence.

4-7. **My Octavia . . . by the rule**: these words are meant for Octavia's ears *alone*, and by saying "Good night, sir" to Cæsar he implies as much, and in effect, asks him to withdraw a little way off; which Cæsar does.

6. **kept my square**: observed regularity in my way of living.

7. How soon does he break his good intentions! He breaks them within the next few minutes.

8. **Good night, sir**: in the Ff: this is addressed by Antony to Cæsar, when, after his speaking *apart* with her, he and Octavia come up to Cæsar; Octavia receives Antony's "Good night, dear lady" with a *silent action*, and Antony then says "Good night, sir," to Cæsar, as Octavia joins her brother; to which Cæsar replies.

A mistaken emendation gives these three words to Octavia, on the ground that Antony has already bidden good night to Cæsar in l. 4; we have seen what the meaning of that bidding really was,

and how Cæsar took it, by *not* replying in words, but by retiring out of earshot; Octavia's *silent* "good night" to Antony is better than putting these conventional words in her lips, and making her utter a commonplace, after the solemnity of her last words above to her husband; the three words in l. 4 meant in effect "Allow me to speak privately to my wife," and Cæsar understood it so; the same three words in l. 8 in effect mean "Please escort my wife out, and leave me alone."

Soothsayer: this is the same *Ganak Thakur* that we met at Alexandria, and whom Antony has brought with him as a necessary member of his official staff.

12. **Thither:** gone to Egypt. 13. **can:** give it.

14. **motion:** something that moves me inwardly, he speaks, as he should, like a mystic.

15. **again:** back. 21. **is not:** is not present, is not near.

22. Thy guardian angel becomes a thing of fear; "*angel*", "*demon*", "*spirit*", all mean the same thing.

23. Plutarch says Antony felt piqued at this, but feeling its truth placed even more reliance on the Soothsayer.

26. **natural luck:** the superiority of his demon over yours.

27. **thickens:** is dimmed, so "light thickens" in *Macbeth*.

32. **art or hap:** by his skill in divination or by mere chance guess-work.

33-7. All these particulars and the comparison between the "demons" of the two are taken from Plutarch.

38. **inchoop'd:** confined together in a coop or cage (so as to have to fight to the death).

[38-40. Jealousy of power repels Antony from Cæsar, and Love of Pleasure attracts him back to Cleopatra; both combined make him sacrifice Peace with Cæsar, and Faith towards Octavia. The Soothsayer's talk about the two "demons" was an echo of Antony's own feelings; he could not bear to be near Cæsar, for then he felt he was the second, not the first, man in the empire; this jealousy had shown itself soon after the murder of Julius Cæsar, and had ever after rankled in Antony's breast.]



SCENE 4

Lepidus is a Nobody in the Triumvirate.

Cæsar had deputed Mæcenas and Agrippa on matters connected with the coming conference with Pompey, perhaps on the terms of the Protocol; and Lepidus, whose power was now nominal, had agreed to them; both Cæsar and Antony were each at the head of an army on the spot, while Lepidus was not, for his army was shut off from Italy by Pompey's fleet and lay inactive in Africa; this is the situation when this scene opens.

1. Don't trouble yourselves to accompany me any further; hasten after your generals; for they must be already on the march.

4. Goodbye, then, till I meet you both at Misenum, clad in armour (in your officers' uniforms, we should now say); they were now in civilian dress.

8. Lepidus does not wish to show his face in the company of the other two triumvirs as a general without an army; he makes an excuse of "urgent business", being Consul at Rome at the time, for not accompanying them as they go to join Cæsar and Antony, now marching out.

10. The two wish him all success in this "business"; no doubt guessing the real reason.

SCENE 5

Bad news from Rome for Cleopatra and How She Bears it.

1. **moody food:** food that the melancholy of love turns to; people whose business in life is love, feed on music, just as a common working man whose business in life is toil, lives on meat and drink.

2. **The music:** call in the musicians, the band; so in l. 11.

8. **come too short:** fall short in the performance; she means that Mardian is a bad player, and she doesn't care to play with him, but thanks him all the same; but she also means this to be a cut at Charmian, who pettishly refused to play with her: it is quite immaterial whether billiards was known in ancient Egypt; Wilkinson



describes from tomb-paintings at Beni Hassan, a game of *balls* played by women.

11-5. The words "hook", "betray", "caught", the loud laugh, and the simile as a whole, show one side of Cleopatra's notions of love—its cool-headed artifice to entrap; the other side being gross, hot-blooded sensuality; in her notions of love there is no romance, no ideality.

18. **with fervency**: eagerly; he had caught nothing for a long while, at which his vanity had been hurt, at being disgraced by fish before his lady's eyes; who perceiving it, secretly sent down divers to hook a salt fish (of a kind found in the distant Pontus and unknown in Egyptian waters) to Antony's line; and thus pleasantly made a fool of him and his vanity.

19. I laughed at him till I made him angry.

21. **ninth hour**: whatever hour this is by the clock, it is another proof of how the two turned night into day, and day into night, II. ii. 182.

22. She treated him as Omphale, queen of Lydia had treated his reputed ancestor, Hercules—dressing him up as a woman, and making him spin, while she sported his Nemean lion's skin.

tire: head-dress, short for "attire" same deriv. as "tier" (row) but different from "tiara".

23. **sword Philippan**: sword that he wore at the battle of Philippi, B.C. 42, in which the Cæsarians, Octavius and Antony, defeated the Republicans, Brutus and Cassius.

24. Her salacious mind habitually calls up libidinous thoughts and images, to which she gives the free-est utterance, before men and women alike, without a touch of shame; and she does so often.

25. The man's scared looks and gasping utterance tell her that he brings bad news.

27. But if you report him as being *well* and *free*. We shall see the meaning of these two words.

29. **bluest veins**: "blue blood" (i.e., the blue venous blood noticeable readily on the back of the hands) was once thought to be a sign of royal or aristocratic descent; it was the especial boast of the Spanish nobility who traced their descent unmixed with Moorish blood.



31. He comes out with the first part of his answer—"he is well", and clings to it desperately dwelling on it for thirty lines before he dares to come to the second part of it—"but he is not free."

37. Your face bodes ill.

38. so . . . tidings: why put on so sour a face ("favour") in giving such sweet news? (1) the Ff: reading has no "why" in

which case scan: Bè free/and héalth/ful só/tart à/fávor; 4th and 5th feet harsh trochees. (2) reading "why" in text, the scanning is in regular iambics with "favour" as a slurred monosyllable accented: this is better.

40. The three Furies, goddesses of divine vengeance, had snakes on their heads instead of hair: you should have come as if sent by the gods to inflict torture and punishment on me for my wickedness, as they think it to be; she speaks not penitently but defiantly.

41. not . . . man: not in the shape of ("formal") a man; because elsewhere in Shakespeare "informal" means "insane", it does not follow that "formal" here must mean "a man in his senses", "a normal man", as some critics say; for she does not mean to say "you should have come in like a mad man", but she means to say "goddesses themselves should have come, not you, a mere man"; she distinguishes, not between a normal man and an abnormal man, but between goddess and man.

44. Or . . . Cæsar: this is what Cleopatra says she meant by "free" (1.27): can anyone doubt that in her heart she secretly meant "not captive to Cæsar's sister"? She did mean that, but her trembling tongue dare not utter what her palpitating heart dreads, and what the messenger also dreaded to utter; she bribes him lavishly to answer her that it is not so—to give her false good news, rather than true bad news; it is this dread, not mere "oriental" caprice, that explains her showering gold and pearls on him.

47. honest man: a man that says what I like to hear; so he would be a villain, if he said what she disliked to hear: such is Cleopatra's notion of honesty and dishonesty, quite on a par with all her other moral notions of right and wrong: but she improves in l. 85.



49. **make thee**: make for thyself.

50. It abates all the pleasure I felt at the good news you gave before.

52, 53. A gaoler who brings out of his prison cell, a condemned criminal for public execution.

56. **and . . . free**: and I think you said he was free; you meant of course that he was not a captive to Cæsar.

57. "Not captive to Cæsar!" why, I never said that; he is a captive, and a captive to Octavia; out at last comes the true meaning of "free", after long effort on *both* sides, to keep it from coming out.

58. **For . . . turn**: Cleopatra's drowning hopes grasp at a last straw—"bound to Octavia," in gratitude for some good office of mediation, of course; gratitude, is it not, now, for speaking to her brother to make it up with Antony?

59. And that last straw sinks, and with it her last hope drowns: no; but bound to Octavia in lawful ("best") wedlock.

I am pale: I shall faint; but she does not, and has strength to strike him repeatedly; she has only lost control of her nerves.

63, 64. She tries to gouge his eyes out; and failing, takes him by the hair of his head.

68. Oh! only say he is not married to her!

70. The blow (she gave him more than one) I gave you will apologize to you ("make thy peace") for having driven me to anger to give it: what proud dignity of a queen, and what perversity of a wayward woman are here combined! An ordinary person would have said "I apologize for having in anger given you that blow", taking the blame on himself; *she* lays the blame not on herself, but on the blow.

71. I, your queen, cannot apologize to you, my subject, but, as queen, I shall reward you.

boot thee: reward you in addition; add my reward to the apology my blow makes to you.

72. **modesty**: reasonable expectation (of damages and solatium); now that she knows the worst, she talks reasonably; but her violence breaks out again, before she can finally command herself; ll. 80. sq.



73. Her words show that she threatens his life; and critics are wrong in thinking that her picking up some weapon at hand is a piece of stage clap-trap.

74. Encouraged by her calmer looks, he had come out in l. 72 with the unwelcome truth a second time; a fresh paroxysm follows; he runs for dear life; and when safe at the door, turns round and asks her what she means by treating him so, merely for telling her the truth.

77. For instance, I, the most innocent and most injured of women, have been struck by Jove's thunderbolt, or (l. 40) by the snake-whips of the Furies.

78, 79. May the land of Egypt wink under the waters of the Nile and all natural species ("kindly") of living beings that dwelt in that land, be changed, against nature, into serpents of Nile (and may Antony, unnatural, faithless to me, be changed into an old serpent of old Nile): Antony had said a similar thing about Rome ("Let Rome in Tiber melt") if he ever became faithless to her; she here, since he has proved faithless, cares no more to be queen over a kingdom, and wishes that kingdom to disappear from the face of the earth; as for Antony becoming a crocodile, well she had once asked him to shed crocodile tears!

slave: wretch. **again:** back.

80. Though I am as mad as a mad dog, I won't bite him, like one.

83, 84. In her now calmer mood, Cleopatra, with all the dignity of a queen, confesses that she herself had forgotten herself, and that (1) it was she herself who had struck him ("myself"), and not her rage (l. 70) that had done so, or (2) that he gave her no cause to strike him, but that she (or her blind rage) gave herself that cause: *i.e.*, I struck him causelessly. Critics have mis-explained this line.

85. Just a moment ago, I called you an honest man, because you gave me good news; I now call you an honest man, because you give me bad news, not concealing it any longer; but you see from the consequences in your own case it is not prudent to be too ready to give bad news.

86-8. Give out good news, not with one, but with a thousand tongues; when there is bad news, hold your tongue, and let the



bad news give itself out, but those concerned find it out for themselves.

message: (1) message; (2) messenger.

when . . . felt: when those concerned feel the effect of the bad news on themselves, in due course of time; and you need not shorten that course, by yourself telling it out at once.

89-101. Cleopatra's disbelief of this bad news dies a very hard death, in spite of her philosophy: she repeatedly asks for and is repeatedly given it, in spite of her own advice to him to let bad news alone.

92. **confound:** destroy. **hold . . . still:** still persist in saying it.

93-5. O! I wish you would tell me a lie, even if the consequences be the loss of half my kingdom. These repeated references to serpents by this time make them get on our nerves; we feel creepy with serpents; till at last we actually see them at the end of the play.

96. I hate to look on your face, when you say this, even though you had the beauty of Narcissus, a beautiful youth who grew enamoured of his own reflection in a pool, and died of grief at not being able to reach it, and was changed into the flower of that name.

98. Spare me the pain of repeating what I have already said.

99. Be not offended at me, since ("that") I do not mean to offend you.

101. **unequal:** unjust; "iniquity" or "inequity" is the same word.

102. I regret that *Antony's* knavery towards me, should have made *you* seem to be a knave in my eyes.

103. You are not what you have repeatedly assured me that somebody is; you are not Antony, of whose knavery you have repeatedly given me the bad news; which at last I firmly believe to be true; therefore, I was wrong in calling you hard names, and in treating you as I have. With this handsome apology, spoken in softened accents, Cleopatra dismisses the messenger; but what follows is not handsome.

104-106. I am too poor to buy the goods you have brought from Rome (that bad news); keep your goods to yourself; and may they



be the ruin of you! Thus does she, who had offered gold and pearls and provinces and handsome damages for assault to the poor messenger, if only he would give her good news, no matter if it was false, dismiss him with empty hands and with a curse on his head, for having given her bad news, even though it is true; telling him, after she had got the truth out of him, that he might better have kept it to himself! What are we to think of this woman? and of her fears, her promises, her fury, her dignity, her philosophy, her acting directly against it, her apology, her meanness?

108. Julius Cæsar had allowed her to live with him, till his death; Antony has deserted her, and paid her, with the coin of desertion, for having praised him and run down Cæsar: we don't forget I. V. 67 sq. that nearly cost Charmian "bloody teeth": such is Cleopatra's fickle-mindedness.

110. 't is no matter: I feel better; don't be so troubled about me.

115. I dismiss him for ever from my thoughts—I can never dismiss him from my thoughts.

116, 117. For, one way his conduct has killed me; another way, he is still my Mars and I his Venus. The Gorgons were three sisters, one of whom, Medusa, was so terrible that those who looked on her were turned to stone.

painted: in Shakespeare's times *turning pictures* used to be exhibited, having on one side something, on the other something very different, such as a lion and a lamb, a fair maid and an ugly old woman.

109-19. Cleopatra is here as near fainting as ever we have yet seen her to be; yet in this feeble state of body, her mind is all alert and active; and, most woman-like, it is about every detail of a successful rival that women most wish to know.

SCENE 6

Treaty of Peace between the Triumvirs and Pompey and what people say about it.

1. Hostages had been exchanged on both sides, before the leaders met.



4. **written purposes**: protocol of a treaty, as we now call it: this was the Treaty of Misenum, 39 B.C.

7. **tall**: brave, once a common meaning.

youth: the rank and file of Pompey's army, recruited largely from young "discontents", drawn from proscribed families, and from runaway slaves.

9. **senators alone**: the Triumvirs had drawn all power into their hands from those of the Senate, which, Pompey implies, had as good as ceased to exist. **great world**: the Roman empire.

10. **factors**: agents, still so used in Scotland.

12. **friends**: the Republicans or Pompeians.

13. **ghosted**: appeared to, as a ghost; and told him that the hour of revenge for his murder was at hand.

14. **you**: Julius Cæsar's adopted son and his friends, Antony and the Cæsarian party.

10-14. There is as good reason for me, the son of Pompey to avenge my father's murder, as there was for you, Cæsar, to avenge your adoptive father's; you and your friends took your revenge at Philippi; why should I not take mine now by fighting you?

15. **pale**: cadaverous; "lean and hungry" looks of Cassius, as Julius Cæsar said.

16. **honest**: honourable, the soul of honour; Brutus prided himself on this virtue and in *Julius Cæsar*, Antony, in sarcasm, repeatedly called him "honourable".

17. **arm'd rest**: the rest of the Senators, who wore concealed arms at the Senate House on that day.

courtiers . . . freedom: the "city-fathers" who were the upholders of constitutional freedom against the absolutism of a one-man rule, aimed at by Julius Cæsar.

18. **drench**: with Cæsar's blood; the Senate House, where he was murdered, was not in the Capitol, but Shakespeare, in both plays, makes it to be so.

19. **one . . . man**: Cæsar to be a citizen among citizens, and no more in a Republic; but he tried to make himself a god on earth, as Dictator and sole irresponsible Ruler.



21. **foams**: the water foaming from the prows of his ships, as they cut their way through; Pompey speaks of the sea as sweating under the weight (burden) of his mighty fleet.

23. Speak calmly; don't let yourself be carried away; with three words Cæsar quietly recalls Pompey from his flights of eloquent indignation.

25, 26. Antony meets vaunting with vaunting: don't try to frighten ("fear") us with your navy; if you have one, we have one also, and one that is quite ready to fight yours ("speak with you"); and I suppose you know that your land forces are hopelessly outnumbered by ours.

26-9. Pompey affects not to notice this last about the land forces, for he knows it is true; and gives another meaning to Antony's words "at land", that gives vent to his personal grievance against Antony, who had seized upon Pompey's house and grounds in Rome (and converted them into a very Pandemonium): Yes, you are stronger "at land" than I am; for have you not seized my father's house and lands? But as you have no house of your own to boast of, I will let you remain in my father's, as long as you can, which will be until I choose to turn you out.

cuckoo: this bird, all the world over, builds no nest of its own and lays its eggs in the nest of other birds.

29-31. Lepidus speaks like a plain man of business: be good enough to say what you think of the written proposals we have sent in to you.

32, 33. But Antony must have another fling: don't for a moment think we beg the favour of your accepting them; accept them or not, as you think it is best for you and your interests.

34. And reflect what the result will be if you reject them, thinking you can secure greater advantages by taking the course of trying your luck in war against us. This consideration sobers Pompey, and brings him back to business.

36. I see from the written paper that I must undertake to raise the naval blockade, and stop the privateering now permitted under my authority. **to send**: I must, am required to, send.

37. These two islands (besides Africa) were the "granaries" or great exporters of corn to feed Rome and Italy.

39. Thus in five minutes is transacted the business of this conference which began with many minutes of hot, personal, irrelevant recriminations, and, business over, ends with many minutes more of goodhumoured chat and chaff between the newly made friends: in that five minutes' time, Pompey reads the protocol over perfunctorily, and says he agrees; there are no discussions, no objections, no counter-proposals; but, we may suppose, he signs his name at once to the document. How different, at that other conference, was the tough contest, in which Antony wildly resisted and Cæsar steadily pushed him back, inch by inch!

40. From all that he had said hitherto (II. i) it looked that he had come prepared *not* to accept any offer, but to fight: there is a strange resemblance, in this vacillation, between Pompey and the Young Pretender of English history.

42-6. Pompey's facile, and, at the same time, generous nature shows itself here; Antony referred to this act of generosity in II. ii. 159. **impatience**: anger.

47. Antony here repays the debt of gratitude he owes. **am well studied**: am most anxious, have long thought of.

50. **are soft**: make one loth to leave them.

51. Made me rise from them earlier than I wished, that I might come here. After shaking hands they have got into very good humour with each other.

52. It has given me an opportunity to meet you and thank you.

53. Cæsar and Pompey last "met" in 42 B.C. when Pompey defeated Cæsar's admiral in an engagement in the straits of Sicily, under Cæsar's own eyes: it was after this victory that Pompey arrogantly called himself the "Son of Neptune", and Cæsar most astutely flatters Pompey's vanity by reminding him of that "meeting", while at the same time contrasting it with the present meeting that has ended so happily for both.

change upon you: the change is from the frown of battle then, to the smile of peace just concluded.

54-6. Pompey does not seem to see the compliment: I don't know if my fortune makes my face look better or worse than it did when you saw it last; but I do know very well that fortune, good or bad, will never make a change in the goodness of my heart.

What . . . casts: what accounts bad fortune reckons up on my face (like sums in arithmetic), what wrinkles of care and adversity furrow my face.

my . . . vassal: my heart will ever smile, let fortune smile or frown on my affairs, as she pleases.

58. **composition:** accord, agreement.

60. How easily has the business of this conference been settled; Cæsar brought the other conference (with Antony) to a successful close, with speech after speech: while in this one, after he has briefly moved the adoption of the protocol, he hardly speaks; there all his diplomacy was needed, and all of it was in full action; here it is not worth his while to bring it into play.

61. I shall, of course, begin, and there is no need to draw lots.

63. Whether drawing the lots makes you to be the first in time to give the feast, you are sure of being the first in the quality of the feast you will give us, for we have heard of your dinners in Egypt.

64. Julius Cæsar was indifferent to the pleasures of the table; but even he could not resist the allurements of Egyptian cookery.

65. Pompey honestly meant what he said about "feasting", but the jealous Antony bridles up, thinking he meant something else by it—that he meant Cleopatra to have been the dish set before Cæsar.

66-71. This is the meaning, I suppose—Pompey (*surprised at Antony's resentment*): I meant no offence. Antony (*still resentful*): Then, please, use no offensive language; Pompey (*in turn firing up*): Then I repeat what I have heard and said about Julius Cæsar, and I have heard that Apollodorus carried—(*here Enobarbus, seeing matters are going too far, interposes, and speaks aside, but firmly, to Pompey*): Enobarbus: Speak no more about that matter: we all know that Apollodorus did so, and there is no need to repeat the story here. Pompey (*surprised that an apparent stranger to him should be so bold with him*): Pray, what did Apollodorus do? (meaning *who are you, and what do you know about the matter?*) Enobarbus (*still aside to Pompey*): Carried to Julius Cæsar a queen in a mattress. Pompey (*now recognizing an old acquaintance in the supposed stranger*): Why that's you; I should have known you:—and thus is the talk made to turn away from a dangerous subject. We have here the



comedy of the bridegroom-husband, Antony, openly jealous about a mistress, before the face of the bride's brother; and the comedy of the friendship newly struck up with much hand-shaking between two late enemies, very near being broken again by another quarrel between these two hot-headed men. The critics are silent on these lines.

70. When Cæsar was in Egypt, Cleopatra, then in exile from the throne, contrived secretly to be conveyed to his presence, rolled up in a mattress, that Apollodorus carried on his back; that roll of bedding had won Julius Cæsar, as the barge on the Cydnus had won Antony: infinitely resourceful Cleopatra!

71. Enobarbus had been a Republican, in command of a fleet with which he had defeated the Cæsarians at the time of the battle of Philippi, and again later on: thus he was an independent supporter of the cause of the Pompeians.

72. I am likely to fare well (pun: enjoy good eating) shortly, for I expect to enjoy four dinners (one from each of the chief parties to the treaty); it is his epicurism that makes him enjoy four dinners in imagination though he knew well enough there were going to be only two.

73. **toward**: approaching, in prospect.

74. **never hated**: when I might have hated you, when you became a turncoat to my father's cause and joined the cause of the triumvirs.

78. **plainness**: plainness.

80. Pompey, in giving this invitation to the ship, sententiously said he had no *house* to invite his friends to (l. 27).

83. **known**: known each other, the omission indicates a somewhat distant acquaintanceship.

88. I will do as the world does; praise where praised, blame where blamed; but in this case I really deserve the praise—you give me.

91, 92. It may be better for you, if you regard your safety, to deny that you deserve some of the praise that you really deserve: I mean, as you know, the praise of being a notorious pirate and sea-robber.

94. No, I deny that I deserve any praise of that kind; for though a good fighter on land, I have never been a robber by land.



95, 96. But let us drop trying to keep up appearances; let us be friends and embrace, as two thieves should; for if our eyes were detectives, mine by merely looking at your face, would arrest you as a thief; and yours, looking at mine, would arrest me as another thief; for, to be plain-spoken, thieves we both are.

97. Our hands (yours and mine) might do good business in the way of picking and stealing, but our faces might yet look like honest men's faces, and never give a hint about our business.

99. It may be so with men; but 'tis different with women; for the fair face of every woman (that has a fair one) is a false face; every woman's face that looks beautiful, is beautiful, not naturally, but with the help of paint. **true**: not false, not painted.

100. No; 'tis not different, but 'tis the same with women as with men; for women, whose faces may look beautiful and innocent and honest, may yet all be thieves; they steal men's hearts. I don't mean to think or speak ill of them for doing so: after all, they and we are sisters and brothers by profession—thieves all.

105. **You . . . said**: you are right; however sorry he might feel, his sorrowing will not bring him back what he has so laughingly given away. They both think that Pompey might have got more by fighting, (or by bargaining for better terms at the conference) than he has by making peace without it; this had been the silent fear of both Cæsar and Lepidus and the cause of Antony's loud bluster, meant to bully Pompey into agreeing to the written proposals.

106. Antony's arrival had in fact turned the scale in favour of an immediate conclusion of a treaty of peace.

107. A roundabout way of saying "He is married, but his wife's name is Octavia, not Cleopatra."

110. I beg your pardon, do I understand you aright?

113. Another prediction of Enobarbus's that will come true. **divine**: foretell.

115. The political expediency of binding Cæsar and Antony closely together, played a larger part in bringing about the marriage, than love between the lady and Antony.

117-20. This marriage which seems to bind them so closely in a political alliance will only strangle that alliance to death, and Octavia's character will be the cause of its death.

still conversation: staid manner of life.

121-3. **Menas:** How can that be? Her character should be the strongest bond between her and her husband, whatever that husband might be, and between that husband and her brother.

Enob: But not between her and a husband of Antony's character.

123. **his Egyptian dish:** his Cleopatra, the dish he likes best; the fine Egyptian cookery, as your chief called it, if I may give it another meaning than the one he meant.

124. **sighs:** as a deserted wife; **fire:** anger at the desertion.

125, 126. **strength . . . variance:** the marriage that should have been the cement of friendship will be the cause of its disruption.

126, 127. With Antony, his love will continue to be cemented where it was, and his marriage will be no more than a political necessity ("occasion").

130-32. **Men:** I should like to drink your health. **Enob:** With all my heart, my throat has been well exercised in Egypt in that kind of work.

SCENE 7

How Pompey Prefers Honour to Treachery and what this Preference costs him.

By the treaty, Pompey had got only three islands; by assassinating the Triumvirs, when he had the power to do it, he might have got the Roman empire; his refusal leads Menas to desert him; and his act of Honour contrasts with Cleopatra's act of Treachery, to follow.

1. **Here . . . man:** they are now coming in here to the drink and the dessert ("banquet"), after the dinner.

plants: soles of the feet, they are already unsteady on their legs from what they have drunk at dinner.

2. **ill-rooted:** a verbal play on *plant*, *soles* and *plant*, *tree*: Gk: *Lat: planta* which means both; *lit: a flat surface spreading roots; plane* (surface) is from the same root.

5. **alms-drink:** (1) leavings out of the cups of the others, that they give him as alms; this would be an oblique reference to Lepidus's



place under sufferance in the triumvirate. (2) the others made him drink out of their own cups, begging him to do them that favour, out of charity, pretending they could not drink it all themselves; this would be showing a mock regard for Lepidus.

6-8. (1) They nudge one another on the sly ("pinch") when carrying out ("by") their pre-arranged practical joke ("disposition"); while filling up his cup from their own, he protests, "No more, no more"; they comply, politely desisting, but quietly watching, as he drinks up his cup replenished by them, though he had protested; filling up again, protesting again, drinking up again; and so it goes on. (2) They deprive themselves ("pinch") according to ("by") pre-arrangement, while etc. as in (1). Filling up a guest's cup out of one's own, was once in Europe a special token of regard, as in Persia, till recently, putting a morsel of food, out of one's own plate, with one's own fingers, into a guest's mouth, was a special token of the same. The waiters, who best notice such matters, are right, and learned critics, who see a reference to the Ptolemaic system in "dispositions", are wrong.

11, 12. **a name . . . fellowship**: to be a nominal partner with powerful colleagues.

12, 13. I would rather carry a light stick that I can easily lift, than a heavy halberd that I cannot lift; both are useless to me, but the one is less burdensome than the other.

14-6. To be called into high office, and be powerless to act in it, is like having eye-sockets, without eyes in them, placed in the face; the one mocks the office, as the other the face.

sphere . . . move: there is the Ptolemaic system here, but misunderstood by the waiter; as Weller misunderstood about "double-barrelled gas microscopes"; rightly, Ptolemy invented solid spheres, in which the heavenly bodies were stuck fast and only seemed to move when their spheres actually moved, carrying them along.

disaster: make to look hideous, another misuse of a "fine" word, this time taken from astrology.

A sennet: a call or series of notes sounded on trumpet or clarion.

19-24. After-dinner talk, in which Antony shines, peerless: he describes the Nilometer; and here and to the end, it is he who keeps his head best, though, we may be sure, he has not spared the

glass; the most famous of these Nilometers was that at Elephantine, built in ancient times, and still standing, rebuilt; and perhaps it was the one described by Pliny the elder and by Leo Africanus, the traveller; translations of both authors existed when Shakespeare wrote.

20. **foison**: bountiful harvest, Fr: form of Eng: "fusion", a pouring forth, as out of a cornucopia, or horn of plenty.

23. Read (1) *And it . . . it harvest*, or (2) *And shortly—the harvest*.

24. Lepidus interposes with an irrelevant, drunken remark; then becomes garrulous over the "wonders" of Egypt; then drivels; then loses power of speech, and cannot reply to Antony's warning, l. 58. Antony, seeing his condition here, answers him briefly and gravely.

26. This "spontaneous generation" of organic life from inorganic matter was long believed in by learned and unlearned alike; the repetition of "your", Bengali তোমার, is one sign of drunken familiarity.

29. Pompey throughout acts and speaks the host, and is apparently in the secret of the "disposition" of l. 6. I feel somewhat poorly, but I won't give in, I'll keep it up, and join my friends when they do me the honour of drinking my health.

31. (Aside) You'll stick to this room ("in"), and never leave it ("out") till you are carried out, dead drunk: even this little prediction of Enobarbus's comes true.

33. **Ptolemies**: Lepidus is, of course, thinking of the great Pyramids (one of the seven wonders of the world), which were all built in the fifth millennium B.C., but, in his present state, he ascribes them to the dynasty of the Ptolemies, who never built pyramids, but only temples, pylons and styles (e.g., Cleopatra's Needles).

34. **pyramises**: (1) an English plural of Gk. sing: pyramis, Gk: pl. *pyramides*, whence Eng: sing: pyramid. (2) *pyramises* is a drunken lisp for *pyramides*.

without contradiction: he means to say "wonderful erections, as nobody can deny that they are", but he muddle-headedly says "nobody can contradict that I have heard what I say".



36, 37. *Men*: Come aside, I wish to speak to you privately.
Pom: No, I am host, and cannot leave my chair, while there are guests present; (it was a couch on which Romans reclined at meals); whisper it to me here.

38. Excuse me; I shall go aside with you, by and by.

41-4. Antony, disgusted with Lepidus, for once gives a long and sarcastic reply.

44. **elements . . . it**: the union of the four elements, that constitute animal life, being dissolved. **transmigrates**: its soul enters another body and animates it. Antony refers to the Greek and Roman belief that the Egyptians believed in metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls: human souls, after death of the body, entered upon a round of transmigrations into the bodies of beasts, birds, insects, till having completed the round (in 3000 years, say) they re-entered the original body; hence arose the worship of the ibis, the crocodile, the dog, the beetle, etc., as sacred animals, and the practice of the preservation of human bodies as mummies, to await this return of their souls.

45. Antony's learned exposition is quite thrown away on Lepidus.

48. Crocodiles' tears are famous; Lepidus himself is in the lachrymose stage of drink.

51. **a very epicure**: insatiable in his appetite for drink.

52-83. Side by side with this comedy of getting drunk and making drunk, there goes on a sinister side-play of foul treachery, proposed but resisted; and the consequence.

52, 53. On Pompey's refusing to go aside, Menas had been whispering to him of a great chance that would never occur again, but mentioning nothing specific as to *what* the chance was, but what he had said had roused Pompey's repugnance, who orders him away.

Do . . . you: Menas lingers; Pompey repeats his order and calls impatiently to the waiters.

54. If I have deserved any merit at your hands, come apart and hear me.

56. I have been your humble, faithful follower in all your fortunes.

58. Lepidus, let me advise you to avoid any more drinks; you are getting helpless: so he is, and speechless too.



61. **whole world:** the Roman empire, and not merely three islands.

62. **But entertain it:** only welcome that thought (as you are welcoming these guests); don't repel the thought (as you have been repelling me).

64. Have you been drinking too well, that you speak thus wildly?

67. The fanciful notion of the ancients was that an "ocean-stream" surrounded the land-surface of the flat earth, and that the sky covered the whole, like a dish cover.

68. Pompey, weak-minded, whom Menas's whispered talk by his chair had repelled, is now being attracted by the tempting, specific prospect he holds forth.

69. **competitors:** colleagues, brother triumvirs.

72. **there:** pointing to the three and saying, "those three men and all that is theirs".

72-9. You should have done this without telling me, and I would have looked upon it as good service from a faithful follower; now that you have told me, and would do it with my knowledge and consent, I could only look upon it as a villainous breach of sacred faith, committed by myself; I look upon my honour as the first, my profit as only the second, consideration; you wish me to place my profit first, and my honour next. Be sorry for having revealed to me what you meant to do; had you done it, without revealing it to me, I would have rewarded you as having done a good deed worth a reward; if you do it now, you get, not a reward, but condemnation from me. Shakespeare keeps strictly to Plutarch's statement, while expanding it; his picture shows Pompey as a man of honour, but not honour of the highest order.

80-83. Your refusal tells me that your fortune is irretrievably on the wane; and I mean to follow it no longer. Menas shortly after deserts to Cæsar.

84. Lepidus is helpless and speechless.

86. **be hid:** overflow.

91. **That . . . wheels:** as only a third of the world is drunk, it lies there, flat on the ground; but if all the world (all three triumvirs) were drunk, then, the world being *round*, it would go spinning merrily



round and round; the joke is suggested by the reeling of drunken men.

92. Then let us make the world spin faster; let us accelerate the velocity by adding our own momentum to it, say these experts in the dynamics of drinking.

94. After Lepidus is carried away, the fun grows fast and furious among those who can keep it up better; Antony, of course, leading.

This . . . feast: Why, Antony, we are as yet far from the glorious state that I heard you used often to reach in your Egyptian Nights' Entertainments.

95. But we are getting nearer to it; here is Cæsar's health; now follows an attempt to test Cæsar's staying powers.

Strike . . . ho! broach fresh casks; tap fresh barrels or rather wine-skins. **ho:** this is an order to the servants; it should dispose of a feeble explanation about "clinking glasses", that critics give.

97. It is a labour, not a pleasure, to me; I find that drink, instead of clearing my brains ("wash"), muddles them ("fouler").

98. Do as others do; do as befits the occasion; if others become children after dinner, and befool themselves, don't grudge having to lay aside brains and wisdom, but become child and fool also. Antony has now taken the lead out of Pompey's hands; it was he who gave the order for more wine (l. 95), as if *he* was the host; and who more qualified than Antony to be that, even at another man's house (or ship), at another man's banquet table! For a brief while Antony's genius or demon rises above Cæsar's and makes Antony feel that he is the first man, Cæsar present.

99. Only don't cease to be master of the time, and I will respond to your call; I will drink to oblige you, if only you let me keep my head, and keep yours and don't lose all reckoning of time and place.

100. **from all:** (1) from both food and drink, (2) be a total abstainer from drink.

101. Antony's supremacy is here publicly proclaimed, when he is hailed as "Emperor of the Revels".

102. The Bacchanalia was a drinking festival in honour of Bacchus; it had been suppressed in Italy by law, for the debauchery practised there, under cover of religion; Antony had revived it in



Egypt, under the title of the Order of the Inimitable Livers; and Enobarbus, a good lieutenant of Antony's in such matters, proposes here a revival of it on Italian soil.

105. **conquering wine**: wine that masters our senses; said in contradiction of Cæsar's advice above: "Be not conquered by wine."

108. Enobarbus, in high feather, assumes the office of master of the ceremonies, as Antony had usurped that of master of the feast.

place: assign your places to you.

109. Every man will join in the refrain or chorus, with all the strength of his lungs.

112. **pink**: small and blinking; lit: reduced to a *point*. Lat: *punctum*; the flower pink is so named from the petals being pointed; and from its colour, *pink*, as name of a colour, is derived.

115. This is how "the world might go on wheels", l. 91, with the other meaning implied, "till we feel quite giddy", "till our heads seem to go round."

117. This will do; I have given in to your humour so far; but we must stop now.

118. **off**: to go off, to break up the party.

120. **burnt our cheeks**: become flushed, inflamed, in the face, with drinking.

121. **is . . . wine**: is overcome with drink.

mine . . . speaks: my tongue stutters; makes me speak thick and inarticulately.

122. **wild . . . all**: this disorderly drinking has reduced us all to the condition of fools.

disguise: a state in which we hardly recognize ourselves, or one another.

124. Cæsar takes Antony's arm as much to steady Antony, as to steady himself.

try you: test your mettle (as toppers); be your guest, and see how you stand a second carouse.

126. Pompey, drunk, apologizes for the taunt that Pompey, sober, had flung at Antony, II. vi. 27. This shows how completely all thought of treachery is absent from his heart.

127. Pompey, taking Antony's other arm, escorts his guests to the boat that is to take them ashore.



Take . . . not: a parting shot from Enobarbus, who looks down over the ship's side on the three, as they go down the ship's ladder.

128. He hints that he would like to make a night of it with Menas, who cordially invites him to do so.

129. Menas, as second in command on Pompey's flag-ship, roars out an order for a flourish to be sounded by the ship's band, in honour of the departing guests; but he does not use very respectful language about them; there is also a double meaning in it—his farewell to one of the *great* ones—Pompey. **what:** should have a note of interjection.

132. **Ho: hurrah!** Enobarbus flings up his cap, in honour of the departing chiefs.

says a': says he; nobody says so, except himself: both these men are pretty far gone by this time; but both mean to go further "till daylight doth appear".

133. Menas perhaps hurrahs in honour of Enobarbus, as his words "Noble captain" imply. And so we leave these two congenial souls together, both about to be renegades.

ACT III

From B.C. 38 to 31

Pompey's Intoxication with Power and Antony's Infatuation with Love destroy Peace between both and Cæsar.

The crowded scenes in this Act dispose of Pompey in a few lines, and by report; but are full with details of the story of Antony's desertion of Octavia, of his return to Cleopatra, and of the consequence of desertion and return in the battle of Actium.

SCENE 1

Ventidius, Antony's lieutenant, triumphs over Parthia: but fears the Jealousy of his Chief.

1. **darting:** victorious with the dart; the Parthians were expert fighters with darts and arrows, using the former in attack, the latter



in retreat, turning round in the saddle to shoot back at the gallop.
struck: dart-stricken.

3. Crassus, member, with Julius Cæsar and Pompey the Great, of the First Triumvirate, in a campaign against Orodes (or Herodes), king of Parthia, was defeated and slain at Carrhæ by Orodes.

4, 5. Pacorus, son of Orodes, was defeated and slain ("pays this") by Ventidius in Syria in 38 B.C. on the very day on which Crassus had been slain by his father.

7. Ventidius did *not* follow the Parthians across the Euphrates, but turned off northwards towards Samosata (l. 36, n.).

9, 10. Antony did not honour his lieutenant thus, but dismissed him; the Senate decreed a triumph to Ventidius, which he afterwards celebrated.

12, 13. A subordinate in command may achieve greater success than his chief wishes him to do.

15. **too fame:** fame great enough to incur danger through jealousy. **him:** he whom.

17. More through their officers than in person: Plutarch's own words. **Sossius:** he also achieved great success in Antony's service, and was appointed to succeed Ventidius in command in Syria.

23, 24. A soldier, ambitious like all in his profession, prefers failure to success, defeat to victory, if these only serve to retard his hopes of ambition, instead of advancing them.

27. **perish:** be forgotten, lose its reward.

27-9. I see I was wrong; I see you know better than I did, that a soldier's sword alone will not always carve the way to the object of his ambition; that mean jealousies may bar the way; that knowledge of men, besides knowledge of war, is needed to remove such insidious obstacles.

a soldier . . . grants: (verb sing:) a soldier's sword grants; mere soldiership seldom achieves success in life.

30-34. Yes; I will write, but thus:—I shall say that the discipline and prestige ("banners") of *his* army, the spirit of *his* regularly paid troops, have enabled *him* to defeat the Parthian army, never before defeated by Roman arms, and driven them dispirited out of Syria; although, Silius, you know all this was in reality done by *me*. **banners:** the battles fought by the Roman legions were recorded



on their banners, as those fought by modern troops are recorded on their regimental colours. **name . . . war**: in war it is the men who do the hard work of winning victories, but it is the chief who gets the fame of having won them. **jaded**: the two armies are compared to two horses kicking and fighting, and the better horse out-kicks the worse one; the Parthian armies consisted largely of cavalry; hence the apposite metaphor.

36. His progress will be slow, because he shall have to march with an army and baggage. Plutarch says that Antony set out from Athens and met Ventidius, at the end of this march, at Samosata.

SCENE 2

Antony and Octavia leave Rome for Athens.

1. **the brothers**: the new friends by treaties.
2. **despatched with**: completed their business with.
3. **sealing**: still "despatching" (l. 2).
6. **green sickness**: properly, a sickness to which women are liable; used here contemptuously of the effects of the drinking debauch upon Lepidus.

noble: ironical; down to l. 20, the two indulge in this irony and sarcasm; each facetiously taking the side of the *other's* chief against his own; and repeating some of the fulsome flattery that Lepidus must have addressed to both chiefs at the *dinner* table; the conversation at which we have not heard, before their coming to the "banquet"-room.

11. If the talk at table is about Cæsar, why, Lepidus will say that Cæsar is without an equal.

12. If the talk then turns to Antony, why, Lepidus will say that Antony is without an equal.

Arabian bird: the phoenix, a nonpareil among birds, there being but one phoenix on earth at a time till it dies, and is succeeded by another, risen out of its ashes.

13. Cæsar's praise is all given out in full, if you only utter the word "Cæsar".

14. **plied them**: at the dinner table.

16, 17. His love for Antony is beyond thought, beyond words: every word is meant to be emphatic by Enobarbus, who to that end invents a comic metre of his own, in which the "feet" consist wholly of *accented monosyllables*; he arranges the nouns and verbs in the same order (which often is not the case with other speakers in Shakespeare); so, "bards sing" and "poets number"—bards sing their *unwritten* poems to their harps, and poets versify their poems *in writing*. **cast**: add up. **number**: (a monosyllable) write in verse.

18, 19. His love for Cæsar is past thought ("wonder"), and past expression in words too, being a subject for *mute wonder* alone.

20. His nature is low and grovelling, like a dung-hill beetle's; and he can rise out of his hole in the muck into the air, only on the wings of flattery: a critic makes a captious objection, which is disposed of, if one is reminded of "shard-borne beetle" in *Macbeth*; this beetle here of Lepidus's, feeds and flies just as the beetle does in the first scene of Aristophanes's *Peace*.

20, 21. **So horse**: it is so; I expected that trumpet-call; it calls me to mount and join my chief (starting for Greece).

26. For which (for your being such a wife, as I hope and trust you will be) I will pledge myself to the utmost of my power, that you will acquit yourself fully when put to the proof.

28. **piece of virtue**: masterpiece, model of a virtuous woman; so in the *Tempest*.

29-32. Let not Octavia, whose marriage with you was meant to unite you and me in the firmest bonds of friendship, ever be the occasion of those bonds being broken. This is a warning to Antony, in the most delicate language, not to allow Cleopatra to allure him back; for that would drive Cæsar to declare war for his deserted sister's sake: a warning that Antony will disregard.

our love: mutual friendship between you and me ("betwixt").

keep . . . builded: keep the fortress of our friendship intact, prevent it from being broken into and ruined.

ram: battering-ram, that may dismantle and destroy that fortress.

this mean: Octavia's marriage, as the medium of peace between you and me.

33. **if cherish'd**: if Octavia is not loved by you as wife, as she is, and ever will be, by me as sister. **this**: "this mean."



34. Do not give me cause to take offence, by distrusting and suspecting me, that I shall be wanting, on my part, in cherishing Octavia.

I have said: I have nothing to add or to withdraw.

35. **curious:** most careful, most watchful, to find cause of dissatisfaction. What comes of all these fine professions, and with what a double face does he make them! He has already made up his mind to return to Cleopatra, as he has told the Soothsayer.

36. **so the gods:** may the gods.

37. And may the true and faithful hearts of Romans, and my heart one among theirs, ever advance your ends—Octavia's happiness and our unbroken friendship.

40, 41. May you travel in safety and comfort, both by sea and land ("elements" in the plural); critics have set off hunting for profound meanings here, and found them, they think, in "principles of life", in the "commixture of the four elements in the human body": this is the meaning in *Julius Cæsar* and elsewhere, but not here.

43, 44. **The April:** sunshine and rain, smiles and tears.

love's spring: the season of young love; the happiness of a newly-wedded wife.

these . . . it on: her tears, now flowing from her eyes, bring out, show, that love. **it:** love's spring. It is impossible to put this poetry into prose.

45. **Sir . . . house:** Octavia's thoughts do not wander beyond husband and home; and within these limits all her pleasures, all her happiness, find full range: Cleopatra's thoughts knew no bounds in search for pleasures, and new pleasures; happiness she never knew, nor cared to know. Plutarch says that when Antony sent Octavia back for the first time, he put *her* in charge of his property in Rome; Shakespeare, who merges her two returns into one, makes her put her brother in charge of it.

46. One other wife, Imogen, also whispers "two words" into her husband's ears at parting from him: in each case, a critic knows exactly what the whisper was about: let us respect Octavia's implied wish, that none but her brother should hear or know what she whispered to him.



47, 48. She cannot find words to utter what she feels; she hardly herself knows what it is that she feels, and cannot frame and utter in words: Antony says this, as he watches his wife's face, and notices her hesitation, before she can whisper anything at all to her brother: this charm would all be lost, if Shakespeare had made her whisper right off to him all she wanted to say. Critics, who have not seen this meaning, have tried to find one in a conventional sentiment, out of place and not borne out by the context: they say Octavia was divided between love for brother and love for husband, and could not say which of them she loved most: did she then think of whispering to Cæsar, so that Antony might not hear, "I love you more than him", but could not make up her mind to say it?

49, 50. She seems *just about* to speak, and yet is unable to speak; this light balance of a sweet hesitation is the swan's down that seems *just about* to move and yet does not move; it cannot move because the flood tide is full up and has not yet begun to ebb; this happens *just about* the "turning of the tide".

51. Cæsar's face is clouded with strong emotion that he tries to suppress: there is a cloud on Cæsar's face, there are tears and sunshine on Octavia's: what a picture!

52. a horse: if a horse is "clouded", we say it is a poor sort of a horse, and if Cæsar is going to weep as he looks like doing, why, he is not much of a man; for it is only women who weep: a horse is "clouded" when there are dark spots on its face, which are thought to indicate some defect. Enobarbus's coarse-minded remark is a foil to this sweet picture, and sets it off sweeter still.

53-6. Don't be so cynical; why, I *have* seen men weep; I have seen your own chief weep more than once, and surely you don't mean to say that Antony was not a man, because he wept?

57-9. The coarse cynic is, or pretends to be, unconvinced. Oh! that year, I well remember, Antony had a cold in the head that made his eyes run; how could he have shed genuine tears over a man—you mean Brutus, I suppose—whom he had been hunting to death ("confound")? Enobarbus avoids any mention of Antony's tears at the funeral of Julius Cæsar. **Believe't . . . too:** (1) reading "*weep*" with the Ff: don't you believe that Antony wept in earnest on that occasion, till you see me weeping on the present one; he was as far



then from weeping, as I am now. (2) reading "*wept*": till I were to weep (subjunctive mood); but this reading was proposed by a critic who gave an absurdly forced meaning to it, after seeing "no sense" in the Folio reading; his "sensible" meaning being "till I also wept", as if Enobarbus was sentimental, which is to mistake his character entirely.

60, 61. Do not be afraid ("No"); I shall never fail to write to you; and I shall never cease to think of you, as long as I live. **time**: my life; often used, with or without "my", "his" etc. in this sense by Shakespeare. Octavia has taken some time to overcome her hesitation, and to put her thoughts into words; and then to whisper them to Cæsar; from his reply, though guarded in the hearing of others, may we venture to guess at her secret? It was about Cleopatra; she has fears about her; she cannot bear to ask Antony about her, or even to bring her name on her lips to him; will her brother keep news and inform her? Thus has the swan's down at last moved; this was the hesitation that kept her sweet modesty so long in suspense, before she could make up her mind to speak, even to a brother, on the subject. Contrast this natural fear in a wife, this reluctance to give expression to it, even in a whisper, and to a brother, with the raucous screeching of the "pea-hen in a passion" in Octavia's jealousy in Dryden, and the bantering, bold-faced jealousy of Cleopatra, in the opening scene: and say if Octavia's is not as full, as captivating, as adorable a picture of a good and true woman and wife, as Cleopatra's is of a woman of pleasure, fascinating and repulsive, by turns.

61. **Come**: Cæsar tenderly embraces Octavia, while speaking to her: follows next a farewell in a different style: the gigantic Antony grasps the passive, undersized Cæsar in a strangling bear's hug ("wrestling" in a very one-sided match) and then releases him; and with this little bit of comedy, this farewell scene between brother and sister closes.



SCENE 3

Cleopatra, who resented being told the Truth, is much pleased at being told Falsehoods.

1. **afear'd**: for he is the same messenger whom she maltreated; or, if another, he has heard of the treatment his predecessor received.

2. **Go to**: come, nonsense; he has nothing to fear.

3. Shakespeare means the Herod of the Mystery plays, a terror to all who approached him; and to *him* will Cleopatra be a terror, when in one of her tempers: but neither Cleopatra nor Alexas knew anything about this Herod of literature, and both mean the *living* Herod of their own times: since we met him in I. ii. 26, Herod had been received with great honour by Cleopatra at Alexandria, when she offered herself to him, (to secure a second string to her bow, in case Antony failed her), if he would help her to get rid of the rest of her blood relations by assassination: he declined her advances, and incurred her deadly hatred; she effected that object by other means, and was now planning to get both Herod of Judaea and Malchus, king of Arabia, to be assassinated, with Antony's help: this is what she means here by vowing to have "*that Herod's head*".

6. **Come thou near**: impatiently repeating her order of l. 3 as the man has been hanging back.

8-34. The messenger, wiser from his former experience of telling unwelcome truths, now shapes his report so as to convey welcome untruths, judiciously toned down to look like truths.

9, 10. This is not likely, for he was not a person who would be admitted to an intimate scene like this; it is only a false voucher of his veracity as an eye-witness, as he pretends to have been.

12. **shrill-tongued**: like his former wife.

13. **low-voiced**: this and "*not tall*" are, likely, true, and they turn out to be lucky hits, for they please Cleopatra who was her superior in both voice and stature.

14. **That's . . . good**: that is not much in her favour; "*so*" must be taken to mean "*very*".

15. Cleopatra's women love to swear by Isis as Egyptian women usually did; but they have a particular reason too. Cleopatra had



styled herself as the *New Isis*, and her portrait on a temple-wall, still extant, shows her in the full head-dress of that goddess: her maids, then, swore as much by their mistress, as by the original goddess.

18. She draws herself up majestically, by that action telling the fellow in effect that there is majesty before his eyes, and putting his answer into his mouth.

19. When she walks, you can hardly say whether she is walking or standing, so slow are her movements.

24. There is nothing to fear from her, from all that I have heard of her up to now.

25. Her vanity and her elation, seem to have completely blinded her usual power of penetration.

27. **hark**: that's another point against her—she is not a virgin.

28. Octavia was twenty-five at this time; he overstates her age, as far as he safely can, so as to make her older than Cleopatra, who was twenty-nine now. Plutarch says that people at Rome all thought Octavia to have the advantage over Cleopatra in youth and in beauty.

30. He is getting bolder at his success, and gives Octavia a face very different from the sharp-cut lines of Cleopatra's face that her coins and portrait reveal. Octavia's face on coins does not bear out the messenger, and makes her out to have been very beautiful.

33, 34. The last two touches of Octavia's portrait—hair of a common brown, and a low forehead—are no match for Cleopatra's black hair and high forehead, we may suppose. **As low . . . wish**: she could not wish it to be lower, for then it would pass into actual ugliness, become "villainous low": there is a sly substitution of "*she*" (Octavia) for "*you*" (Cleopatra), the latter being what he really means.

34. Cleopatra's fears from Octavia have now fallen low indeed, her hopes of recovering Antony risen high, and her vanity is fed to the full: she lavishes gold for being told falsehoods (varnished with a coating of truth) that please her, while she had withheld it for being told the whole plain truth, because it displeased: for the sake of bare justice, it is to be hoped this is the same messenger who had been cheated out of his just reward before by her.

37. I find you to be a messenger after my own heart, and I'll send you on a further message at once.

38. He is a handsome fellow.

39. Indeed he is: in II. v. 97 she had called him, or another bringer of bad news, an ugly fellow; but handsome is that handsome does, and so he is become handsome now.

41. **no such thing**: not much of a person; not anything like what we thought she might be.

43. Isis forbid ("defend", ward off) it, after he has had majesty in person before his eyes every day since he began to serve you and saw you.

45. **one thing more**: She too, like Octavia, has something on her mind; and as that on Octavia's was about Cleopatra, this on Cleopatra's is about Antony: "How does he behave towards Octavia?" is her thought; but she refrains from giving it expression.

SCENE 4

Antony sends unsuspecting Octavia to "plead for him" with Cæsar.

Athens: Antony and Octavia were residing there in 37 B.C.

1. **not only that**: not only Cæsar's unfriendly acts that I have been telling you of.

3. **semblable**: similar; the 'b' is excrescent in both English and French.

4. **New warz**: on the ground that Pompey had broken the terms of the peace of Misenum, by continuing the practice of piracy. **made his will**: Plutarch's narrative shows that this is a most barefaced lie: it was Antony himself who had made a will, and deposited it with the Vestal Virgins at Rome; Cæsar had seized it, read it publicly to the Senate, resenting especially a wish expressed in it that his body, if he died at Rome, should be carried in state through the Forum, and then sent to Cleopatra at Alexandria: this fact Antony shamelessly perverts, to deceive his poor wife with a fictitious charge against her brother; if Cæsar had made a will (of which there is no mention whatever in Plutarch), it would mean that he was already looking upon himself as emperor of Rome, with the right of appointing his successor to the throne; this, of course, would mean

treason against the republic and against the triumvirate. By way of parallel, Cleopatra in IV, viii. 18 speaks to Antony of a "snare" laid for him by Cæsar, when she herself had been laying a snare for Antony: the two are well matched in unscrupulous mendacity. There is no corruption in the text here that critics, who do not see this piece of lying, are forced to imagine there is: the corruption is in Antony's heart.]

6-10. When truth compelled him to speak well of me, he spoke coldly and with dislike ("sickly", with aversion), paying me the scantiest tribute of praise that he could; and when the most pressing occasions arose for him to speak in my favour, he either did not speak at all, or spoke from his lips only, and not from his heart.

11. The guileless Octavia asks him not to believe all that others tell him, little suspecting that he himself is telling her something that she should not believe.

12. **Stomach not all**: do not take offence at everything he did.

13. **If chance**: if this breach happens to take place.

14. She pauses silently a while.

15. Scan: The/góod gód/s/will móck/mè pré/sently/: 1st foot unstressed monosyllable, 2nd and 3rd feet stressed spondees, 5th pyrrhic.

16. **husband**: monosyllable in scanning (-band being slurred over).

17. **Undo**: When I shall undo, nullify.

18. **win, win**: whether the one or the other wins.

19. One prayer will counteract the other, and both will be rendered ineffectual.

[21-4. Let your love and your prayer be on the side ("point") of him who is most anxious to retain your love; if I forget my plighted faith ("honour") to you, I am no longer myself—no longer the man of honour I believed myself to be; it would have been better that I had not married you, if after marrying you, I should do any act that would leave me; shorn of the fair branches and foliage of my honour, as a dead, blasted trunk of dishonour. What foul hypocrisy under fair words! We know that his mind was made up to desert her.]

24-8. And this is the plan by which he means to get rid of her: but, *as you have asked me*, you yourself shall go to your brother to plead for me, while I, staying here, shall prepare for war against him; so that, between us two—you pleading for peace, and I threatening war—we shall partly persuade your brother, and partly compel him ("strain") to keep the peace between himself and me: depart as soon as you can—I heartily consent to it, for it gives me a chance of gratifying your *own wish* to go to Rome, to mediate between us. Antony begins and ends by pointedly reminding Octavia that this proposal to go to Rome to mediate, originated from *her*: it may have, but there is little doubt that he had worked her up to it; this is another point in common between Antony and Cleopatra—they are both cunning, but her cunning is deeper than his.

shall: which shall.

strain: emendation of Ff: "*stain*" on the defence of which much misapplied ingenuity has been wasted. **are yours**: are satisfied.

31, 32. (1) As if the earth should gape open in a great rent, and the rent should be filled up again by the bodies of the dead (2) As if the earth should be cleft in two, and the two be reunited by the cement of the bodies of the dead in war. **world**: Roman empire.

33-6. When it is clear to you which of us—I or your brother—began this quarrel, then turn your anger against him who began it (as I have asked you to turn your love to him who loves you most); for his faults and mine cannot be so exactly balanced, but that the faults of one of us must be less, and him you must love; meaning, of course, himself, according to his own showing.

36-8. I give you a free hand to choose your escort and to draw upon me for expenses.

SCENE 5

Pompey drops out of the World; and Lepidus, out of the Triumvirate.

4. In 37 B.C. Pompey was again strong at sea, and Menas deserted from Cæsar back to him; in 36 B. C. Cæsar's fleet under Agrippa decisively defeated Pompey, who fled to the East; where



he was again strong enough to attack Antony, but was defeated, captured and put to death by Antony's lieutenant, B.C. 35.

5. That is stale news; what followed upon ("success") this war with Pompey?

6-11. Cæsar, having defeated Pompey with Lepidus's help, refused to recognize him any longer as an equal in power in the triumvirate, ("rivality"), or to give him an equal share in the territory acquired by the victory ("glory of the action"); proceeding further, he charged him with making treacherous overtures to Pompey, arrested him on his own motion, without any legal process, deprived him of all his power as triumvir, and now has imprisoned him: this is a highly coloured, one-sided statement, coming from Antony's partisans, against Cæsar. In plain truth Cæsar deprived Lepidus of all power as triumvir, and shelved him out of political life with the honorary office of Pontifex Maximus, or High Priest (lit.: Chief Bridgebuilder), but leaving him all his private wealth, B.C. 36.

12-4. The Folio reading is corrupt, and is emended as in the text: (1) Then, world (Roman empire), you have now to provide food for one pair of *jawbones* (Cæsar and Antony) ("*chaps*") only ("no more"); for the third jawbone or "chap" (Lepidus) is gone: so, throw all the food before the pair, and let them grind it between them (share the good things of power and office between them): the difficulty is, what sort of an animal ever had *three* jawbones; and, if it had them, how could it have worked them? Hence (2) Then, world, thou universal food provider, you have only two *mouths* ("*chaps*") now to feed; the difficulty again is how can two mouths grind food between them? for "*grind the one the other*" cannot possibly mean eat, chew, the food, one with the other, share the food between themselves; but must mean fight, one against the other, for the food thrown to them. Enobarbus, the *Chorus* of this play, moralizes thus, wisely, but in muddled language: the two remaining triumvirs are two hungry wild beasts, the Roman empire is their keeper in a zoo, the wealth of the empire is their food.

15-8. Antony is much disturbed in mind, and acts almost like a mad man, kicking at straws, as he would have kicked Lepidus if he was near, calling him a fool, and threatening to put Titius, his lieutenant, to death for killing Pompey: this again is an *ex parte*



statement, meant to exculpate Antony from the suspicion of having secretly ordered general Titius to put Pompey to death. **our great navy:** Antony's fleet of 500 galleys, many with 8, and 10 banks of oars, each bank seating many oarsmen; against Cæsar's, only half in number, and inferior in size of galleys.]

20. I have something else ("more") to say: it is that Antony wants to see you; I should have told you that first, when I came in, and all this news afterwards.

21. All our preparations will lead to nothing; but let things take their course: another oracle from Enobarbus that will come true: he evidently suspects what Antony wants to see him about—it is about going back to Egypt; this suspicion too comes true: the next time we meet Enobarbus he is at Actium.

SCENE 6

*Accusations and Counter-accusations between Cæsar and Antony;
and the Disillusionment of Octavia.*

[B.C. 36-32. Antony had sent off Octavia to live with Cæsar, as a pledge of their friendship, and himself had gone off to the East; she had returned to Athens with a supply of men and money for his aid; but he wrote to her to stay there; she returned to Rome, and there this good woman took charge of Antony's children by Fulvia; two years later Antony threw off the mask, and openly divorced her. Shakespeare merges these two returns of Octavia into one in this scene; and condenses Antony's new wars in the East into a few lines of narrative, so far as they concern the action of the play.]

1. **all this:** On leaving Athens, Antony had gone to Syria, and sent a message to Cleopatra to come and meet him there; which she did, and thenceforth regained her baneful hold upon him; thence he proceeded to attack Parthia in person, was repulsed, and made to beat a disastrous retreat; conquered Armenia on his way back; and celebrated a triumph of his own decreeing at Alexandria, over this conquest. (B.C. 34.)]

[1-11. After the celebration, Antony called a public assembly at which, on a platform of silver, upon two thrones of gold, sat



Cleopatra and he himself; at their feet, on lower thrones, sat Cæsarion, her reputed son by Julius Cæsar, and Alexander and Ptolemy, his own sons by Cleopatra; in a speech he proclaimed Cleopatra, jointly with Cæsarion, sovereign of the countries named in the text; as these were by law Roman Provinces, whose government was at the disposal of the Senate, he committed a breach of the law by these creations of kings and queens.]

6. **father's son:** Octavius Cæsar was the adopted son of his great-uncle, Julius.

12. In the Gymnasium, a place of public resort for spectacles ("show") at Alexandria.

13. **kings of kings:** an Oriental title, like *Shah-in-Shah* in Persia, amounting to emperor over vassal kings.

17. **goddess Isis:** Cleopatra had assumed this title, and dressed herself in the official robes and head-dress of that goddess; her design in this was, not vain masquerading, but to pose as a *native* queen of Egypt, independent of the alien suzerainty of the Senate of Rome, and to revive the native rule of the ancient Pharaohs and of the ancient Theocracy that preceded it. Antony followed, or kept pace, by posing as Osiris, the sun-god, and husband of Isis, the moon-goddess.

19. Let this flagrant act of contempt for the constitution ("contemning Rome") be made publicly known to all Roman citizens.

20. **queasy with:** no longer able to bear.

22. The people, *i.e.*, the Senate in this case already know it, for he has written to them that they should ratify and register these, his actions.

[24-9. Antony's charges were that Cæsar had given him no share of what he had conquered from Pompey; that he had not returned the ships he had lent him for that war; that he had deposed Lepidus, and appropriated that triumvir's army, revenues and civil powers to himself.] 29. **being:** Lepidus being deposed.

31-7. Cæsar's reply to these charges were that he would give Antony his share of the fruits of conquest in Sicily and return him his ships, as soon as Antony had given him, Cæsar, his share of the fruits of conquest in Armenia; and that Lepidus had been deposed for misconduct. Among these fruits of conquest were lands assigned



by Cæsar to his troops in Sicily for the purpose of military colonization. **abused**: by treasonable correspondence with Pompey.

Enter Octavia: She enters when her brother's feelings are thus embittered against her husband; and while she comes to mediate for Antony, she hears he has divorced her.

39. She greets Cæsar as triumvir with "*lord*", and as brother with "*dear*".

[40. **castaway**: a divorced wife; as a reply to Cæsar's charges against him, Antony had sent a letter of divorce, addressed to the Senate and Cæsar.]

41. The poor lady knows nothing about this herself, and innocently wonders why he should pity her in this way: she had been met with looks of deep compassion from all present.

42. She had come to Rome apparently without previous intimation, and in a very private, unostentatious way—in everything a contrast to Cleopatra who was perhaps about this same time sitting in state on the chair of gold on the platform of silver.

43. **wife**: Cæsar implies that she is no longer the wife of Antony; but the unsuspecting lady does not see his meaning, till she is told that Antony is again with Cleopatra. A critic reveals how utterly he misunderstands this scene, when he says that Cæsar's "extravagant language" shows his "insincerity".

44-50. You should have made a state entry into Rome, as the sister of one triumvir and the wife of another.

for an usher: to precede her as a herald.

47. **borne men**: people would have climbed trees; with a word-play, "*borne as fruit*"; looking like *jack-fruit* in the Indies.

48. People would have fainted with long waiting for the expected sight of you.

49. And clouds of dust, rising high, would have announced to expectant crowds from afar your approach; the dust would be caused by the numerous escort of horse and foot.

51. A country girl coming to town, with farm and dairy produce to sell; what a picture: Octavia, with a basket of eggs on her arm!

52, 53. These signs of love, whose absence, if they are not displayed outwardly, is often mistaken to mean actual want of love, on the one side, and leads to withdrawal of love, on the other side;



you may think I don't really love you because I have made no preparations to receive you; and you may do me the injustice of yourself withdrawing your love from me.

which: antecedent "love". **left unshown:** neglected, omitted to be displayed. **left unloved:** not cared for, as unloving, and therefore not deserving to be loved in return.

55. **augmented:** growing warmer and warmer; growing more and more magnificent at every stage of your approach.

56. I came in this quiet, private way, because I myself preferred doing so; not because, as you think, my husband forced me to do so, by stinting me in expenses.

60. **pardon:** permission. **return:** to Rome.

61. **obstruct:** accent on first syllable.

62, 63. I have agents to watch his doings ("eyes"), and to report them to me ("on the wind").

64. **in Athens:** two words that show her utter want of suspicion as to what has really happened.

65. **wronged:** Cæsar has intimated divorce in other words above, "lust", "castaway", her coming "not as wife".

66. A nod from Cleopatra has called him back to her feet: at last are Octavia's eyes opened.

67. **who now are:** and they two are. **levying:** impressing into their service.

68. **war:** against me. **kings:** and vassals of the emperor and empress of the East.

68-75. This list is taken from Plutarch, who adds that the empire of Antony extended from Armenia and the Euphrates to Illyria and the Ionian sea, and to Cyrene and Ethiopia in East Africa; while Cæsar's extended from the Ionian sea to the western ocean, and to the Pillars of Hercules in West Africa.

70. And a longer list of other lesser potentates.

Cæsar has been giving this long list, in pity at seeing Octavia's silent grief welling forth in tears, to allow her to recover herself from the news he has had to give her, and to repress his own emotion in having had to give it.

Ay me wretched: the pause enables her to recover herself enough to be able to utter this cry of grief; she has not cared

about her brother's formidable list of Antony's auxiliaries; all her thoughts have been upon her own heart, now divided between two men at conflict again with each other ("afflict"); with her, in these first moments of affliction, there has been no fainting, no cutting of laces, no calling for mandragora, but silence, swimming eyes, and a heaving bosom.

79-81. Your letters, ever urging conciliation, delayed this rupture, until I saw that you were being deceived by him, and that, if I delayed longer, I would be in danger from him.

83. Tramples over your happiness with this conflict, now unavoidably forced upon me.

84, 85. But let events take their course, as fate determines it, to their destined end; and let us not grieve over it.

87. Beyond anything that could be thought possible.

88-90. **makes . . . of us**: makes . . . us to be.

Best of comfort: the best comfort be to you that we can offer; this cannot mean, as some critics think it does, "you are the best of comfort to me"; for it is Octavia, and not Cæsar, who is most in need of comfort. **comfort**: slurred monosyllable. **ever**: be ever; "best" and "ever" are both superlatives, the latter in sense, making the two clauses thus co-ordinate:—let the best of comfort and the best of welcome be to you always: a reading "*be*" for "best" is most feeble.

92. Plutarch says so; and Mæcenas speaks this for every heart that has heard of the treatment she has had from Antony.

94. While Antony divorces you, every heart in Rome draws you closer to itself.

95. **regiment**: rule, empire.

96. **noises . . . us**: rails at and rages against us. **it**: impersonal. When Cleopatra heard of the honour the Athenians had shown to Octavia, she was furious; and after she had left, got up public honours to be paid to her by them.

us: Mæcenas means "You".

Is . . . sir: She turns to her brother for confirmation of what Mæcenas says.



97. Scan: *Môst cé/* . . . —*côme pray/yôu*: doubled stress on the 1st foot, stressless monosyllable as 5th foot.

98. Scan: *Bè év/er knówn/* to *patience/mý* *déar/est* *sister*: "patience" and "sister", both stressed monosyllables; to take "patience" as a trisyllable (as it often is elsewhere) makes too much of a drawl here.

SCENE 7

Antony's Evil Genius lures him to fight by Sea: and so to rush to his Ruin.

Enobarbus had been elected one of the two consuls in B.C. 32; on the rupture taking place, he fled from Rome and joined Antony in Egypt, where he tried his utmost to prevent Antony from consenting to Cleopatra's accompanying him personally in the war; but in vain.

1. I'll settle accounts yith you; I'll make you rue it; she refers to this effort of his to keep her from coming to the seat of war.

2. But what have I done that you should make me rue it?

3. Enobarbus had succeeded in getting Antony to request her to await in Egypt the result of the war; but she dreaded a reconciliation with Cæsar, if she let him go out of sight of her, and insisted on accompanying him.

4. **is it**: is it fit for a woman to do so?

5. (1) reading with the Ff: "*If not, denounc'd . . . not we*: with a comma after "not": if it is not fit for me a woman, yet as the war has been denounced against me, is it not fit that I should be present in person in it? Plutarch says that Cæsar had issued a decree declaring war against Cleopatra direct, and depriving Antony of that authority which he had allowed a woman to exercise instead of him. (2) reading *Is't not? denounc'd . . . not we*; with a note of interrogation after "not": is it not fit for me? Denounced as the war has been against me, should I not be present in person in it? **denounc'd**: pronounced, proclaimed, with a personal denunciation



against me, thus making a double reason for me to be present in person. **we:** the "royal" singular for *I*. **against:** a monosyllable. Other readings and explanations have been given; but they are mistaken ones.

8. **merely:** entirely. Lat: *merum*, wine unmixed with water.

[10-15. Enobarbus puts the coarse-minded reply that he had muttered to himself, into more decent languages in repeating it aloud to her: Your presence will distract Antony at a time when his undivided attention is needed for the one subject of war, and none of it can be spared for you; he has already earned a bad name for passing his time in frivolities with you, and leaving public affairs and the business of this very war, in the hands of a eunuch and of your serving women. Plutarch gives most flagrant instances of this levity.]

16-8. I bear a share in the expenses of the war, and, as sovereign of Egypt, I shall take my part in it, as if I was a man. At the outbreak of a war, the Hungarian nobles swore they would die for their *king*, Maria Theresa (queen of Hungary and empress of Austria), by a similar political fiction.

20-26. Antony holds a Council of War, Cleopatra present at it.

22. **cut:** cross; I am surprised that Cæsar has been so quick in his movements.

23. He immediately asks her opinion, and she gives it in the most cutting words.

26. He virtually says that she is as good at a War Council, as any, the best, general on the staff.

27. A pause in the metre before Antony declares his resolution.

29. Antony gives the slap-dash reply of a hot-headed knight of chivalry, not the considered judgement of a cool, far-sighted leader in war.

30, 31. More quixotic proposals; which Cæsar, when they were made to him, refused with contempt; rightly, as Canidius says, because as a good general he saw they were to his disadvantage.

34. **And . . . you:** and so should you refuse to fight by sea, for there you will fight at a disadvantage.

[34-40. Enobarbus enlarges on what Canidius had briefly put:—Your ships have not their full complement of oarsmen, and the men



that they have, have been hurriedly got together ("ingross'd") by your recruiting officers, from among classes of people who have never before in their lives handled an oar; Cæsar's ships are manned by crews who have seen service in naval actions against Pompey; his ships are light-built, quick in manoeuvres, yours are heavy in build and slow in movement; decline to fight by sea at these disadvantages, and nobody can hurt your sensitiveness about honour, if you decline; fight him by land instead, where you are well-equipped, and a match for him.]

40. Antony, in reply to this, repeats the parrot-cry taught him by Cleopatra; and again in l. 48.

[41-8. If you fight by sea, you will throw away the certain advantage that you possess in your personal superiority as an experienced leader in land warfare; you will have to scatter ("distract") your troops in small detachments among your ships, thus wasting the united strength of an army of veterans in land warfare; you will make no use of the skill and experience you are well-known to possess as commander on land; and you will sacrifice certainty of success to the chances of success or defeat.]

49, 50. Plutarch says these sixty Egyptian ships were the pick of Cleopatra's Egyptian fleet, after she had burnt the rest. **none better**: better or not, hers were galleys of three to ten banks.

Scan. Í/hàve síx/tý saíls/Cæ sàr/nòne better; 1st foot doubly stressed monosyllable, 4th foot trochee, 5th foot "better" slurred.

51. The troops that would otherwise have been carried by the ships that had been burnt, were not transferred to the other ships, hitherto undermanned, so as to bring them nearer full strength in men.

55. **Toryne**: in Epirus, a few miles north of Actium; this news very much alarmed Antony and his marines, and Cleopatra cracked a joke at their expense on the meaning—a ladle.

57. **power**: army; the cause of the alarm was that Antony's troops were too far off to be shipped on board, to meet Cæsar's ships, if they advanced from Toryne, now their base: Antony sends Canidius off to hasten up the troops, and himself goes on board his flagship.

60. **Thetis**: daughter of Nereus, the sea god and grand-daughter of Poseidon (Neptune); Cleopatra is so called, because at present she is mistress of a fleet, and rules the waves: Thetis, by the way, could take many shapes, like Proteus; and so could Cleopatra.

61-6. Two military experts, high in command, have in vain advised against action by sea: one of the rank and file, a veteran of the late wars, now advises against it, and again in vain: You know what your veterans have done, and can do, by land; trust them again now; let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, if they like; *we* shall fight for you, as we have done before, at deadly close quarters ("foot to foot") with the enemy, on firm land, and will not flinch.

62. **rotten planks**: rotten timbers, as opposed to our strong arms and hearts; the soldier has the prejudice of his class against lubbers at sea, as the seaman has his against land-lubbers.

misdoubt: fear amiss; by "*Egyptians and Phœnicians*" are meant Cleopatra's own ships and those of her son Ptolemy, titular king of Phœnicia: the Phœnicians had long been famous as sea-faring people, and had circumnavigated Africa in the 7th century B.C.

64. **go a-ducking**: let their ships swim like ducks (fight a naval action), and dive like ducks (get defeated and sunk).

66. **Well . . . away**: Plutarch says Antony, by his look and the gesture of his hand, seemed to bid him be of good courage; and passed forwards, without saying anything to him.

68, 69. But his entire course of action at this juncture, shows no sign of a sound and vigorous military policy. **whole action**: conduct as a military leader, ever since he came under this woman's influence.

power on't: soundness in his military plans and vigour in their practical execution: a wrong explanation given is "his power in land forces."

69, 70. Our leader, instead of leading, allows himself to be led; and adopts a powerless policy that grows, not in strength but in weakness; and we men are led by the nose by women, as their slaves. **women**: Cleopatra, her maids and her eunuch. **men**: servants.

71. **whole**: in a compact single body; not "distract", l. 43.

73. Have been put in command of the detachments of troops sent on board ship.

74. **we**: I and others in command.

76. While Cæsar stayed behind at Rome himself, he sent out his troops ("power") in such small detachments and by such different routes that our spies could not guess their destination; it was to aid this deceptive manoeuvre that Cæsar himself did not join or head any of these divided forces.

80. Events are crowding in, one after another, and every minute there is news of some fresh occurrence or other, that fills us with fear and anxiety. **throes**: the metaphor is from childbirth.

time's: time is. **some**: some news.

SCENE 8

The Sea Fight, and the Ruin of Antony's Cause

Actium was fought on 2nd September B.C. 31.

3. **keep whole**: keep your troops together, well in hand.

5. Here are written orders in full, do not go beyond them.

6. **jump**: quite, entirely.

8. **battle**: army drawn up in battle array. Antony has returned to land from his flagship, when he gives these orders for the disposition of the land troops.

9. **number**: total number of the ships in my fleet.

10. **And accordingly**: Cæsar had a complete plan drawn up, and had ordered his general not to depart from it (l. 5); Antony has no plan, but waits on events to shape it as they happen to fall out.

12, 13. **The Antoniad**: the flagship ("admiral") of Cleopatra, followed by her sixty galleys have turned and fled.

14. Scan: Tò sée't/mine eyes/àre blást(ed)/góds and/góddesses;
4th and 5th feet trochees.

15. **thy passion**: cause of this violent outburst of despair.

16. **cantle**: part; *cant*, corner, oblique cut; hence *canton* (in geography), *cantilever* (in engineering).

19. **tokened pestilence**: plague-stricken man, with the fatal tokens broken out on him, that meant he was past all hope of recovery.



20. **ribaudred**: Ff: reading; *ribauld*, emended reading; profligate. **nag**: salacious woman.

22. When the result was in the balance.

23. Both looking as if ("as") they were the same: there is no need to read "*aged*". **elder**: with a slight advantage in our favour.

24. **breese**: pun, (1) gad-fly that stings cows and horses, especially during summer ("June"). (2) with the wind full behind (as Plutarch says it was).

[*Why did Cleopatra turn and fly?* Sentimental critics, who have only the Cleopatra of the stage before their eyes, see that in her action here "the woman remains and the heroine vanishes"; or that she meant by it "to keep Antony all her own"; or that she "suddenly took fright". History that gives us the real Cleopatra says that she had formed her design *beforehand*, to bring on a sea-fight; to bring about in it not victory, but defeat; to escape safely at the first sign of defeat; and that she had beforehand arranged her affairs in Egypt, so as to suit the success or failure of this design: this arrangement was, by submission to Cæsar, to attempt his conquest, as she had accomplished that of his adoptive father; and, in case of failure, to escape with her fleet into Persia. The sequel will show whether Cleopatra was romantic, as on the stage, or designing, as in history, in this famous flight of hers.

27. **loof'd**: luffed, turned round, properly "luff" is to bring the ship's head round *near* the wind, *i.e.*, against it; but here it loosely means to bring the ship's head round so as to have the wind *behind*: as was really the case, according to Plutarch so that the line means "as soon as Antony saw that she had fairly turned round, and was sailing away with the wind full behind."

28-33. *Why did Antony follow her?* On this there are no two opinions: Plutarch says that Antony showed himself to the world that he had lost all the courage and judgement of a commander, or even those of a man ("experience, manhood, honour", l. 32); that he was "no longer his own man"; but proved the truth of a saying that the soul of a lover lived in the body of some one else.]

29. Hoists sail on his own ship, as a doting drake spreads out its wings on the water, half swimming, half flying, in pursuit.

34. **out of breath**: no longer able to swim.



36. **Been himself:** "been his own man"; remembered that he was Antony, the famous general.

38. He has most shamefully ("grossly") set us the example; so that his flight from the enemy teaches us that it is time to take our flight from him.

are you thereabouts: Oh! is that something like what you mean to do? Enobarbus understands that Canidius is hinting at desertion of Antony by himself and the army under him.

39. If so, let me take my leave of you; for I mean to stick to Antony.

40. **they:** Antony and Cleopatra with her fleet.

41. It is easy sail to the Peloponnesus; and with the remnant of Antony's fleet, I shall proceed thither, and await further developments.

43. **legions:** the infantry.

six kings: from among those that Antony, as emperor, had set up in the East.

45, 46. **my reason:** which tells me, as your reason has told you, that Antony's cause being hopeless, I should make terms with Cæsar; yet I prefer to follow my feelings that incline me to stick to him and his hopeless cause.

SCENE 9

Reconciliation between Betrayer and Betrayed

[This Scene should not be put down, as some editors do, as taking place "At Alexandria in a room at the Palace": it takes place on board the *Antoniad*, Cleopatra's flagship. Antony had followed Cleopatra's ship in one of his own; she signalled to him; he came on board her ship; without going aft to see her, or letting her see him, he went forward by himself, and sat alone, without speaking a word, in the ship's prow, covering his face with his hands. Of the attendants mentioned, two only came aboard with him, others joining later during the voyage. The scene opens when the ship is off Cape Taenarus.]



1. The land disdains that I should tread upon it; therefore have I taken ignoble refuge on the water here; I cannot bear to show my face to my troops on land, nor offer to lead them, after they have witnessed my defeat at sea. The army under Canidius waited for seven days after Actium for Antony to rejoin it, and then went over to Cæsar. This line becomes meaningless, if the scene is placed on land, in a palace or anywhere else: the critics have not seen this.

2. **come hither**: they have been standing apart, respecting his grief.

3. **lated**: belated; overtaken by night and darkness, so that I cannot see my way.

4. Antony had been accompanied by a merchant ship laden with his property in money and in gold and silver ingots and vessels; he gave this order when off Cape Taenarus, a south point of the Peloponnesus.

7. **cowards**: the men in his own ships who had turned and fled also.

9. Antony had resolved to proceed from Taenarus to the province of Africa, next west of Egypt.

11. **the harbour**: that of Taenarus.

12. **that**: that which; namely, Cleopatra's face; the voyage from Actium had taken three days, during which Antony retained his place at the prow, and refused to see Cleopatra.

13-5. The very hair on my head, like my army and my subject kings, rebel against me, and raise civil war among themselves; the white hair accusing the brown of rashness (in having fought against odds), and the brown the white, of cowardice and folly (in having run away from battle, and run after a woman like an old fool).

17. **Sweep**: smoothe.

18. **Nor . . . loathness**: nor show reluctance to accept my gift; they had declined to accept, with tears in their eyes, says Plutarch.

19. Abandon the man that has abandoned himself.

22-4. He repeatedly asks them to leave him, and for good; on their still lingering near him, he softens his request by saying "I'll see you again, by and by; but withdraw now for a while."



25. The scene that now follows is all Shakespeare's own; Plutarch merely saying that when the ship after three days' sailing, reached Taenarus, Cleopatra's women succeeded in bringing Antony and Cleopatra first to speak to each other, and then to eat and live together as before.

27. Eros and Iras have spoken with timid persuasiveness, Charmian puts on a bold face—"Why, of course, she will do it; what else can she do?"

28. **O Juno:** women swore by Juno (as men did by Jupiter) and invoked her in all their troubles, as the protecting goddess of their sex.

29. Antony roars out his refusal to let her sit near him; but without looking up.

30. Sir, look up, and see who it is; at Antony's savage repulse, Cleopatra has stood irresolute before him.

32-4. She now looks as if she is going to faint; this makes the three servants call out in alarm, and Eros repeats what he had said in l. 30. "Sir, do look up, and see her condition."

[35. **Yes lord:** in his self-abasement, in return for the "Sir" that Eros has called him, Antony calls Eros "*my lord*," as if he was now an inferior before his former valet: critics go off on the wrong scent here, and talk of Antony (1) as being "utterly unconscious of the world around him," (which he is not, being very conscious of *who* is standing before him, and against *whom* he has roared out); or (2) as being "buried in thought and sightless, not knowing what is said to him or where he is", (very true of some *other*, harmless, wool-gathering, people, but not of Antony, who knows very well that he is on board the *Antoniad*, while *they* think he is in the palace at Alexandria, and who understands very well *why* he is asked to look up, and at *whom*); or (3) as, in his dream-condition, addressing Cæsar as "*my lord*" (which he does not, for immediately after he abuses him as a "dancer" and "dealer in lieutenantancy", but is addressing Eros, as the *valet*, Antony, would address his *master*, Eros, in the changed condition of things)]

[35-40. Antony now turns his thoughts to Cæsar, turning them away from her who is standing before him, still unnoticed; he talks of him in the third person (not in the second), and in terms of bitter



contempt (not of humiliation):—What did *he* do at Philippi, and what did *I* do there—and yet *what* have I done at Actium? At Philippi, he was *not* present on the battlefield, but left his wing of the army in command of his lieutenant; it was I who, with my wing, defeated Cassius, while his was defeated by Brutus; it was the advance of my victorious wing that drove back the victorious Brutus and killed him. But now at Actium—Oh! I cannot bear to speak of it: no matter, how he and I *now* stand.

36. He kept his sword undrawn by his side, as men do when they dance; elsewhere Shakespeare calls these swords "dancing rapiers", or as we may call them "dress-swords", worn as mere adornment; owing to illness Cæsar could not command his wing of the Cæsarian army in person.]

37. Cassius, as Julius Cæsar said, "had a lean and hungry look".

38. [Brutus was a philosophic thinker and an idealist; this was enough to make a man of Antony's stamp call him "*mad*"; even in his present state of mind, he must be thinking sarcastically of his being no better than his "*mad*" ancestor, the Brutus of the days of Tarquin, who feigned madness to save his life from powerful enemies.]

39. **Dealt lieutenantry:** carried on his wars and battles by proxy, through lieutenants, not in person.

40. **squares:** squadrons, ranks; we speak of "square" formation of troops.

41. Ah! I feel like fainting; stand near me, my maids.

44. **unqualitied:** unmanned; deprived of his feelings, and no longer the Antony he once was.

45. Well, then, support me, and help me to walk up to him: the once wayward, imperious Cleopatra is now supplicating him whom once she commanded; there is comedy in this, even if we do her the charity of thinking that she is really near fainting, and not merely near one of her many deaths, like the "twenty deaths" that Enobarbus had seen her die.

46. Sir, stand up, and receive the queen.

47. Thus too did the betrayer Delilah approach the blinded Samson, in Milton; but not with the same success. **but:** unless.



49. (1) I have struck a blow against ("offended") my good name and ignobly turned aside from the path of honour. (2) I have sinned against Reputation, that goddess of a soldier's religion, and lapsed ignobly from her ordinance.

51. At last Antony rises; looks at Cleopatra; speaks to her; his speech begins reproachfully, coldly, with "*queen*" (l. 51 "*Egypt*") and ends with the old word "*Love*" (l. 72); and this change in the course of five minutes, is effected by the magic of her tears, her looks, her sinking attitude, much more than by the two words she speaks, and repeats.

whither: namely, to Actium and to defeat and disgrace.

52-4. See, how I turn my eyes away from you in shame, and look back upon what I have left behind me, ruined, destroyed. After a momentary look at Cleopatra, Antony turns his eyes in the direction where Actium may now be from the ship; and there they see, in imagination, again the destruction of his fleet and the ruin of his reputation.

55. She understands his thoughts, and they carry hers back to Actium, too.

57. **the strings**: its strings, the heart-strings.

60. You knew that a silent nod from you would have more power over me than the loudest commands uttered by all the gods of Olympus.

59, 60. Read "*Thy full*" and "*Thy beck*" each as a spondee, and "*and that*" and "*(bid) ding of*", each as a pyrrhic; to get a regular iambus, a wrong reading "*The full*" is substituted; wrong, because it destroys the parallelism, obviously meant, between the two lines.

62, 63. **dodge . . . palter**: shuffle and shuffle, over and over; the two words mean the same thing; their repetition, its repetition.

68. Obey my affection's call, whatever the occasion might be. *pàrdòn, pàrdòn*: trochees: this is all that she says thrice over (for, "*my lord*", l. 54, means "*pardon*" in effect), and two lines of explanation; and yet they, and her silent imploring looks, effect a change, as great as her pose on the Cydnus, or her flow of provocative sprightliness, ever effected. Reader, contrast Cleopatra on the Cydnus



with Cleopatra here on board the *Antoniad*, with Cleopatra in the monument over the dying Antony, with Cleopatra, dead on her couch in it.

69. **fall**: cause to fall, shed.

a tear: another tear, a tear more; she has been weeping copiously all the time, and her tears are among the silent weapons that have done more to win Antony back than her few spoken words.

71. Antony had sent his son's tutor, Euphronius, on this embassy; this happened *some time after* Antony had landed from the *Antoniad*, lived in a hermitage in Africa, lived next in his Timoneum at the mouth of the Nile, and then gone back to Alexandria and Cleopatra; but Shakespeare puts this embassy here, as if sent from Taenarus, in order to lead on to the next scene, leaving a gap where all those other events happened between now and then: here the schoolmaster goes from Antony alone; in III. x. 16 he speaks as sent jointly by Antony and Cleopatra: for the sake of artistic linking up, Shakespeare commits an anachronism here. It would be a flimsy pretext to grasp at this embassy, as proof that this Scene ix took place at Alexandria, when the whole scene becomes inexplicable on that assumption, and particular lines in it become meaningless. Which is in accordance with Plutarch and history and with Shakespeare and artistic effect, both alike—to have the reconciliation after three days; or to have it after the voyage together to Egypt, after living together at Alexandria? If the latter, on what footing were the two during all this time?

72, 73. Antony, during those three days he passed at the prow of the *Antoniad*, had starved himself, and now calls for food and drink.

74. After refreshing mind with reconciliation and body with food and drink, Antony is himself again! Mr. Micawber himself could not have recovered more completely, nor shaken off the dust and ashes heaped on his head, and turned to the flask and sandwiches on the 'bus top, more quickly, than Antony here does from shame and disgrace to the "wine and viands"! He deserves to be laughed at, for allowing himself to be led thus by his infatuation; even the loss of a battle has not taught him a lesson. Thus three days after the battle of Actium has been fought and lost, in ten minutes' time is the battle of the *Antoniad* fought and won!



SCENE 10

Cæsar plans to detach Cleopatra from Antony.

Egypt: From Taenarus the *Antoniad* proceeded to the harbour of Ammonia in Africa, where Antony landed, Cleopatra going on to Egypt, and for a time led a life of solitude in the Libyan desert; after an attempt to kill himself, he went on to Egypt, built a hermitage on the sea off Pharos (the light-house island), called it the Timoneum, and there lived the life of a "new Timon" of Athens; changing his mind again, "as if to put away all hope and all care", he left his sea-hermitage; went back to Cleopatra; and with her, like another Belshazzar of Babylon, began a course of feasting and drinking and present-giving, and revived the old Order of Inimitable Livers in the new one of the Diers Together, of which the members pledged themselves to die with Antony and Cleopatra. All the same, they two sent joint proposals of accommodation to Cæsar, that showed a lively desire in both to Live, and, if possible, Live Together. It is here that this scene opens, B.C. 30.

3. **argument:** proof; lit. something that makes a matter clear; root ARG, Gk: *arguros*, Lat: *argentum*, Sans: *rajata*, all meaning "silver", "silver white".

plucked: deserted by friends and adherents.

5. **superfluous:** superfluity of, numerous.

kings: almost all the kings made by Antony had deserted him, and given in their allegiance to Cæsar.

[8-10. I was lately schoolmaster to Antony's sons; I am now his ambassador to your highness; my office then, compared to my office now, was like a dewdrop compared to the sea. In his proper element, the school-room of boys, the schoolmaster would have set forth his simile with the faultlessness of Quintilian; but in his novel element of the audience-tent of a Cæsar, he feels strange, and he and his simile get confused:] critics wrongly lay this confusion on Shakespeare, and correct him:—(1) reading with the Ff: "*his grand sea*": the grand sea of Antony's "ends"; this is the schoolmaster's meaning, put in a confused metaphor, (2) reading "*its grand sea*": the great sea from which the dewdrop was drawn up, as a vapour drop, by the sun,



(3) "*the (or this) grand sea*": the Mediterranean which used to be called so (Lat. *mare magnum*); pointing ("this") at the sea visible from the camp of Cæsar. (2) and (3) are the wrong "corrections" meant to save the pedantic preciseness of the metaphor or simile; (1) the Ff: reading, is correct, because the Shakespeare *meant* the schoolmaster to speak confusedly, *to be in character*, under the unusual circumstances he is placed in.

14. Live a private life, away from the atmosphere of politics.

16. In history Cæsar landed in Egypt in B.C. 30, and therefore some months after the action, at Actium: in the play (III. ix. 71) he is sent to by Antony within three days of the action.

18. **circle**: crown.

19. Now in your grace's hand, by chance of war, to dispose of at your pleasure.

22, 23. Plutarch says so; and how far Cleopatra meant to comply will be seen afterwards.

25. **pursue**: continue to attend.

Bring bands: escort him safely past the sentries.

26. Thyreus was well qualified for this delicate task.

[27-33. Promise her, in my name and with my guarantee, whatever she asks for as the price of giving up Antony to me, dead or alive (ll. 21-3); promise more out of your own head; and, for your trouble, fix your own price for the reward, and I shall pay it as surely as if bound by the law to do it; do your very best, and be hopeful; for women, even when in the height of prosperity, are pliable, and, in adversity, can be made to do anything—even a Vestal, vowed to virginity, can be made to break her vow.]

28, 29. **more offers**: (noun); there is no need to emend this construction, crabbed as it is, by reading "*more as . . . offers*, (verb).

31. **want vestal**: much more easily can Cleopatra, who is very far from being a Vestal virgin be brought to break her friendship with Antony and betray him. **cunning**: skill.

32. **edict**: the decrees of Roman magistrates, in particular, those of the Prætors (High Court Judges) had the force of law; something like *Case Law* in English legislation.

34-6. Notice how Antony takes this fall in his fortunes; how he bears up against his misfortunes; and form your opinion not



merely from the words from his lips, but from the movement ("action") of every limb and organ of his person. In III. vii 68, sq: "power" and "action" occur together again, but in a different sense.

SCENE 11

*Cæsar's Plan is nearing the Port of Success, when it is Wrecked
by a fearful Storm of Jealousy.*

1. Cleopatra's manner towards Enobarbus has changed much since her flight: before, it was insolent, overbearing; now it is irresolute, submissive.

Think, and die: take matters to heart ("think", grieve) and die; he speaks to her as a fellow-member of the Society of Diers Together.

[3-12. There is a change in Enobarbus also; his coarseness and cynicism when advising Cleopatra *not* to join in the fight at Actium, have given place to plain, serious talk about Antony for having fled with her after it.]

5. **several ranges:** rank after rank of fighting men in the land forces, and tier above tier of banks of rowers in the war-galleys.

7. **the itch:** Antony's doting fondness is compared to ring-worm of the scalp, and its disastrous effect on his generalship, to the patches of baldness caused by the hair falling off through this disease.

8. **nick'd:** curtailed, cut off.

10. **meered:** mere, sole.

15. **so:** provided.

17. **grizzled:** Antony, as he himself has said, was partly grey.

22. **something particular:** an act of personal courage on a young man's part; some action that one in the vigour of youth, may be particularly expected to perform: that is, fighting a duel.

a coward's: a cowardly ruler may own a treasury, command the services of an army and a navy; but he may use them all through the agency of others—through his treasurer, his generals, his admirals.

prevail: be successful; discharge their duties with success.

24. Or such a ruler might be a child; and yet his treasures, his armies, his fleets might be well-managed by others, his deputies.



Antony hints that Cæsar is a coward, unless he accepts his challenge to a duel.

26. To lay aside his advantages over me in these respects—his youth and his possession of "coin, ships, legions"—and meet me, now devoid of all these advantages, in single combat.

gay comparisons: exultations over me, in these respects; the Ff: reading, on which a very silly emendation into "caparisons" has been made; as ridiculous as Mrs. Malaprop's misuse of that word.

27. **me declined:** me, old, coinless, shipless, legionless.

28. **it:** the challenge.

29. **high-battled:** proud in the command of legions.

30. Will descend, from the throne, on which good luck ("happiness") has placed him, to the arena to fight with a gladiator.

31-4. I see that men's judgement and good sense ("inward quality") rise and fall with their fortunes ("things outward"); and that men act with common sense in prosperity, and like fools in adversity.

suffer all alike: all judgements pass through ("suffer") the same changes ("alike") as all fortunes do.

34. **That dream:** it is inconceivable that he should be so foolish as to imagine.

35. **Knowing all measures:** having experienced all kinds and degrees of fortune.

36. **full emptiness:** enjoying all those advantages . . . deprived of them all.

subdued . . . too: deprived him of his common sense ("judgement") as well as of his kingdom ("fortune").

38. **no ceremony:** Cleopatra's sense of dignity feels hurt at this curt announcement.

39. **blown:** faded; fully opened out, and about to shed its petals.

stop nose: because it has lost its scent, and begins to smell stale.

40. **buds:** giving promise of opening full and smelling sweet.
sir: (1) like "*sirrah*", used often towards servants and inferiors, (2) (a better meaning here) she "*sirs*" her attendant with the same

bitter feeling of humiliation that made Antony "my lord" his attendant in the *Antoniad* scene.

[41-5. Enobarbus's loyalty begins to show signs of being shaken, and prepares us for his desertion: like Antony in loose living, he has a hard head, unlike him, that enables him to see clearly into the future, to which the other's softened brain blinds him. I, and my sense of loyalty begin to quarrel: I tell my loyalty that to be loyal to a fool, is to be a fool to one's self; my loyalty replies that to be loyal to one's chief in his defeat and adversity, is to be victorious over him who has defeated him, and brought him to adversity: my common sense tells me to leave Antony alone with his folly, and to join Cæsar, if I am wise; my sense of honour tells me to stick to Antony, fool as he is, and Cæsar will respect me all the more for doing so.]

46. And story: and the name of such a man is mentioned with honour in the history of his times.

47. All those present are my friends from whom I have no secrets to keep; speak without reserve in their hearing.

48. They may be Antony's friends, too; and I cannot speak without reserve to you in the presence of Antony's friends. Thyreus "strikes the keynote" of his message here—what he has to say is all in favour of Cleopatra, but all against Antony: when he says this, he looks at Enobarbus, as meaning him in particular by "Antony's friends"; Enobarbus, noticing this, very naturally replies: Therefore critics are wrong when they give the next speech to Cleopatra.

49-52. Antony needs as many friends as Cæsar has (to be able to cope with him); and if he has not as many, then *we*, his few remaining friends, are useless to him, and he cannot feel our loss; if it so pleases Cæsar, Antony will most willingly be his friend; as for us, I hardly need to tell you that if Antony becomes Cæsar's friend, we, Antony's friends, also become Cæsar's friends. This cleverly allays Thyreus's suspicion; at the same time openly indicates to him what Enobarbus has just spoken to himself—namely, that his mind is in the balance between Cæsar and Antony. If this speech is given to Cleopatra, its meaning is lost in verbiage.

52-5. Very well: I shall speak unreservedly to the queen in your presence: Cæsar begs of your royal highness to think no worse

of your present position than that you have to deal with Cæsar, and with all that that name means—justice, honour, mercy.

Go royal: proceed, if it please your majesty: Cleopatra takes up Thyreus's last word "Cæsar", and addresses, not the messenger, present in body before her, but his master, whom that word brings up to the eyes of her imagination; there is the bitterness of crushed pride in her words, when she imagines that it is her vanquisher himself who sees her and speaks to her in her humiliation, and when she replies to him, awaiting his further pleasure. Criticism has gone far astray in ascribing the words "right royal" to Thyreus, and stark mad in referring to the "laws of venery", that would make Cæsar a "hart royal", and confer the "freedom of the forest" on him.

[56, 57. Cæsar knows that you have all along professed to love Antony personally, and took his part in this war, not because you really love him, but because you fear him.

O: which way is the wind blowing now? Is it blowing from Actium towards my giving up my kingdom, or is it blowing from Octavia towards my giving up Antony? Plutarch says that behind all that love-making and love-breaking, there was much fear and distrust between Antony and Cleopatra.

58-60. The dishonour and scandal of your living openly for years as the mistress of a married man, and the disgrace of your recent defeat, have both been brought upon you against your own wishes, and against what you rightly deserve. Up to now Thyreus has been speaking in guardedly general terms upon these two delicate matters—dishonour and defeat—leaving it to Cleopatra to take up either as she chooses.

60-62. Cleopatra is now quite clear which of the two points it suits her best to take up, and she takes it up—the point of *her injured honour*, and in injured tones, she says:—O! Cæsar is a god; for, while all this wicked world talks gross scandal of me, he alone knows that I, an innocent, virtuous woman, was seduced by Antony, or rather ravished by him against my will; and he alone knows that the world has *not* treated me as I deserve, when it called me a wicked, lewd woman, who had bewitched Antony! **merely:** entirely, all against my wish. After this truthful revelation, who does not pity the much-injured Cleopatra, and abhor her wicked undoer, Antony?



62-4. Enobarbus does not: and says he will go and ask Antony for *his* version of this story; indeed, he seems to think that what he has just heard is one of the most impudent of lies! But he is less cynical about this lie of Cleopatra's ravished virtue, than he is concerned with the truth looming behind this lie; namely, that Cleopatra is going to desert Antony; and that it is time for him to make up his mind too, whether to desert him or not.]

so leaky: that friend after friend is leaving you, as people and rats leave a sinking ship; and I must be one of them.

65. **Thy dearest:** (1) (singular in sense, though plural in grammar) Cleopatra. (2) (ordinary plural) your best friends.

65-72. Thyreus understands that by all this Cleopatra means to say "Yes, Cæsar is right when he thinks that I do not love Antony, but fear him"; and proceeds:—Will you tell me if there is anything in particular that you would like to ask Cæsar for? He means to give you many things *unasked*; but he would be happy to add to them other things ("partly") that you might care to *ask* him for; and he wishes to use part of what his good fortune has brought him, for your support in your misfortunes; and his wish to help you would be warmed into zeal to make you happy, if you only say that you will give up Antony, and place yourself under Cæsar's protection. Thyreus again uses guardedly ambiguous language: he leads Cleopatra to hope, if she likes, that Cæsar offers to be her protector, in the same sense that Antony has been—that of a lover; but he immediately guards against being taken to mean that, by adding that Cæsar will protect her as he protects every subject of the Roman empire: Cæsar will be to Cleopatra a new stick for support underneath ("staff"), a new umbrella for cover overhead ("shrowd"), a new "landlord" for a lease-expired tenant (the queenship of Egypt); he will be to her a *gureeb-purwast*, a *jahān-panah*, a *chattra-pati*, a *sarvādhikari* as he is to all; but nothing to her *alone*. But Cleopatra chooses to take "protector" in that personal sense of "lover"; and says so, in language equally guarded, and cautiously brought out, in two instalments, in her next two speeches.]

72. **What's your name:** choosing to put this personal meaning on his words, she begins by taking a personal interest in their speaker, and asks to be told his name.

71-3. The arrangement of these lines as in the text is an improvement on that in the Ff:

74-8. Tell Cæsar that I submit to him as vanquished queen of Egypt, and await his will as to the future disposal of what was once my kingdom.

deputation (this is an emendation of the corrupt Ff: reading "*disputation*", which has found futile support from critics); through you, as deputy from me to Cæsar; I, as subject, kiss my suzerain's hand by proxy. **kiss**: the *kiss of allegiance* from subject to sovereign, from the conquered on the conqueror's hand, is meant here.

78-82. That is the wisest course for you to follow; and if your wisdom in pursuing it will do its utmost to undo all that your misfortune has done to you, nothing can happen ("chance") to prevent you from reaching what you wish for. Allow me, madam, most respectfully to kiss your hand. She allows him to do so, as a token that he accepts her deputation of him to Cæsar; that he accepts the office of proxy to kiss Cæsar's hand for her.

[82-5. And while he is doing so, she utters the second instalment of her thoughts, in which she insidiously hints at the *other* meaning of "kiss"—the *kiss of love*: Julius Cæsar, when *his* thoughts were bent upon conquering kingdoms, had a thought to spare for love, and he kissed that poor hand of mine (then, as now, the hand of a suppliant) with showers of the kisses of love; and, she adds within herself, from all that his ambassador has said, it looks as if Cæsar's adopted son has a mind to do the same: return my kiss of allegiance with his kiss of love.

We have seen Cleopatra play many parts, and shine in every one; here she plays and shines in the part of a diplomatist, incidentally posing in its course as a very Lucretia of Egypt, the victim of injured virtue!

At this moment of the bestowal of Thyreus's kiss of deputation, and Cleopatra's speech of the kiss of love, enters green-eyed Jealousy.

85. **Jove that thunders**: Jupiter Tonans, in Latin, when that god was in wrath: Antony swears appropriately, being himself in a thundering rage and speaking in a thundering voice, at the sight he sees, and in blind jealousy mistakes the meaning of. **favours**: kisses.

87. **fullest**: "full" as in l. 35. I am ambassador from Cæsar, and am carrying out Cæsar's orders; what you call "favours" is entirely a necessary incident in carrying out those orders.

88. Enobarbus is an unerring prophet in things great and small, immediate or distant; here his prophecy is immediately fulfilled.

89. **Approach, there**: Antony calls out impatiently to his attendants. **kite**: a term of reproach for inordinate lust: applied to Goneril in *King Lear*, to Cressida in *Henry V*, and here to Cleopatra.

90. **Now me**: because no attendant comes in at once at his call. **Ho**: a call to servants; often so used.

91. **muss**: scramble for nuts or other small things thrown to them.

92. **Your will**: this was once the regular reply of servants to a master's call: Bengali কি আজ্ঞা? *ki agna*.

93. **Jack**: saucy fellow.

94. It is safer to pull a lion's cub by the tail than an old lion by his, when dying: Antony in the wane of his power, is the latter; Cæsar is the former. You might have been saucy with Cæsar safely, you cannot be that with Antony.

96. **Scan**: Whip him/ (4 iambics)/-butárs/1st foot trochee, in 6th foot -rs for -ries: the line being an Alexandrine.

98. Another Alexandrine. **What her name**: she cannot be the woman I once knew; spoken in great contempt.

99. **was Cleopatra**: and whose name was Cleopatra.

100. **cringe**: lower his face and cover it with his hands: this is a gross insult to him whose ambassador he was. Cæsar treated the poor schoolmaster with all the respect due to an ambassador.

103. **again**: back.

105-109. This, and more below, is what Enobarbus said (l. 63) he would like to ask Antony about; and without having to ask him, he hears Antony's version of Cleopatra's character.

[**blasted**: blighted in character, fly-blown in reputation; the reference is to her morals, not, as some critics say, to her decayed beauty or to her advancing age.]



106-108. Had I been faithful to Octavia, and the father of a family by her. **abused**: deceived.

109. **looks on feeders**: bestows favours on parasites.

110. **boggler**: changeful, fickle; we have heard of the long succession of her lovers.

[111-5. When we are hardened in vice, the gods in their wisdom (to punish us as we deserve) close up our eyes, take our clear sense of the difference between virtue and vice, out of our brains, and drop it into our ordure; and make us adore our vices as if they were virtues; and the gods laugh at us, when they see us stepping ("strutting"), proud of being vicious, on to our destruction.]

seel: a hawking term for sewing up a hawk's eyelids when it is moulting.

filth: excrements; used on purpose to make this picture of vice loathsome; the gods make us mistake the filthiness of vice for the purity of virtue; and the purity of virtue for the filth of vice.

laugh: Greek and Roman philosophy taught that the gods make playthings of mankind, laugh at their follies, and, through their follies, make them effect their own ruin.

116-22. In I. v. 31 sq: Cleopatra described with pride her conquests over successive lovers, using a simile; though Antony never heard her there, he here uses the same simile unconsciously, but turns it into contempt; and adds something of his own about her more vulgar amours.

cold: she was already cold meat, a stale woman of pleasure, when she knew Cæsar.

117. **dead Cæsar**: he kept her as his mistress till his death.

fragment: the leavings of Cæsar became a tempting morsel, in turn, for Cnæus Pompey. **Of**: for, on which he in turn fed. While using her very word "morsel", Antony unconsciously exposes her mendacity in I. v. 31. "Cnæus" was the prænomen of both Pompey and his elder son, and Antony by giving it without "Great" means that it was the son (as in fact it was), while she had falsely insinuated that it was the father: the son had been in Egypt in command of cavalry stationed at Alexandria, to watch Ptolemy XII, Cleopatra's brother and rival for the throne.



118. **hotter hours**: younger days; Cleopatra was married at the age of seventeen to a brother (by a custom of Egyptian royal succession) who shortly after died a suspicious death; when she was married to a younger brother, a mere boy (on his succeeding his elder brother on the throne); and during this married life she had indulged in a course of unchastity, of which, Antony says, the scandal is less known to people than her later ones that he has mentioned.

120. **Luxuriously**: licentiously; an earlier meaning from Latin.

121. **temperance**: continence, chastity.

124. **quit**: requite; say so, like a whining beggar or a fawning parasite.

125. **this . . . seal**: on which a kiss from a king (Antony himself) has sealed his love: you gave your hand to be kissed by a fellow who would be profusely grateful to receive a few coins from it in charity.

126, 127. The hills of Basan, its bulls, their roaring, are all mentioned in the Old Testament. **horned herd**: referring to the horns of the cuckold, such, Antony thinks, as he has been made.

129. **civilly**: in a quiet way, instead of roaring it out savagely.

131. **Yare**: quick; so "yarely" in the Tempest.

133. We may well doubt what they say, for they said what he thought would please Antony most: very likely neither did they "well" whip him, nor did he "ask favour". His reply is evasive.

138. **fever**: caused by remembrance of what it has cost you to touch it.

141. When Antony *says* he feels angry and repeats it (l. 143), we may be sure that his anger has cooled enough to let him say so: he is ever the quickly changing man of impulse.

[145-7. The stars that were in the ascendant at my birth, and ever since, as they moved in their spheres, shed their fair, benign light to guide me on the path of life that led to prosperity, have now shot away wildly from their spheres, and flash their fierce, malign fire upon the descent down which I am rushing to ruin and to hell.]

149. Thyreus himself was a freed man of Cæsar's, and his name was *Thyrsus*, mis-spelt in the text from the English translation. He leaves without speaking a word, for he knows what this treatment of the privileged person of an ambassador will cost Antony, and he knows that he has succeeded in his mission to Cleopatra, and he

knows that Antony has no suspicion of what this mission is, but is quite mistaken as to the meaning of what he has seen.

[153. Cleopatra's six short remarks between ll. 109 and 157, mark the successive steps with which she regains her hold, as Antony's anger cools down; and then with her speech of ll. 158-67 completes the work of reclamation, and recovery of all the ground she had apparently lost for good.]

Have . . yet: now that he is gone, cannot you stop reproaching me ?

[153-5. And the moon, constant attendant on our earth, ("terrene") is now eclipsed, and shines no more on it—a sure sign of an impending calamity; and that calamity is the fall of Antony. He has sworn before too by moon and stars, and looks upon these as the heavenly guides and friends of his life, who are now deserting him, as all earthly friends (including Cleopatra) have deserted him; he bewails his present lot, bereft as he now is of *all* friends on earth and in the heavens. It is a mistake to take "*terrene moon*" to mean Cleopatra (a moon on earth).]

I . . time: I must bide my time till he is in a better state of mind ("his time") to be told what I have to tell him: I must wait till he gets over these lures and high flights of his. He is getting over them quickly enough, as his next two short speeches show him, coming down from moons and stars back again to Cleopatra.

156. points: laces: a valet who dresses and undresses his master is meant.

157. Not . . yet: not know my heart ever faithful yet ?

[158-67. Her unerring penetration sees that *now* is "his time" come and hers too; and she orders a general advance of her forces, before which Antony falls and surrenders at once. She takes her cue from his last words, and on the instant, improvises this oath:—If ever my heart has warmed towards another, and cooled towards you, may the gods turn that old heart into hailstones, and poison these hailstones with the poison of faithlessness; and may the first poisoned hailstone fall on my false bosom ("neck") and as it dissolves ("*determines*", ceases to be solid, melts), may its poison dissolve (put an end to) my life; and may the next hailstone fall on



and kill Cæsarion; and may the next two kill my and your two sons; and may the rest of the hailstones kill all my dear subjects in my kingdom Egypt; so that this universal poison-hailstorm (like a very *eleventh* plague of Egypt) will depopulate Egypt, and no human being will be left alive to bury the dead, and all the dead will be eaten up by flies and worms, and so receive burial only in the bellies of these creatures! Are we to be smitten with silent awe at the tremendousness of this oath, or to laugh outright at its absurdity? One of the *ten* plagues of Egypt in the Old Testament *was* that of a hailstorm that smote man and beast, tree and corn.

As her invocation brings on no hailstorm and nobody dies, it is clear that her heart was *not* cold towards Antony, who at once accepts the proof, and is satisfied. Cleopatra, on her part, could with a clear conscience swear that her heart was not cold, for it was not love-making but hatching his betrayal that he saw. Another storm met and safely weathered by this skilful pilot: the last is still to come.]

161. **determines**: ends, melts, and the liberated poison permeates her body.

162. **Dissolve**: (my life) melt away with the melting hail. Cleopatra in death, as in life, is an Epicurean, and wishes for a gentle passing away from life into death, see V. ii 5-9.

163. **memory . . . womb**: my children, who, had they lived, would have made the world remember that I had been a mother.

165. **discandying**: melting; sugar-candy is solid crystallized sugar: Sans: *khanda*, solid piece.

167. Antony, by the tremendousness of the oath, and her impassioned manner in taking it, is satisfied that his jealousy was groundless.

168. **sits down in**: has encamped before.

170, 171. My scattered fleet has again joined up, and now rides at anchor in the harbour, looking most formidable, and eager for another fight. **fleet**: float.

172. **where . . . heart**: why did I feel discouraged (after Actium), when my power, by both sea and land, is still so formidable?

174. **in blood**: covered with glory, and with the blood of my vanquished foe: (the meaning is *not* "in good condition"); I shall

present myself before you like a Mars, after battle and victory, before his Venus; Antony has just appeared as thundering Jupiter (l. 85); and he means to appear shortly as bloody Mars, before her: boastful Mars, crafty Venus! But there is a tragic meaning behind all this "blood and thunder" boasting: Antony does appear in blood before her, but it is his own blood, ebbing his own life away. Biographers tell us that Mozart used to compose his music (a whole opera or symphony) all in his head, before writing it off all at one heat; if so, he was like Shakespeare, who had, as we have proofs, his plot and his language all in his head, before he began to write.]

175. **earn our chronicle**: be handed down to fame in history, as Cæsar's vanquisher.

176. To his "my lady" she responds with "my lord", and does not use a warmer word till l. 186.

178. **maliciously**: with all the strength of hatred.

179, 180. In the days of my prosperity, I liked to jest and trifle, and to be jested at and trifled with; so that people, wishing to ransom captives from me, would ply me, not with ransom-money, but with witticisms, and would succeed with me. Plutarch tells stories of Antony's mad extravagance to friends and parasites.

181. But now I will ransom none for money or jest, but will put to death every captive I make from Cæsar.

182. **gaudy night**: night of revelry: this is destined to be his last celebration festival with the Diers Together.

184. She again takes her cue from him.

185, 186. I thought of keeping it up in a way that befits my fallen fortunes; but since Antony has unsaid his unkind word that I "*was*" Cleopatra (l. 99), by now saying that I *am* Cleopatra again, I will be that Cleopatra again, and he my Antony; and I shall celebrate my birthday for *his* sake, and as befits *him*. These lines too have been mis-explained.

190. I'll make them drunk to saturation, so that wine will ooze out of the scars of their old wounds, whence fresh blood once flowed.

191-3. There is life and hope ("sap") yet left, for I mean to enter into friendly rivalry and emulation with Death, by killing as many men with my sword, as he can kill with his scythe; I'll kill



as many men in the impending battle, as Death can manage to kill in his usual way through old age and disease.

love me: look upon me as a very brother and fellow-craftsman in the art of killing. Death and Time are each represented allegorically as armed with a scythe. In Burns's days there was a similar rivalry between Death and Dr. Hornbook of the Clachan, which drove the former nearly out of the trade.

[194-200. Like the chorus that he is, Enobarbus moralizes:—Now he is in the mood to rival Jove's lightning, as a few minutes ago, he rivalled Jove's thunder. (Antony in his two last speeches has had lightning in his eyes, as, then, he had thunder in his voice); but the plain fact is that he is feeling afraid; and is trying to shake off fear with bluster, to deceive others and himself into believing that he is not afraid; his present mood is like the desperate courage of fear that drives a dove to show fight to a hawk; I have been noticing for some time that the smaller my chief's brain is getting, the larger is his heart growing—the more a fool he makes himself to be, the more a man of courage he fancies himself to be; when courage of this kind is fed, and common sense is starved, the warrior's sword gets rusted with the fool's folly, and strikes without cutting; I am disgusted with Antony, and must try to leave him. Enobarbus sees the incidents of this scene in their proper light; and critics, if they saw them too, would not have gone into the excesses of admiring sentimentality that they have, over them—such as, Antony is an "archangel ruined" "a brilliantly gifted nature etc.]

196. **estridge:** (1) ostrich; but then instead of "*dove*" there should have been "*sparrow*", as the opposition meant would have been one in relative size. (2) hawk; where the opposition is between bird of prey and its prey: the word is found used in both senses.

ACT IV

SCENE 1

Cæsar on the Eve of Battle

1-6. He calls me a boy; he has sent me a challenge; he talks of driving me out of Egypt; he has insulted *me* by insulting my ambassador; the man is mad, and I laugh at him.

4. Cæsar, in the flush of power and victory, to fight against Antony, powerless, defeated. **old ruffian:** blustering old fool, who thinks of settling everything with a word and a blow.

5. I have many other and better ways of dying (if I choose to die), than by getting myself killed by an old bully in a duel. I have: Plutarch plainly says, "*Antony* has many (other) ways of dying"; the French and English translations made this ambiguous by putting it in the indirect narrative—"Cæsar replied to Antony that *he* had" etc. Shakespeare clears up the ambiguity by saying, "I, *Cæsar*, have etc.". Plutarch meant to say, "If Antony wishes to die, I will not kill him, to give him his wish; let him get himself killed in some other way, of which there are many". [Shakespeare means to say, "I will not risk my life in a duel with a fire-eating fool, who looks on duelling as the duty of a man of honour, and expects me to be fool enough to look upon it as such also. This does not make Cæsar "a coward" and Antony "a noble nature", as some critics make them out to be.]

6-10. You know well, when a man rants and rages like this, that he is driven to despair, brought to bay, and is near his end; give him no breathing time, but take present advantage of his madness, for a man in a fury can never defend himself effectually.

10-16. Inform the heads of my army and fleet that to-morrow is to be fought the decisive action that is to end this war; the rank and file from Antony's army and fleet have deserted to me in numbers sufficient to compel his surrender; give all my soldiers and sailors a good feast; there is plenty of supplies for one; and they well deserve this indulgence which I would otherwise have looked upon as waste.]



11. **the last**: there will be no need for further fighting after to-morrow's.

14. **fetch him in**: bring him in to me as prisoner; Cæsar was especially anxious that Antony should not be killed: contrast this with Antony's thirst for Cæsar's blood.

See: an emphatic word, and a doubly stressed monosyllable counting as a foot in scanning.

15. Cæsar feasts *all* his men; Antony is going to feast himself, his Cleopatra, and his intimates.

store: Cæsar's foresight has provided ample supplies for the army during the campaign.

16. **waste**: Cæsar's parsimony will not allow any waste of them. **Poor Antony**: Cæsar's concern for one who is now at the end of his career.

SCENE 2

Antony on the Eve of Battle

3. Because his advantages over you in a battle are as twenty to one, he thinks that the odds in his favour in a duel are as twenty to one also; and he is too generous to put you to *that* disadvantage; he wouldn't mind fighting a duel alone himself against twenty Antonies, for that, would be a fair match with no odds. Enobarbus is sarcastic as of old.

5-7. Very well; as he won't fight me singly, I will fight him with all my forces by sea and land; and either I shall live after it, victorious, or die in it, vanquished; but even in defeat I shall inflict such bloody losses on the victor, that my name shall live and be honoured for ever, though I die to-morrow in it. How do *you* mean to fight?

I'll . . . Take all: I will fight a losing fight; but will tell the enemy to take my life, for that will be all I have to give.

13. I have treated you as I treated kings, making no distinction, because you served me well.

What . . . this: What is he doing, shaking hands with servants and speaking to them in this way?



14. It is one of those strange freaks that grief drives us to do, as on a sudden impulse ("shoots").

16-9. I wish I could become twenty household servants, and you all could be joined together to make one Antony; so that I could serve you as honourably as you have served me. Enobarbus's odds of twenty to one are running in Antony's excited mind.

19. **the gods forbid:** the gods forbid that *you* should serve us!

20-23. Well, as you won't have me serve you, do you serve me for to-night only, and show me all the attention that you used to show in days when an empire used to obey my commands, as readily as you then obeyed them.

Scant cups: don't spare the drink; pour it out generously.
your fellow: your fellow-servant to me.

25. **period . . . duty:** last time that you will wait on me.

27. **mangled shadow:** a corpse, wounded and gashed; the dead body of him who had once been the living Antony; in scanning, there is a pause after "*shadow*."

30, 31. I do not dismiss you from my service; I look upon myself as a husband and your services to me as my wife, and remain faithful till death to this marriage vow. If only Antony, so faithful to *this* wife, had been faithful also to that *other* wife whom he has deserted! And how does Cleopatra feel, when she hears him speak of a marriage vow?

33. **yield you:** may they reward you.

What Sir: Enobarbus thinks it is high time to put an end to this tragi-comedy, which afflicts the poor servants so sorely, and puts Cleopatra out of countenance so awkwardly. This speech of Antony's follows Plutarch's narrative closely.

35. This is the *only* occasion on which Enobarbus sheds a tear in the play.

36. Antony affects to laugh it off with this horse-laugh.

37. The devil take me, if I meant them to take it so much to heart, as to weep; see, *I* laugh.

38. May the divine blessing spring up from these tears. When Antony had moved the people to tears for Julius Cæsar's death, he said "these are gracious tears", they are holy tears.

My hearty friends: Antony now turns from the servants to the rest of the company. **hearty:** courageous.

41. To spend the night in drinking; the conceit here is that the torches, burning all night in the supper hall, would be burning the night itself, till it was burnt out completely at daybreak.

hearts: bold companions in arms.

43, 44. Plutarch says that to undo the effects of his own words above, Antony now told them that he was confident of success; and was going to lead them to victory and life, and not to defeat and death.

45. **drown consideration:** drown in wine all reflections upon the uncertainty of to-morrow's result.

SCENE 3

The Spirit of Hercules, Antony's ancestor, leaves him to his Fate.

5. He is unwilling to give out what he had heard, as it looks like bad news for Antony.

6. The two part company, each going to a different post, to stand on guard there.

7, 8. The second soldier gives this reminder to the third and fourth, as they enter; the third repeats back the reminder to the second and first, and the fourth points to where he and the third one are to post themselves. All four now are at different points on guard, but within speaking distance.

13. **air . . . earth:** therefore, this must be supernatural music, seeming to come as it does, from above, from below.

14. **signs . . . no:** it portends good; no, it portends evil. After all this uncertainty, sentinels and readers are relieved from suspense by the second soldier at last coming out with the rumour he has heard.

16. Plutarch says it was Bacchus, and that it was the sound of both voices and instruments, the cry of shouting and dancing people, all like a troop of bacchanals in procession. This music then well suits Bacchus, but why should he leave Antony just when he is worshipping him so devoutly? Shakespeare, then, makes it to be Hercules, whom it well suits to leave his descendant, in displeasure at his

ignoble indulgence in revelry, on the eve of an arduous labour; but, again, why should such noisy music accompany the god of work and labour?

21. **so quarter:** as far as our sentry's beat will allow us.

22. Let us see how the thing will end: by all means let us.

Content: agreed; we all agree.

SCENE 4

Venus arms Mars for Battle

1. **Sleep a little:** Antony has had no sleep, having kept up the whole night carousing, as he had said he meant to.

3. **mine iron:** (1) my armour; he speaks lightly of his armour, as if he cared little for its protection. (2) reading "*thine iron*" with the Ff: the thing of iron that I see in your hand; which would be speaking still more slightly about his armour.

4, 5. If Fortune is not for us, but against us, it is because we defy her to do her worst, and despise to pray to her to grant us her favours.

6-8. The Folio distribution of these lines was corrupt, and has been re-arranged thus:—*Cleo:* Where is this piece meant to be put on? *Ant:* Let it alone; you know best how to arm my heart, leave it to the boy to arm my body; there, you are putting that piece in the wrong place; it should be put on here, in *this* place. *Cleo:* So it should; I *must* help to arm you; *this* is how the piece is to be put on, I'm sure.

9-11. Well, help, if you must; I *must* succeed, after being armed by *you*; my boy, do you see how well the queen has put the pieces on me; go now, and put on your own armour. *Eros:* I'll go shortly, sir. *Cleo:* Haven't I fastened this buckle quite as it should be? *Ant:* O! quite, quite. Eros did not go out when asked to do so, but stood watching Cleopatra putting on piece after piece, taking them from his hand, and quietly pointing out to her the proper place for each.

12-7. The man that attempts to unfasten that buckle, before I wish it to be unfastened, which will not be before the battle is over.

and when I wish to repose after it (and, I need hardly say, after my victory)—that man will hear and feel a storm of blows raining from my sword upon his own armour: I'll batter to pieces any fellow that dares try to unfasten, at any time during battle, that buckle fastened by my lady-queen with her own hands. Why, Eros you are quite a bungler; my queen is a better squire than you are; hasten, and finish arming me. O! my love, if you could but be a spectator of the battle, and find that art of kings in operation, you would see in me a king who is an expert in that art. What are Cleopatra's feelings when she has been arming Antony, and when she hears him speak thus, and is secretly conscious that she is arming him with the hope, not of his victory, but of his defeat, and that he is inviting her to witness, not the triumph of his skill as an expert in the art of war, but the success of her own treachery in betraying him, the blind victim of her own artfulness?

14. **fumblest**: art awkward; this is meant to be a gallant compliment to Cleopatra, rather than to be true about Eros; in fact, it is Cleopatra who is awkward: Eros, wisely, says nothing, but sees that she puts things on properly.

15. **tight**: handy, smart.

despatch: be quick; she has been long enough at the work, that she has, in her own impulsive way, snatched out of Eros's hands, and yet has let him direct her silently what to do: Antony chivalrously shuts his eyes to her awkwardness, and loudly praises it as the perfection of skill. *

17. **royal occupation**: war, which is the trade and profession of kings.

18. **workman**: skilled workman, expert.

19-21. Your looks show that you bring a message from the army. I take pleasure in business connected with it, and am up early, as you see, to attend to it: beneath all this profession, he has the uneasy consciousness that he is not speaking the truth.

21-3. Early as it is, sir, a thousand men are already under arms, and are waiting at the city gates for your presence.

Captains and Soldiers: these are a detachment from the 1000 men above, come to escort Antony to the city gates.

25. 'Tis well blown: that flourish of trumpets you gave for me was blown as it should be—loud and clear: Antony's mind dwells on showy trifles like these, in the midst of the serious business of war and battle: Cæsar attends to essentials in that business. (IV. vi. 9). It is a mistake to explain this as "the morning is blossoming" or as "the sun is shining bright".

27. The morning opens bright, as a youth, who means to become famous in after life, begins to shine early in life: this bright morning gives promise of a still brighter day (*viz.* victory for us).

28. Antony is greatly excited, and turns hurriedly from one thing to another:—that's right, just give me that gauntlet, come this way (or, fit it on this way), you say the very thing that should be said (or you've done it smartly, if "said" can be taken to mean "done").

32. **more compliment:** an unsoldierly leave-taking; only a common working-man's way of taking leave of wife or sweetheart.

33. And thus does Antony go forth to battle, jaunty in manner, flurried in mind.

37, 38. I heartily wish that a duel between Antony and Cæsar were to end this war; for then Antony would be sure to win; and Antony, I would have been yours, and you mine, for our lives; but now, as things have turned out, a battle between their forces must decide, not a duel, and then—(the rest is buried in her crafty bosom: *we*, the readers, who can see into it, know it is this—and then Cæsar is sure to win; and then I'll lay my crown at his feet; and then perhaps he will kiss my hand as his grand-uncle did). See III. xi. 76 sq :

SCENE 5

Antony is deserted by Enobarbus

2. When too late, Antony is sorry that he did not follow this scarred veteran's imploring counsel, and fight by land at Actium.

4. In Plutarch, Enobarbus deserts Antony on the eve of Actium; Shakespeare for artistic reasons defers the desertion till now.

7. **call:** ask for him to be near thee again, and be again thy friend and councillor.

10. He has left empty-handed, and has not done what many deserters have done—carried away a good bundle with them when going. Plutarch says that Antony had recently commended a soldier to Cleopatra for bravery, that she had presented him with a breast-plate and helmet, both of gold, and that, having received them, he, that very night, deserted to Cæsar. Shakespeare uses this incident later on, in an altered form; IV. viii. 27.

12. The return of these treasures, with this letter from Antony, is what broke Enobarbus's heart.

14. **subscribe**: sign my name at the foot of what you write.

17. This is Antony's farewell to Enobarbus, his "candid friend" who does not hear it; but who, shall we say, feels it all the same, by telepathy. See IV. vi. 37.

SCENE 6

Antony's Generosity breaks the Deserter's Heart

2. Cæsar is anxious to save Antony's life, who had been eager to take his.

5-7. Cæsar makes War to establish Peace; makes War on Antony to give Peace to the World.

is near: this was fulfilled in B.C. 29, when war ceased throughout the Roman empire, and the temple of Janus was closed, as a public announcement of the Reign of Peace over it.

universal peace: Suetonius says that Augustus "established universal peace both by sea and land"; one of the interpretations put on the prophecy in Virgil's *Fourth Eclogue*, makes out Augustus to be the person meant in it, who shall bring about that "golden age"; the words in the Bible, "On earth peace, goodwill towards men", sung by the heavenly host at Christ's birth, have been taken to mean a permanent re-establishment of this universal peace, under the rule of a Messiah; Vespasian, posing as a second Augustus, closed the temple of Janus after the fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, only to re-open it; the Millenarians have been looking forward for nearly 2000 years to its coming; an emperor in the 19th century thought he had re-established it with "the empire it is Peace", and broke it himself;

in our own days, Socialism talks of it in the same breath as of class-warfare, and the League of Nations works for it after experience of the Great War; such is mankind's longing for Peace, and such has been its proclivity to War, that Universal Peace has been no more than a Perpetual Dream. **three-nook'd world:** (1) the world, hitherto shared between three rulers—the triumvirate; in this sense is used "the three-fold world" in *Julius Cæsar*. (2) the whole world; in this sense is used "the corners of the world" in *King John*; the objection here is that a square or a circle, not a triangle, suggests the idea of wholeness, and that in *King John* there is a fourth corner, that is ready to fight the other three corners of the world. The explanation (1) is correct, though one corner has been eliminated, and there are only two left. (3) the world, as represented with three great capes in an old map; this is hardly worth noticing.

[**the olive:** the emblem of peace; how it came to be so, is explained (1) by some from the story of Noah's flood, when the dove returned to Noah in the Ark, with an olive leaf in its bill, as a sign that the flood was abating, with the abatement of God's wrath against mankind; (2) by others, from the use of the olive as an article of food in the Mediterranean countries, and its destruction in war time.]

bear freely: enjoy to the full the fruits of peace.

9-11. Cæsar posted the numerous deserters in the van that Antony might see their numbers and so be deterred from making a fruitless sacrifice of life, and be induced to surrender, without making a hopeless resistance.

spend . . . himself: fight, like a mad man, against himself, against his own men, against his own interests.

[11-6. Alexas was sent by Antony to dissuade Herod from deserting him; but, betraying his master, he stayed with Herod, when the latter deserted to Cæsar; presented himself before Cæsar, in hopes of meeting with his favour; but was put to death by him, who knew of his activity in Cleopatra's service to prevent Antony's return to Octavia.]

12. **did . . . went:** had treason to Antony in his heart when he went; his actual "revolt" took place *after* he went, not before; and to get this meaning a reading is "did revolt; he went" etc.]

13. This line should begin with "*on*" which should be transferred here from the end of l. 12.

persuade: (1) the Ff: reading is "*did dissuade*"; and the sense is:—"he went there to dissuade Herod *from inclining* to Cæsar and *from leaving* Antony": this was his mission, but he did not carry it out. (2) an emended reading is "*did persuade*" (which is also the very word in North's *Plutarch*); and the sense is:—"he went there, and did persuade Herod to incline to Cæsar, and to leave Antony"; this is what he actually did.

15. **this pains:** this service; namely, that which he actually rendered as in (2) above, in violation of his mission as in (1) above: Enobarbus, with his usual irony, says that the only *reward* Alexas got for deserting Antony and rendering a service to Cæsar, was to be hanged by Cæsar. The Ff: reading in (1) above therefore is corrupt.

17. **have entertainment:** have been received into his service, (but in subordinate capacities).

18. **I . . . ill:** Enobarbus's remorse, as his reflections on the fate of the other deserters show, arises from *material* grounds: I am sorry I deserted to Cæsar, for he does not seem to have a high opinion of deserters, or to trust them much: the announcement of Antony's generosity that immediately follows on these reflections deepens his remorse into one arising from *moral* grounds, not so familiar to his cynical nature: his present remorse only makes him say, "all joy is gone from my life"; the remorse that follows makes him say "I will go and die in a ditch" (l. 38).

22. **bounty overplus:** with a gift from himself over and above the return of your own property.

23. **on my guard:** to the post where I was stationed on guard.

24. **I . . . you:** As is the case with cynics, Enobarbus cannot easily believe in generosity like Antony's; he thinks the soldier is trying to hoax him, and tells him to take for himself *everything* that the messenger has brought, for he is confident he has brought *nothing*.

25. Don't speak as if you think I am playing off a joke on you.



26. **safed . . . hest** : brought him safely through the camp, by yourself escorting him and his mule-loads of valuables.

27. I must go back to my post where I am on duty.

29. The messenger says that Antony is as "game", as jovial-hearted, as ever.

30. I am the worst villain on earth; there is not another like me.

[32-4. If you repay my treachery with gold, how much more bountifully would you have rewarded my loyalty!

mine : you send me mule-loads of gold for deserting you: how much of a whole mine of gold would you have given me for continuing to be loyal! This materialistic way of speaking suits the speaker's nature.]

35. **thought . . . it** : this is Enobarbus's last prediction; it is about himself; and it comes true.

34-6. This swells my heart ("blows") near bursting; and if grief does not quickly ("swift") burst it, I shall find a quicker way to break it, by killing myself; but I feel that I shall die of grief quickly enough.

blows : swells near to bursting. **break it** : kill me. **outstrike** : strike quicker than.

37. **I . . . thee** : O! Antony, I could not fight against you. He speaks to Antony, as Antony had spoken to him far apart in body from each other, but each hearing the other in spirit.

[38. **foulest . . . life** : the foulest of deaths befits the last and foulest part of my life—my treachery. The poor sensualist turned cynic means to die like a dog in a ditch; ("cynic", Gk : *kunikos*, lit : dog-like, snarling and barking; applied to a sect of philosophers).

SCENE 7

Battle begins with a Ray of Hope for Antony

1-3. A premature advance of Cæsar's troops is retrieved by an orderly retirement.

2. Cæsar himself had to take the field, to stem the reverse.

4, 5. We have fought well indeed; had we fought like this at Actium ("at first") we would have driven Cæsar and his army back to Italy, with their heads all bandaged up for wounds. Both Antony



and his general exaggerate their success; there is personal bravery, with ill-timed bragging on their side; generalship and cool calculation on the other side.

8, 9. Scarus makes light of his wounds: I received a wound or two here first, and then another wound or two here, close to the first; the first two made a wound like a T, and the next two made the T look like a double T or an H, as you can see: he talks of these four gashes as if they were mere tattoo marks, and gaily puns on "h" and "aitch", as "ache" (pain) was once pronounced: four gaping wounds close to one another are to him a nothing, a mere joke.

9. After cracking this joke on himself, he cracks another on the enemy—but it is a very dirty one: we'll drive them from the battlefield to seek refuge in privies, and there to give vent to their fears—and their bowels—in safety from our pursuit.

10. I've found room on my body for half a dozen wounds and can find room for half a dozen more.

12. **score**: wound and disable, as hares are hounded and disabled with sticks; they are hardly worth using our swords on.

13. **hares**: because they are running away as hard as they can, like hares before hounds. This, then, is how Antony's general and second in command talks of this action.

15. **spritely comfort**: the way you keep up my spirits with your jokes: Antony once used to let his captives be ransomed with jokes; he here rewards his commander-in-chief for his jokes.

once . . . ten times: the latter reward is to be ten times the former; is to be ten to one ("once").

16. **thee**: used lightly for the serious "thou".

17. **halt after**: Scarus must be very badly wounded.

SCENE 8

Antony mistakes the Ray for the full Sunshine of Victory

2. **gests**: deeds of valour, exploits: the Ff: reading is "quests", as if Antony was already thinking of celebrating the expected victory with a feast; but it is too abrupt, even for his nature, to inform

the queen of his intended *gests* before informing her of the *gests* they are intended to celebrate.

6, 7. You have fought, each as if for his own personal cause, and not as for the cause of another—my cause, common to you all.

Hector: famous as the bravest of the Trojan chiefs; also famous as being an overbearing bully; the comparison therefore well suits Antony's braves, who are, like their general, fighters and braggarts all. **shown**: appeared like, shown yourselves to be.

9. **feats**: "gests" (1. 2) like my own.

10. **congealment**: clotted blood.

11. **kiss . . . whole**: heal your honourable wounds with the balm of their kisses.

12. **great fairy**: the fairy queen who bestows honours upon her brave knights; the fairy god-mother who bestows gifts upon her god-children. There is no reference here to Cleopatra the Enchantress; but it is to Cleopatra the Munificent.

13. **day . . . world**: light of the world; empress of the Roman world; a *Noor Jahan* of Egypt.

14. **chain**: encircle with thine arms.

Attire and all: all in your soft attire; the imagery is this:—Cleopatra in her attire of muslin gauze (linen took the place of silk in ancient Egypt) penetrates through Antony's armour of iron (that swords of steel could not penetrate, "*proof*") right to his heart, without ruffling a fold of her dress ("*all*"); her guage could penetrate where steel could not.

15. And sit enthroned on his beating heart, as upon a chariot in a triumphal procession; the triumph being for a victory which he thinks is as good as won.

16. **pants**: the beatings of his heart are the nearest approach in this metaphor to the motion of the chariot, set on springs: there is an absurd explanation attempted here about "an admiral's ship on the billows after a storm".

What a picture this is:—how ridiculous of an old, doting fool to draw; how pathetic, when the fool is also a betrayed man, who speaks thus of his betrayer!

16-8. Cæsar's Cæsar, conqueror of the conqueror, *shah-in-shah*, boundless Valour incarnate, hast thou returned to my heart, with the

smile of victory on thy face, safely escaped from the perils of a battle, in which the fate of an empire was at stake? But why does she so strangely call the battle a "*snare*", and his victory an escape from it? It is because this double-faced woman had herself laid the snare for him, and he had not fallen into it: that snare was her corruption of Antony's troops, to bring about his defeat; and her audacity mentions the snare, without a fear that he will see the double meaning in it; but that heart of hers, that he has asked to leap on to his, and ride triumphantly on it, pulls a long face at his escape, while her false lips smile welcome on him. Cleopatra now appears in the blackest side of her character.

18. **My nightingale**: that singest so sweetly to my ears; Cleopatra has set forth all the powers of her voice, that instrument of many strings that we know it to be, of which it was a pleasure to hear the mere sound; Antony little dreams that his nightingale's voice was in reality the voice of a Siren, sweet only to attract and destroy.

19. **beds**: to sleep, if they can; the first day's battle is over, and it is to be renewed to-morrow, when he means to make them sleep for ever in their graves.

[19-22. What though I am twice that young man's age; my brains are still as fresh and vigorous as his, my muscles "*nerves*" as well strung as his; and, mind to mind, body to body, I can win round for round; match for match ("*goal*"), against him (Antony means that against the result of the match at Actium, he has now that of the match at Alexandria to set off); to-day he and I are quits, to-morrow, I mean to——well, we shall see!]

[23, 24. At the request of her lord the bashful Cleopatra holds out her hand, and at the command of his chief, the dutiful Scarus kisses it. We have seen another, and very different, hand-kissing scene.]

26. Such a shape: that of this *man*, who fought like a *god*.

27, 28. In Plutarch this present was made to a nameless officer, and some time ago, (IV. v. 10); for artistic effect, Shakespeare transfers it here. Scarus meets with a very different reception next day. a **king's**: it may have been so; but by this time we have become careful about accepting the truth of everything she says.

carbuncled car: as dazzling as the sun, as flaming as the chariot of the sun-god.

31. Carry in procession the shields, as much hacked as the brave men who bore them in to-day's fight were grievously wounded; there were many men and many shields with T's or H's on them.

32-5. If there was room enough in the palace, I would have liked to feast the whole army, and with them, drink success to to-morrow's battle, that will decide the fate of a kingdom.

35-9. Trumpeters, go in advance, and loudly announce my approach (from the camp here) to the city, and let the drums beat at the same time, so that these mingled sounds may rise from earth to heaven, and be echoed back from heaven to earth; and heaven and earth may both seem to rejoice together at my victorious entry into the city. And thus, with these martial theatricals, and with a fool's hopes, does this first day's battle close for Antony.]

SCENE 9

Repentance and Death of Enobarbus

[1, 2. The first day's battle of which Antony has been making so much, had in fact produced little effect on Cæsar's army; that army had merely fallen back on its camp, in perfect discipline (no running like hares); outposts had been placed all round, of which one is composed of these soldiers here; and they have orders that show an advance is to be made again next morning: if we are not relieved after our time is up, we have orders ("must") to return to the general court of guard; (where sentries from outposts report themselves when relieved; and from where they will be drafted to their several companies, for the advance in line to next morning's action). What a contrast of cool discipline in Cæsar's army to the wild intoxication of ephemeral success in Antony's!]

3. **embattle:** form in line for action.

4. Cæsar's beginning to move to action, at 2 o'clock shows how little his army has suffered, and how grossly Antony and his generals had been exaggerating.

5. They admit it was a damned "*shrewd*" (stiff) fight, but nothing more. **shrewd**: orig: accursed, then, successively, wicked, scolding (of a woman), sharp, biting (of air, in *Hamlet*), cunning, sharp-witted, sagacious, business-like.

6. **close**: hidden; so "stand close" in *Hamlet*.

8. When deserters will be handed down in history to the hatred and contempt of posterity.

10. **before thy face**: [witnessed by thee alone; history will bear witness to all the world of the disgrace of my desertion; thou alone bearest witness to my repentance.]

The soldiers seem to have heard the name before, for Enobarbus had been consul at Rome, and a prominent figure in many of Rome's wars.]

12-8. **O!** Moon, that rulest over the gloom of night, and over the gloom of man's soul, pour out on me the noxious dews of night, so that life that clings to me against my will, like a poisoned garment, dissolved by that welcome poison, may drop off from me now; and fling thou my heart, now a stone, dry and hard with grief, against the still harder flint-stone of my desertion, so that it may break and fall all into dust, and the foul thoughts of desertion that once lived and drew nourishment in that once soft heart, may be reduced into dust also, and heart and foul thoughts die together, leaving no trace behind ("finish").

12. **sovereign**: (1) ruler. (2) unfailing remedy: the moon is a sure *healer* of melancholy, because it will heal *by killing*; release me from the unbearable burden of life, by the welcome relief that death will bring.

13-8. Night dews have always had the reputation of being unhealthy. Plutarch tells us that when Enobarbus deserted, he was suffering from fever; so that this wilful exposure, while in that state, would be likely to be fatal. Life that once had such attractions for him in love and war has now become a Nessus's shirt to him (as it will soon after be to Antony), and he wants to tear it off him; his heart, once so full of the sap and warmth of genial living—a heart of flesh—has now become dry, cold, hard—a heart of stone—; and he wishes to break it to pieces by dashing it against something harder—the flint-stone of disloyalty.]

flint and hardness: hard flint. **which:** antecedent "heart".

20-22. Antony, I confess my fault and my repentance to the moon, and ask your forgiveness against whom personally ("particular") that fault was committed; if only you forgive, I care not if all the world call me a deserter of my chief, and a fugitive to his enemy.

[23. He calls on Antony for forgiveness, and Antony's spirit hears and rejoices; for had not Antony forgiven him *before* being asked to forgive, and had he not called to Enobarbus in grief at his loss? And thus do these old friends and boon companions take leave of each other for ever. Thus dies Enobarbus, who, while he lived, was a lover of the ignoble pleasures of life, now at the end of it, is disgusted with them, who, while indulging in sensuality, never mistook the character of those who ministered to it; who ever walked on the firm ground of facts, however ugly, and never attempted flights into the thin air of pretty fancies; who, towards the end, became worse than a sensualist and cynic, in becoming the deserter of his old friend, and quickly repented of his desertion; and who, when he dies, dies without a word of hope of a future and a better life—dies like a dog in a ditch. Like and unlike to him was that friend, who also loved ignoble pleasures, but wilfully shut his eyes to the character of their ministrants; who again and again took abortive flights of imagination about that character, and again and again had rude falls to the hard ground of facts about it; and who yet, at the end of his life, will again attempt a last flight into a next world where his imagination will picture a renewed life of these pleasures cleansed of their grossness, with one of these ministrants purified of her uncleannesses.]

27. People, when they pray before going to sleep, do not pray, as he has been doing, for death.

30. He is dead. Enobarbus, then, dies a natural death and not by suicide; he had that presentiment when he said that grief would kill him quickly enough.

31. **Demurely:** (1) faintly; join the word with "*afar off*", above; this would show that the outposts were at a great distance from the head-quarters, where the drums were being beaten, and as loudly as usual, and that they had been thrown out far all round the camp. (2) being muffled; this would mean that the drums were *not* being beaten as loudly as usual, but purposely with muffled sticks, to prevent

the sound from reaching the enemy's camp, and so warning them. (1) gives the idea of *distance*, (2) gives that of *caution*. References have been given by critics to the Thirty Years' War and to Napoleon's wars, but they miss the point in "*afar off*" in the text; some haphazard readings have also been proposed, that merely give a free run to the fancy for mere words—"merrily", "mournfully" and such like.

32. Let us take his body to head-quarters; he is somebody of rank; our time is up, and as nobody has come to relieve us, we must, by orders, return there, and report ourselves; this action done by these good soldiers, we would nowadays call an action done by the Red Cross. And thus closes this quiet, pathetic scene of army discipline and rough soldiers' compassionate hearts at work, in Cæsar's camp; while in Antony's there is going on the tumult of noisy demonstrations and premature rejoicings.

SCENE 10

The Second day's Battle: Antony's Dream of Sunshine and Victory is dispelled; he finds out that he has fallen into a Snare; and knows Who had laid it.

1, 2. Antony mistakes the enemy's intentions, and is corrected.

We . . . land: we have given them as much as they like of fighting on land: this is falsified immediately after.

3, 4. They will fight me by both land and sea, you say? I wish they would fight me on all the four elements, and I would meet them with all my heart on all four.

8. **appointment:** array, order of arrangements.

10-13. These lines are explained by what Plutarch says:—"At day-break, Antony marched his infantry out of the city (whither they had gone overnight), and posted them upon rising ground ("hills, l. 5), whence he saw his fleet advancing towards the enemy's; but as the two fleets came near each other, Antony's men saluted Cæsar's with their oars, and the latter responding, the two united into a single fleet, which rowed up towards the city. Thereupon, Antony's cavalry went over to Cæsar, who was on the plains ("vales", l. 12); his infantry engaged Cæsar's, but was defeated; then Antony retired to the city,

crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him" (l. 23). The text therefore means this :—Unless we are attacked by land, we will not attack, but will hold our ground; and I think they will not attack by land; for all his best land-troops have been transferred to the ships. I shall go down to the plains, where my land-army and the rest of his, are; and there I shall wait till the time is most favourable for me to act, i.e., till I see how his fleet behaves.

14-6. Antony is puzzled to see the two fleets so near each other, and yet not beginning action; and he moves on to a better position, whence he can try to make out the reason of this.

16-22. This is one of the many prodigies that Plutarch describes as occurring before Actium was fought, after his regular way in his *Lives*, as a necessary part of history: the swallows had mistaken the stationary ships for houses (where swallows usually build their nests); the augurers looked upon this as so inauspicious that they declined to say what it portended, though their looks spoke what their voices dared not speak.

21-2. Confused language showing confused mind; he hopes to have what he has not, he fears to lose what he has; he hopes not to have what his fears say he is likely to have; he fears he will have what he hopes not to have.

fretted fortunes: changes of fortune from good to bad, bad to good.

[**All is lost**: from his better position Antony has seen all that the extract above tells us.

23. These events must have themselves opened Antony's eyes to this second betrayal of him by Cleopatra: she had hinted her readiness for betrayal to Thyreus; he had conveyed the hint to Cæsar; a compact had been made; and when Cæsar said "*best advantage*" in l. 13, he meant he would wait for its fulfilment. Cleopatra's treasury helped largely towards the necessary bribes that effected this work. Thus does Antony fall into the "*snare*" to-day that he escaped yesterday, and Cleopatra's sinister double-meaning when she used the word is now clear.

26. **Triple-turn'd**: one who had changed lovers thrice, as we have seen.



27. **sold**: the price was to have been the crown of Egypt, and perhaps something more.]

novice: new and inexperienced in war; Antony's long career in warfare would otherwise have given him the victory, he thinks.

28. **only**: belongs in sense to "*thee*": wars against all others are now over for me; and you are my only remaining enemy.

[29. **my charm**: (1) the spell you threw over me, (2) charmer (abstract for concrete) meaning witch, sorceress, who threw a spell over me.]

30. **I . . . all**: I shall have nothing more to do in this world. **fly**: desert me. **begone**: addressed to Scarus; since he, who has no army, needs no general. Scarus goes (taking his gold armour with him), but falls afterwards into Cæsar's hands.

34. **spaniel'd . . . heels**: followed me like dogs.

35. **discandy**: melt away from me; are no longer sweet in my mouth.

36. **blossoming**: crowned with the blossoms of success.

bark'd: trees that are stripped of their bark, die; this tall pine is Antony himself.

[34-7. These crowded and confused metaphors show the rush of imagery through his perturbed mind, through which dogs, sugar, blossoms, pine-tree pass one after another; in the fawning dogs at his heels, he thinks of the parasites at his table; the sweetness to the taste that the table offers, leads to the sweetness the smell of the flowering shrub offers, the dwarf shrub leads to the tall pine. A critic, who does not see this confused train of images in a confused mind, takes Shakespeare to task for slovenly work.

grave charm: baneful sorceress; once Antony found happiness in everything about Cleopatra; now everything about her is loathsome.

39. The witchcraft of whose beauty ("*eyes*") sent me forth to make wars abroad for her sake, and to make peace for her sake, and to return to her and to happiness, as I then thought: I now see that I did both only to come back to her for my ruin ("*grave*").

40. Whose society was the crowning happiness, the chief end of life to me.]

41, 42. Like a very gipsy, has she played cheating tricks on me, saying one thing and meaning another, saying one thing and doing another; and so has she driven me to irretrievable ruin.

43. Antony calls to the last friend on earth now left to him to do him the last service in it.

spell: one who works spells, sorceress. Antony roars these words out with a frightful energy that tells Cleopatra this is not the time to stay longer near him.

[47-52. Let Cæsar make you a spectacle, conspicuous to all the rabble, by making you follow his triumphal chariot, to be shouted at as the foulest disgrace to your sex; and then let him cast you off to the common showman, to be exhibited, as monstrosities are, for a penny; and let the wronged and patiently suffering Octavia at last take her vengeance upon you, with the fierceness of her long endurance of wrongs.] **hoist thee up**: make you conspicuous to the crowd.

49. **monster-like**: as monstrosities, deformed in body (particularly those brought from overseas) are exhibited to the vulgar for a penny or two, so would you be exhibited as a *moral* monstrosity, as "a woman with a past", which past would, no doubt, be explained in full to the visitors.

50. **for . . . diminutives**: at a very low charge.

for doits: at the charge of half a farthing (a Dutch coin of that value). The Ff: reading "*dolts*" has been defended at great length as meaning "for the amusement of fools"; "*for*" being emended to "*to*" to suit this meaning; the defence is absurd, because there is no need to specify the class of visitors to the show, which would be open to all who paid the entrance fee, poor or not poor, fools or not fools; the sting for Cleopatra would lie in her being made the attraction of a penny show; and the sting would not be blunted if the visitors were "wise" people and not "dolts".

X 52. **prepared**: a critic says that Octavia would prepare her nails "by letting them grow" for more effective use, when the hour of revenge came; of course, Antony means "with hands ready to scratch"; even this is ridiculous enough, and quite an untrue forecast of what Octavia will actually do (see IV. xiii. 27, 28); as to this face scratching, it is astonishing how many of Shakespeare's charming heroines threaten to



indulge in it; it was, no doubt, once a "way of talking" in those days, and no actual scarification followed in deed.

Exit Cleopatra: for the first time since we have known her, do we see her turn tail before Antony, or before living mortal; she goes out without another word; but she is not at the end of her resources; she sees that her *presence* can do nothing with Antony, and she means to see what her *absence* from him can do; and she sets about it at once.

52-5. It is well for you that you are gone, if you think it is well for you still to live; for had you not gone, I would have killed you; I think it would have been better for you, if, in my fury, I had killed you, for then that *one* death would have saved you from the *many* deaths you will have to suffer by continuing to live:—to be carried in Cæsar's triumph as his captive of war, to be exhibited by the common showman, to be revenged upon by Octavia, to be shouted at by the rabble, to be shamefully mimicked by clowns in pantomimes—all these indignities will be many deaths to you. A wrong explanation given is "it would have been better had I killed you before, at the interview with Thyreus, for that would have prevented the deaths of many soldiers slain in battle since": wrong, because Antony's mind is infuriated at this *present* proof of treachery, and Antony, no more than Napoleon, was not the man to care two pins about the loss of human lives in war; it is on this *present occasion alone* that the mercury of Antony's anger against Cleopatra's repeated acts of treachery, has risen to *killing point*: it never rose to that point in the scene with Thyreus.

56-8. Iole had supplanted Dejanira, wife of Hercules, in his affection; to regain it, she sent him, through Lichas, a sacrificial shirt, steeped in the blood of the centaur Nessus, that she wrongly believed to be a love-philtre; Hercules, on putting it on, felt the corroding poison of the blood eating into his flesh; and in a frenzy of pain, took Lichas by the heel, and flung him *down* a precipice into the sea; Dejanira, hearing of the result of her mistake, hanged herself. A comparison of this case with Cleopatra's makes it all the worse for her; for the Nessus shirt she sent to Antony was poisoned with treachery.

Lichas: in Antony's case Cleopatra corresponds to Lichas as well as Dejanira, as far as the victim of anger is concerned; to fling Cleopatra *up* to the moon would be a feat beyond Antony, beyond Hercules himself; the wish to do so shows the strength, not of his arm,

but of his frenzy; and these words of Antony are not a specimen of "the Asiatic tumour of diction" that a critic sees in them.]

59, 60. And lend me the strength of thy arm that wielded the club, the heaviest that ever god or mortal wielded, that I might put an end to myself, and all that is best in me ("worthiest"); that I might atone for all that has been worst in me.

with those hands: let me with a strength not less than that of yours ("those"). In sculpture (e.g. the Farnese statue) Hercules is often represented with this club (which however he does not seem to have used much in his Twelve Labours): Vishnu, in Hindu mythology, also bears the club, and is styled *Gadadhar* therefrom.

60-62. Having set out the case above whether it is best to kill or not to kill Cleopatra, he here makes up his mind, and gives the reason: she has betrayed me to Cæsar, and has laid the snare into which I have fallen.

subdue: crush, destroy: he means, by *suicide*; a critic mistakes the meaning here.

SCENE 11

Cleopatra's Altered Tactics to regain her Lost Hold on Antony

[2. Ajax, son of Telamon, a Greek chief in the Trojan war, and (like Antony) of Herculean build, was defeated by Agamemnon in a contest, in which the prize was the armour ("shield") of Achilles, and went mad at his defeat.

A monstrous boar, sent by the goddess Artemis, ravaged the country about Calydon in Ætolia, adjoining Thessaly, and was killed by Meleager.

embossed: foaming at the mouth; so must have Antony been foaming at the mouth, when he raved at her.

[**To the monument:** on her return from Actium, Cleopatra had built several tombs and monuments, close to the temple of Isis, into which she had removed her "treasures in gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, ebony, cinnamon; and lastly a great quantity of torchwood and tow". It is into one of these tombs (as the Greek text has it) that she now flies, but which the translations call "monument".]



[3, 4. At first sight it looks as if Charmian is the first to suggest this flight, and that Cleopatra merely follows the suggestion; but the preparations she had made above, show that this flight was her own idea, conceived long ago and provided for; she had often talked of it to her women, and Charmian merely cries out that the emergency has now come that her mistress often talked of. **Look.....dead:** as your ladyship has told us you meant to do.

5, 6. A common man feels no greater pain when body and soul part at death, than a queen feels when she loses kingdom and power; losing one's greatness costs as great a pang as losing one's life does; therefore, it is true when you say you have lost your life, since you have lost your greatness.

going off: supply "rives those whom it deserts".

7-10. Go, Mardian, and tell him I am dead, as we arranged before to tell him, and add this, that I killed myself, that the last word on my dying lips was "Antony"; and speak it all with as moving looks and words as you can ("word.....piteously") and, mind, you keep a sharp eye on him, and notice well how he takes all that you say; and come back and tell all to me. Even at this dreadful crisis, can the maids or we, readers, help smiling at this resourceful lady's inventing her own death, and death-bed scene, and coolly waiting to hear how it is taken? Dion Cassius says that Cleopatra *hoped* that when Antony heard she was dead, he would kill himself.]

SCENE 12

*Cleopatra's new tactics succeed in regaining Antony's Love;
but at the Cost of his Life.*

1-22. Eros, I am no longer what I once was; you knew me as I once was—Antony who fought these wars for the sake of Cleopatra; you see me as I now am—Antony betrayed by Cleopatra. There is nothing more left for me to do; and one thing left for you, my last friend, to do: to end me, and then yourself.

4. **A:** and supply "or like" where needed in ll. 4 and 5.

6-8. With the shapes of trees on it that seem to wave high above us, as real trees wave in the wind on real promontories; and deceive



us, being merely vapour taking those shapes. You have seen such delusive sights, of an evening; they are gorgeous shows that Evening presents to our sight, before she shrouds us with the darkness of night.

9, 10. What looks like a horse, the mass of vapour, changes till the figure becomes indistinct, is effaced ("dislimb'd"), and merges into the vaporous mass, as drops of water merge into a mass of water. In Antony's speeches in both plays there are frequent references to horses, coming naturally from one who had been a cavalry officer from youth.

11. Every time Eros answers in this brief way, and in tones full of respect and pity for his fallen master. Of all Antony's friends and servants, in the midst of the moral corruption of that Alexandrian Court, his is the only character that commands our respect and pity: it is significant that Eros does not take part in the scenes of frivolity that the other servants indulge in.

12. **knave**: boy. Plutarch mentions Eros only here, as a faithful domestic slave of Antony's.

13. *such a body*, a thing, changing and changing, till at last vanishing into nothing.

14. I am Antony, and yet cannot call myself Antony; so changed am I.

[16-8. I loved her, and I thought she loved me; before I gave up my heart to be hers and hers alone, I had thousands of friends and followers, who had given their hearts to me; after I yielded up my heart to her, I have lost these thousands of hearts, once all mine; and all for her sole sake. **which**: antecedent "*my heart*". **was mine**: not yet given up and lost to her. **annexed . . . it**: drawn to itself, attracted. Antony's heart was once a central sun, as it were, which these million hearts were attracted to and revolved round; when this single heart was attracted by that other single heart, it lost its attraction over this million which flew off into space; and thus was the Antonian solar system shattered by that baneful comet, Cleopatra; such may be the picture in poor Antony's broken-down mind. **now lost**: lost by deaths in battle and desertions in defeat and adversity. *This* is the time, *not* the time of ll. 52 sq. in scene X, to think of the deaths of thousands: that was a time of mad frenzy, this is a time of despairing reflections.]

19, 20. She and Cæsar have been partners in a game against me and my glory; and they two have behaved like card-sharpers, and have



trumped me and my partner ("glory") with false cards that they kept up their sleeves, and slipped into the pack.

triumph : pun on trump card. (2) leading to a triumph at Rome; "trump" in card playing is a shortened form of "triumph". Never has the low art of the card-sharper been raised, as it is here, to the tragic height of furnishing a metaphor for the breaking of an emperor's heart, and the loss of an empire.

[23. **She.....sword**: metaphorically meant: she has *unsoldiered* me, by making my army and my fleet desert me, and thus making of me a soldier without a sword. Critics try to take this literally, and make Antony accuse Cleopatra to her servant of hiding Antony's sword! A worse instance of tameness of criticism cannot be imagined. Antony, who has just uttered that sublime speech of despair, is made by this descent into the bathos, to complain of the theft of his sword, to name the thief, and to name her to her servant; that very servant never thinks of taking Antony literally, but rightly takes him to be speaking metaphorically, and replies accordingly.]

24. No, Antony, she was not your betrayer, but ever your loyal ally and your loving mistress; and your fortune or misfortune was also her fortune or misfortune.

loved: there is a subtle meaning in this past tense that "death" in l. 27 begins to make clearer.

26. Antony's last word gives his clue to Mardian. **the death**: the death she deserves.

[27-34. Mardian, as his mistress had instructed him to do, "words it piteously" indeed, with improvements of his own invention.

Death . . . discharged: a person can die only once; my mistress is dead, and you who, threaten her with death, are too late with your threat; no person can be killed twice over.

31-4. And as she attempted to utter the word "Antony", a heart-rending groan divided the word into two; the first part only could her lips utter, the remaining part that groan stifled in her heart; and with that groan she breathed her last; and half your name, Antony, lies buried in her bosom! How tragic a death-bed scene, if true; how comic, when we know it is false: this is the last and finest of those sham deaths that Cleopatra found it very useful to indulge in.]

35. **unarm**: to be taken literally: take off my armour. Antony meant "*unarm me*"; but one word is enough for Eros to understand his meaning, and in his present state of mind, he does not waste two words, where one is enough for such a trifling thing as being unarmed is *now* to him, when it is the thought of death that fills his mind.

long . . . sleep: meant to be taken literally by Mardian, but metaphorically for himself and for Eros: it has been a long day's work, and I need rest and sleep; this is meant for Mardian: my life's work is over, and I mean to find rest in death; this is the meaning to himself and to Eros.

36. You can go; I almost had a mind to kill you, and thank your stars that I did not.

37. **pluck off**: pluck it off: some part of the armour still not taken off; spoken impatiently and again in the fewest words.

38-43. A *cuirass* as thick as the shield of Ajax could not stand the violent beating of my heart; but my heart would have burst through it; O! let my bosom cleave in twain; let my heart burst through.

sevenfold: Homer gives Ajax a shield of seven folds of oxhide: here Antony means a breastplate or cuirass, as thick as this shield; critics, unable to call a shield a cuirass, even for once, have given laboured explanations, beside the point.

battery: the heart here is a battering-ram, or cannon, or siege-gun; and its loud and violent beatings are the repeated thrusts of the ram or repeated reports of the gun. **from**: proceeding from.

sides: (Antony's) breast, which is the fortress-wall thus battered.

cleave: be split, be breached.

continent: same as "*sides*" above, bosom, breast.

crack: split, make a breach in, causative of "*cleave*" above.

frail case: same as "*continent*" and "*sides*" above.

The perplexity and laboured explanations are due to the mistake of taking "*heart*" to be the battered object; "*keep from*" to mean ward off from; "*heart*" to be the nominative to "*cleave*", and "*sides*" to be the objective of "*cleave*" with a comma after "*sides*"; the correct grammar is to take "*sides*" and "*heart*" as vocatives; "*cleave*" and "*crack*" as imperatives, with a note of interjection after "*sides*".



once: for once; hitherto his bosom has been able to hold in his heart, however loudly it beat; now, for the first and last time ("once"), his bosom cannot hold in his heart.

thy continent: what holds thee in.

frail case: my bosom that cannot stand the battery from my heart. All difficulty about these lines disappears if we picture this battery to come *from within* or inside his bosom; and all the difficulty arose from picturing it to come *from without* or outside his bosom.

41. **Apace**: make haste: he is impatient to get rid of his armour. Contrast this scene of *Disarming* with that of *Arming*.

42. **No . . . soldier**: I am unsoldiered; I cease to be a soldier; he says this when the last piece of armour is taken off him.

go: as he says this he kicks the armour, as it lies in a confused heap on the floor.

43. **you . . . borne**: as long as you were on me, I have never dishonoured you; I have always been a soldier, have always behaved like a soldier, when clad in you, and you have no reason for complaint against me.

From . . . while: leave me for a while.

44. **o'take**: for she has gone before him, having, as he believes, had the start of him. **pardon**: pardon from thee.

45. I must hasten to overtake you; delay, even if ever so short ("all"), is a torture to me; every minute of delay adds a fresh torture.

47. As travellers have to stop and lie down to sleep in the dark, when the torch that showed the way goes out; so you, the light that guided my life, being gone, I must sink down into the darkness and sleep of death.

48. If I continue to live and work, my work will build nothing up, but, where it meant to build, will only destroy.

49. And the more the strength I put into any work I undertake, the more shall I entangle myself in difficulties and disasters, instead of saving myself from them.

seal . . . done: let me finish my work in life, in the only way that is left to finish it, and be done with work and life for ever.

150-54. Antony wished Eros to retire, that he might take leave of Cleopatra with none near to hear his farewell; having done so, he

has repeatedly called on Eros to come back, while his mind grows more and more excited, and makes him see, in heated imagination, Cleopatra moving on before him; himself running after her, calling on her to stop for him; and, as he thinks he is overtaking her, he pictures to himself their reconciliation, their re-union, their new life in the fields of Elysium, where on beds of flowers recline souls of the dead, their own two souls strolling along, hand in hand, past them, both feeling and looking so happy that they attract the attention of these and of other spirits that had been following, as an admiring train, the hitherto most famous pair of lovers in Elysium; who now all leave them, and flock round and follow and admire this new pair of lovers just arrived; until Dido and Æneas are quite deserted, and Antony and Cleopatra become the new centre of admiration; and then they two will have all Elysium for a new empire, and all the spirits in it for new subjects, to compensate the loss of empire and subjects on earth. This is Antony's glorious picture of a Sensualist's Paradise, like the *Swarga* of Indra, the *Jinnat* and *Bihisht* of the Arab and the Persian; it is only a Lower Heaven; and the Hindu, Mahomedan and Greek religions have all a conception of a Higher Heaven, better than this. An objection from Virgil regarding Dido and Æneas is not to the point, for the *Æneid* had not been written when Antony spoke.

55. **would**: wishes; still more respectful than "What wills my lord".

56, 57. Since she died, I have felt that the gods despise me as a coward for not daring to die with her; I feel it is a dishonour for me to live longer. **detest**: bear witness against, accuse me of.

57-60. That I, who conquered the world, and divided it into kingdoms, that I bestowed on kings as my vassals; that I, who ruled the seas with fleets, whose population (i.e. crews and fighting men) equalled that of cities on land; that I should, in my own eyes, be despicable, as having less courage than a woman.

ships . . . cities: his fleets carried men whose numbers would make quite a city on land; Canton river, with its river population living in houseboats, was once such a city; it is absurd criticism to make Antony say that *each* of his ships was large enough to hold the population of a city.

61, 62. who, by killing herself, has conquered herself, and has deprived Cæsar of his boast that *he* had conquered her.

our: sarcastically used; our conqueror as he boasts of being.

63. **exigent**: exigency, necessity.

65. **prosecution**: pursuit of me by these my own feelings of shame and horror at my cowardly conduct.

65-69. These lines have been variously arranged, each arrangement having something for and something against it; (in all of them *inevitable* has "a" long, as in Latin): (1) in the Ff: the lines end with (a) "*horror*" (b) "*kill me*", (c) "*not me*", (d) "*cheek*"; here, line (a) is octometer catalectic ($7\frac{1}{2}$ feet); (b) is $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet, (c) and (d) wrongly separate thoughts that should be together in the same line; (2) reading with lines ending thus:—(a) "*of*", (b) "*command*", (c) "*come*", (d) "*defeat'st*"; here "*of*" is a bad ending, (b) and (c) are open to the same objection as (c) and (d) above, (d) badly joins together in the same line thoughts between which there should be a pause. (3) reading with lines ending thus: (a) and (b) as in Ff: above, (c) "*come*", (d) "*defeat'st*"; the long octometer shows the lingering horror and disgrace that *delay* causes, (b) puts one whole thought into one whole line, (c) $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet ("*do it*" being one syllable doubly stressed), with a long pause after it, during which Antony waits for Eros to do it, and Eros hesitates; (d) Antony tries to remove his hesitation with the thought this line conveys:—"Don't hesitate, for the stroke I ask you to give me is an act of friendship to me; it will kill, not me, but Cæsar's purpose; by killing me you will frustrate Cæsar's purpose to take me alive, a disgrace worse than death to me.

69. Shakespeare supposes Eros to have been with him in his disastrous Parthian campaign; to have witnessed his narrow escapes during the retreat; and to have sworn then that when Antony would bid him, he would run his sword through him.

70. Don't look so deadly pale; summon up courage.

72. **window'd**: looking out of a window as a spectator of my disgrace, as I am carried in procession among the captives at his triumph: this would never happen; for Antony, being a Roman citizen, could not, by law, be so carried; and Antony knew it very well.



73, 74. With hands folded, in helpless inaction, head bent down in submission to punishment, and face with shame written on it.

corrigible: corrected, submitting to correction.

75. **wheel'd seat**: throne on wheels, triumphal car.

76. **him**: Antony

77. **ensued**: followed the car, as his captive; the captives and the spoil *preceded* the triumphal car; but Antony reverses this actual order for emotional effect:—captives dragged in chains behind the conqueror. Cleopatra similarly draws a harrowing picture before young Iros's eyes, and with the same object, V. ii 208 sq:

78. A single wound on my body will prevent all these wounds on my honour.

81. We must suppose that Eros was made a free man on condition of his taking this oath.

84. **accidents unpurposed**: casual services that had no further object in view when rendered.

85. Eros makes up his mind, but conceals it so that Antony little suspects what it is.

86. Thy face in which is centred the dignity of thy entire person; I could not bear to strike, if I had to look on your noble face when attempting to do so.

92. Eros had spoken with a voice choked with emotion: Antony affects a careless, jaunty tone in reply:—don't make so much of it, my man.

94. There is a similar comedy in tragedy in *King Lear*, between Gloucester and Edgar, when the blind father (like Antony here with his back turned to Eros) thinks that the son had led him to the brink at top of Dover cliff that he might jump down and kill himself.

95. Antony quickly turns round at hearing Eros fall heavily to the ground, instead of feeling a heavy sword-cut on his own neck! Both Cleopatra and Antony go through a mock death scene, before coming to the real death scene.

97. What I should do; namely, kill myself with my own hands; and what you could not do; namely, kill me with your hands.

98. **brave instruction**: lesson in courage: **got . . . me**: surpassed me.

99. A higher place in history, as one of those who killed themselves rather than live in dishonour.

100. A tinge of that sensuousness of mind which so deeply colours the last hours of Cleopatra shows itself here in the last moments that Antony thinks are to be his: he runs with all the eagerness of a lover upon the point of his sword. Plutarch says that Antony actually laid himself on a couch, after wounding himself.

106. Greatness is fallen; the star of Antony has shot from its sphere, has rushed down like a falling (or shooting) star, and has been extinguished.

107. The world is coming to an end.

111-3. Your ill-luck, and now your death, make it prudent for those who have stuck to you till now, to look out for themselves elsewhere. **but:** if only. I need not add that *I* slew him, for that may not be prudent. **enter . . . him:** gain me admission to his favours.

115. **Exit Derc.:** he stole away, so as to be the first to bring the news to Cæsar.

117. Antony lay "crying out and struggling", says Plutarch: poor Antony's last hours are those of prolonged pain, and fate denies him that painless death which Cleopatra wished for, and was granted.

120. In Plutarch, Cleopatra sends Diomedes with orders to bring Antony to the monument. Shakespeare makes Antony himself desire to be taken there; and makes Diomedes try to exculpate Cleopatra before Antony: the exculpation is as lame as Mardian's description of her death was fictitious.

122. **which:** what follows, namely, "that you did suspect". **found:** found to be true.

123. **disposed with:** come to secret understanding with.

124. **purged:** driven out of your heart.

125. Dion Cassius says she sent Diomedes after she had *actually* learnt "how it had worked" i.e. that Antony had stabbed himself. Dion also says above that she learnt of this from the guards who had rushed out, and were running by her monument, raising an outcry of what had happened.



126. **the truth:** it is so in this case, but the rest of what he has said is not the truth.

133. **wear . . . out:** survive; we wish we had all died before you.

136. Do not give my ill fate the malicious pleasure of seeing you grieve for me, after she has struck me down.

137, 138. Give a laughing welcome to evil destiny when she comes to afflict us, and thus disappoint her malice by showing her that you do not feel its effects.

SCENE 13

*The Death of Antony, who thus pays the Penalty due
to the Folly of his Life*

Enter aloft: Cleopatra had closed all the doors of entrance below with bolts and bars.

3, 4. I welcome disasters and death, and despise comfort and life; the sorrow we feel must be proportioned to the events that cause it; if the cause is very great, very great too must be the sorrow we feel: there is no tautology in this, as a critic says there is. **is he dead:** this very matter of fact enquiry sounds odd, coming after the sententiousness that precedes, and preceding the bursts of grief that follows: this outburst comes as soon as Antony is within earshot to hear it.

10, 11. O! Osiris ("sun"), O! Isis ("*varying star*", moon); O Sun, set fire to the sphere in which you are fixed, and perish with it; O Moon, ever henceforth show your dark side to the earth which you have hitherto shone upon with your varying phases of light.

varying star: the Ff: reading is "*varying shore*", and the meaning given is:—O! earth, with your "*varying shore*" be left in darkness by the extinction of the sun; but no satisfactory explanation is given of "*varying shore*"; the emendation makes a very natural reference to Sun and Moon, Osiris and Isis.

13. **draw him:** draw him up; she would not allow a door to be opened.

Peace: hold your peace; wail not, grieve not.

13-7. Antony here repeats the sentiment he uttered to Eros; Cleopatra echoes it to please him, but adds that she cannot hold her peace, but must wail, must grieve ("woe'tis so").

21, 22. Antony's request can only be granted by opening the door, and taking him in: and *this* is what she dare not do.

23. **Lest . . . taken**: lest Cæsar's men should capture me.

imperious show: imperial triumph.

25. **brooch'd**: adorned, crowned.

[25, 26. I am safe from falling into his hands, as long as I have the means to kill myself, for I have provided well for these means to be at hand. Since her return from Actium, Cleopatra had made daily experiments with drugs and venomous snakes on prisoners condemned to die; and had found that poisonous drugs, if quick in operating, were also very painful, and if less painful, were slow; but that, among venomous snakes, the bite of an asp brought on "a great desire to sleep, with a little sweat on the face, and so by little and little took away the senses, no living creature perceiving that the patient felt any pain, but seemed unwilling to be disturbed, as one is when in a profound natural sleep". This method then is what Cleopatra adopted, and this is what makes her feel safe here: as for the knife, that was meant to be a last resort, in case of a surprise (V. ii. 39).

27-9. Octavia, with the calm eyes that betoken a chaste heart, drawing silent conclusions about me and my character, will not be given the chance of enjoying the consciousness of her superiority over me, and of showing it by her grave looks, as she watches me passing in her brother's train. How true a picture does a woman draw of what will be Octavia's demeanour on such an occasion; and what a ridiculously untrue picture did Antony draw of it in IV. x. 51, 52. Cleopatra's eyes see through her own sex, as well as they see through the other; Antony's are blind, and in women blindly fancy there are to be found only delightful toys, or horrid scolds, or insipid bores. }
modest: chaste.

still conclusion: silent conclusion that her mind draws, when her eyes at last see the woman of whose character she heard before.

honour: arising from the silent thought that she, the pure wife, is superior to this impure mistress of many men.

demuring . . . me: looking with grave, serious looks on me, and feeling a contempt for me that she cannot help.

[32. **Here's . . . indeed:** double meaning: (1) *this* is not sport, but sweating labour; (2) this is sport of a very different kind from what we once used to have; the recollection of their many merry pranks is brought back to her; and the hauling at the rope with Antony slung to one end of it, reminds her in particular of the pulling in of the fishing line, with the salt fish at the end of it: but with what bitter feelings now!

Plutarch says that Cleopatra with all her strength, clinging to the rope, and straining at it, with her head to the ground, with difficulty pulled him up, with the help of her two maids, who were the only two persons she had allowed in the monument.]

33. He feels so heavy to us because our heaviness—pun: (1) weight, (2) grief—has gone to increase his own weight.

34-6. Had I the power of Juno (instead of the weakness of these two arms of a mere woman), I would have ordered the swift messenger of the gods to bear you up, without effort, on his strong wings (instead of being thus slowly pulled up by a rope) and carry you from earth to heaven, there to seat you by Jove's side (instead of merely lifting you these few yards from ground to monument). The critics are silent on these lines; is it because they see nothing but "sweating labour", coolies' work, in them?

yet . . . a little: (with a full stop after "little") addressed to her maids: come, a few more pulls, and he will be up.

37. **Wishers . . . fools:** I am foolish in wishing as I have done; and as all who wish so are.

come . . . come: these words accompany the last and most desperate pulls that their exhausted strength can give.

38. **welcome:** in this moment of success, she cannot resist a pun. **die where . . . lived:** die on my bosom (as Dion Cassius says he actually did); the Ff. reading is "*die when*": die after my kisses have brought you back to life; do not die, before I have kissed you.

42. **Give . . . wine:** Plutarch says he called for wine, either because he was thirsty or because he thought the wine would put him the sooner out of pain: Antony had wounded himself in the abdomen, and was in tortures of pain up to his death.

43-5. Do not speak, even if it is a little that you wish to say; leave it to me to speak; and to speak much and long and loud; and I shall do it at the top of my voice, scolding at that treacherous hussy Fortune, till my scolding makes her break her wheel (on which she raised us to the height of happiness only to bring us down to this depth of misery), and give up her trade in disgust—so far do I mean to mortify her, by the opprobriousness of my reproaches. Cleopatra means to drive Fortune for ever from exercising her wicked caprices upon mortals.]

45, 46. Do not forbid me to speak at all, but let me speak a few words and ask you to seek for honour with safety from Cæsar. Plutarch says he advised her "to place her affairs in a *safe* condition, if it might be done *without dishonour*"; and that for this purpose, among all of Cæsar's friends, she should rely most upon Proculeius.

O! a cry of pain coming from a paroxysm of the wound; caused, no doubt, by this effort to speak; what pains must not poor Antony be suffering; he, once the man all for pleasures!

47, 48. Cleopatra takes him to mean by "*safety*", the safety of her life; and replies that to continue to live can mean only one thing to her—to live in dishonour. She has been speaking impetuously; and when he says "*gentle*" to her, himself now gentle through weakness, he wishes her to be calmer. In these his last moments, Antony exhibits a calmness, most strange, most touching, after the fierce outbursts we have so often seen in him.]

49. But she continues impetuously—I shall trust no one; my resolve is taken, and I will only trust my own hands to carry it out: this resolve is shown to be what it was in l. 25;

52-8. In the Greek text, Plutarch says he asked her not to weep for him in these his latest reverses in fortune; but to deem him happy for his former good fortune, when he had been the most distinguished of men and the most powerful; and had now been conquered, not like a *low-born*, but a Roman by a Roman. Shakespeare follows very closely North's free but picturesque rendering of the above.

55. **basely**: not like a low-born; what a pleasing surprise to find Shakespeare using a word so much closer to the original Greek than North's English here is!

56. Submit tamely, without offering resistance.



[59. And so dies poor Antony, in agony of body from his wound, but with a calmness of mind that he never showed when in the vigour of life, with a well-deserved pride in his "own worthiest self", a clearness of judgement in his last advice for another's good. What are our feelings at parting with him now? What were they when we first saw him in the hey-day of folly?]

62. **sty**: for the moment she is earnest in what she says, but she recovers her old self, and turns to see what chances she has with Cæsar, now that Antony is gone.

64-8. Antony, the Emperor ("crown") is dead; Antony the victorious in War ("garland") is dead; Antony, the Leader of Men ("pole") is dead; Common men and women ("boys and girls"), and Great Men ("men") are now all on the same Low Level of Equality; Inequality in Merit ("odds") is gone; and all Rank and Distinction ("remarkable") have sunk into the obscurity of a Common Demerit in All alike.

63. Scan as four feet; after which follows a solemn pause; this is much better than trying to make up five feet by a frenzied repetition, "my lord, my lord", as a cheap emendation does.

64. **garland**: that of victory.

65. **pole**: polestar; used in this sense elsewhere in Shakespeare: some nonsense has been written about "a pole held high", and a "may-pole".

boys and girls: people of that average low standard which make up the masses, whose *minds* are no better in their ignorance and folly than those of boys and girls.

66. **men**: heroes and leaders of men: "men" fit to lead "boys and girls". "All men are equal now", says the scornful aristocrat, Cleopatra. **the odds**: the inequality, that distinction between high and low which is the natural basis of human society.

67. **remarkable**: attracting attention and admiration; rising head and shoulders above the mass of common people.

68. **visiting moon**: as she surveys the earth, and comes back again and again to survey the earth and its inhabitant, man, from her station above; the moon in her changing phases is said to pay us visits. **O, quietness**: calm yourself; spoken when Cleopatra was at the height of her exalted mood, and about to faint.



Faints: this is the only occasion when Cleopatra faints in earnest.

69-72. An astonishingly foolish note by a critic says that this passage is "senseless", unless his emendation "*Isis*" for "*Iras*" is adopted; for which this is his reason that the two women call her by several names, to see which pleases her best; that they try one after another in vain, till they call her "*Isis*"; that "peace, peace" means "these won't do, let us call her by her favourite name", and that they do so; that Cleopatra is much pleased thereat (having somehow recovered sufficiently to have heard all these names being called at her); but that, with great modesty she says, "I now see my folly in having called myself a divinity" etc. This farrago of nonsense also implies that a good way of reviving fainting people is to call them flattering names.

Peace, peace: be quiet; she is coming back to her senses, said to *Iras*, by Charmian, both women having been crying and shrieking, *Iras*, the younger one, more wildly.

73. Another point here arises; some critics with some reason take Cleopatra's words to be, not a continuation of the train of her own thoughts before the faint, but to be a reply to the last words of *Iras* that she hears on recovering: it is better to take it as a continuation of her own thoughts, and to make her notice her women only at l. 82; before which she has been speaking to herself, heedless or unconscious of those around her.

73-5. Now that my emperor is gone, I am no more an empress, but a woman, no more than the equal of any other woman; my passions are no more those of a queen, but the same as any woman's. Cleopatra here *abdicates the throne of Egypt*.

chares: turn of work; hence char-woman.

76-8. It would have become me, before I descended from my throne, to the level of a milk-maid, to have flung my sceptre at the faces of the unjust ("injurious") gods, and to have told them that the empire of this world was equal to their empire of Olympus, as long as my Antony was emperor of it; and that, to make theirs superior to his, they meanly stole my Antony from this world and from me.

our jewel: my emperor and the world's.



78-82. But it is all in vain to reproach the gods, (as it was to reproach Fortune); to bear all in silence till death come, is to be a fool that tamely submits to be kicked to death; to rage against everything till death comes, is to be a mad dog that snaps at everybody till somebody kills it; is it not better, then, to die at once and die at one's own hand, than to wait, like a fool or a mad dog, till death comes? This is Cleopatra's reason for suicide, unanswerable to one of her temperament, except in the affirmative.

impatience : anger. **Become** : befits. **is it sin** : for once does she talk of sin, but it is not the sins of life that she means (in which she had much to answer for) but the sin of ending life.

secret : of whose interior we know nothing of what it is like.

dare : she defies death to come; death is afraid to come; she means to force him to come. Death is afraid to come to take Cleopatra! Death, of whose coming everybody else is afraid.

82-4. **How . . . women** : Now only, and not before, does Cleopatra take notice of her maids and of their wild grief; and she gaily cheers them up; but, turning from them, she catches sight of Antony's body again, and herself breaks out into another spell of grief, in which the women join her with renewed violence.

85. **Good sirs** : (1) (the better meaning) addressing the men of the guard below and outside the monument, who had brought Antony to its foot. (2) addressing the two women; there are instances in Elizabethan English of women-servants being so called.

87. Let us bury him with the stately rites of a Roman burial for distinguished citizens; Antony, as a Roman, was not to be buried with Egyptian rites, as some of the Ptolemies had been.

89. The dead body of that spirit which the body, when alive, could with difficulty hold in. **huge** : too great for the body.

91. She often reminds them of their joint resolution to die together and die quickly.



ACT V

SCENE 1

Cæsar mourns Antony's Death, and fears for Cleopatra's Life.

2, 3. Arrange lines thus: 1. 2. "*Being so frustrate*", 2½ feet, 1st foot trochee. 1. 3. "*Tell . . . makes*", 5 feet, 1st foot trochee, the vehement message being contained in one single line, after an impressive pause at "*frustrate*" before the message begins.

so frustrate: -ed is omitted as it often is in dental p.p. endings: defeated so hopelessly.

3. His delays before yielding to me are a mockery by which he makes a show of resistance, well knowing that resistance is useless.

he mocks: he mocks himself by; deludes himself with

4. **that:** that sword in your hand.

8, 9. I wore out my life, I spent it, in his service, and against his enemies: "*including you, sir*", he hints, with a candour that he hopes will pay. **wore:** wore out, spent; there is no reference here to a dress.

9-11. I have been faithful to one master; I shall be faithful to the next; be that next master yourself, or take my life, whichever you please; this "*bluff*" he thinks is the surest way of "*entering himself*" with Cæsar, for there is no fear of Cæsar wishing to take his life.

[14-9. Cæsar is taken up entirely with the news of the death, and takes no notice of the bringer, or of his offer: the death of so great a man should have made a greater noise in the world (and not be left to be announced by a common guardsman); when Antony died, the whole world should have been convulsed, and the convulsion should have flung lions from their dens in forests into the busy streets of cities, and flung men from their houses and homes in cities into the forest dens of lions; when Antony died, it was not one man, but half the Roman empire that died.

15. **round world:** world once round, but now distorted out of shape by the convulsion of this earthquake. The Romans expected

prodigies to announce the deaths of the great : there were prodigies at the death of Julius Cæsar.]

16. **shook**: (active verb) thrown (lions) violently.

[19-26. Dercetas repeats his news and describes the scene : Antony is dead, not basely as a criminal by sentence of a court of law, or as the victim of a foul political vendetta, but nobly by his own hand, by the same hand that performed deeds of honour in war, worthy to be recorded in history ("writ"), and by the same courage of heart that turned that hand against the enemies of Rome, and has now turned it against itself. I pulled this sword out of his self-inflicted wound; the blood you see on it is Antony's heart-blood. Dercetas deserves a reward for this speech, but Cæsar takes no notice of it, and this self-seeking would-be turncoat goes out of the play, without the *buksheesh* be expected.]

24. Scan as four feet, with "*splittèd*" and "*this is*" as emphatic trochees, and a pause before "*this is*," during which he points to the sword.

27. May the gods punish me, if I do not ("*but*") feel this news bringing tears to my eyes.

28, 29. And it is strange that natural feelings of pity compel us to mourn the death of those whom, when alive, we relentlessly pursued to defeat and death. Agrippa is candid to Cæsar's face.

30. His merits equalled his failings.

waged . . . **him** : the one contending against the other within him.

31-3. A more extraordinary genius never arose to be a leader and ruler of men; but to the best among us, the gods ever give some defects, that we might continue to be men, and might not aspire to the perfection of the gods. Cæsar weeps.

34. When the picture of so great a leader of men arises before his mind, as it does now, he cannot but see his own greatness, as of such another leader, reflected therein.

36-48. Antony, I have forced you to this; if I had not, I would have had to force *myself* to this; for we two could not live side by side on earth. Yet I must mourn for you; mourn that whom nature had made to be equals, fate should have made to be rivals; and should have decreed that the rivalry should end thus. Cæsar takes no offence

at Agrippa's candour, and with equal candour explains *why* he had to pursue Antony relentlessly to death.

[36-40. We have to cure a disease in our body by cutting out the diseased part; there was no choice left to us between you bringing me to this state and I bringing you to it; the whole world could not be wide enough for us both to live together in it; but one must have had to push the other out of it.

41-8. Yet, let me shed tears over your death; because you were my brother by marriage, my colleague in the highest enterprises (e.g. Philippi), my co-partner in this Roman empire, my fellow commander in Rome's wars, the more active agent when we two had to act together, the more inventive brain, and the more ardent heart, when we two thought and felt together: let me mourn that when nature had so fitted us in these respects to be equals and fellow workers, fate should have cruelly interfered and made us irreconcilable rivals, and should have ended our rivalry by killing you and sparing me.]

36. **follow'd**: pursued, driven. Cæsar uses the mildest word he can.

37. **lance . . . bodies**: lance an abscess to restore the body to health.

38. **declining day**: day in which thy fortune had declined.

39. **stall together**: sit on the same throne; we speak of stalls in cathedrals and theatres, and the application to horses and cattle is only a particular case of a general meaning "place"; Sans: *sthiti*, Gk: *stasis*, Lat: *statio*.

41. Let the tears I shed be as precious as the heart-blood you have shed; Cæsar's tears are so precious, because they are sincere; he mourns him with tears; and, if that would be of any avail, he would be willing to mourn him with his own blood.

45, 46. Here Cæsar generously gives Antony the superiority over himself; Antony was more active than Cæsar certainly in war, in which, as Antony said, Cæsar fought by proxy; and Antony's thoughts and feelings were both hot and impetuous, while Cæsar's were cool and deliberate; you imparted some of your own warmth to my cold nature, he seems to say.

46. *that* repeats the "*that*" of l. 42: "that thou being my brother . . . our stars should",



47. **stars unreconcilable**: stars placed by fate in opposition, while nature meant them to be in conjunction.

divide: separate what should have remained united.

48. **to this**: that fate should raise the star of the one to exaltation, and lower that of the other to declination.

Hear me: Cæsar was going to say what he says later on ll. 73 sq.), when the entry of the Egyptian (which should take place here, not at l. 51) makes him break off.

Enter an Egyptian: Cleopatra had dismissed the guards below, and she and her maids were alone; from above she had called to a passing Egyptian, and sent this message by him.

49. **meeter season**: more suitable time, for I do not wish to say it before strangers.

50. The man's looks show that he has come on pressing business.

52. **A . . . yet**: I am an Egyptian, and as long as there is a queen in Egypt, I am her subject.

53. Shut up in all that remains to her of her kingdom.

55, 56. That she may have time to prepare herself to do what in conformity to your intentions she must do, though it may be against her own wish.

59, 60. (1) reading "*for . . . cannot leave . . . gentle*": Caesar cannot cease to be gentle. (2) reading "*for . . . cannot live . . . ungentle*" Caesar cannot live and be ungentle: both (1) and (2) mean "Caesar will ever be gentle".

In l. 59 Scan *Deter/mine* for *her* &c. "*for her*" being one syllable.

In l. 60 Scan *Ungentle/So* &c. "*So*" being a doubly stressed foot by itself, "*thee*" being final slurred hypersyllable.

61. Cæsar selects the very man the dying Antony spoke of.

63. **quality . . . passion**: nature of her grief; the subject on which you find she feels most keenly.

64. Cæsar's presentiment of what is most likely to happen, and his precaution to prevent it. in . . . **greatness**: in the pride of her fallen greatness.



65. For if, instead of killing herself off here, she goes to live at Rome in honourable retirement as an ex-queen, and *honours* my triumph by joining in it, she will make that triumph famous for ever, as having been graced by the presence of a queen. Cæsar hints to Proculeius to assure Cleopatra, if he finds her fears lie in that direction, that her participating in his triumph will bring no *disgrace* on her. He gives no false hopes that he will continue to let her be queen of Egypt, or that he will let her off the triumph.

70. Cæsar seems to have forgotten his orders to Dolabella, but he quickly recollects it, and says he will send him after he returns from his present errand.

73. **Go:** come: he takes them into his tent where his letters and papers are.

74-7. Plutarch says that Cæsar then produced many letters which he read to them; and they proved with what reasonableness and moderation he had always addressed Antony, and with what overbearing arrogance Antony had replied to him.

SCENE 2

The Death of Cleopatra, a Voluptuary in Death, as she had been in Life: whose Craft had enslaved a Voluptuary, and whose Perfidy had worked his Ruin and Death.

8. I, Cleopatra, forsaken by the world, enjoy a better life than Cæsar, master of the world, enjoys; and if given the choice, I would spurn to be Cæsar; for he is a slave in Fortune's grasp, and must do as she bids; while I am above Fortune's reach, and can do as I like; and I mean to do a deed that will make needless any other deeds to be done, will prevent the chances and changes of life, and will lull me to that eternal sleep, which Cæsar, possessing all, and Cleopatra deprived of all, must both sleep alike.

1. **My desolation:** my loneliness in this monument, deprived of all, abandoned by all.

2. **better life:** higher and happier life than Cæsar's; she does not mean a life better than her own past life; her mood here is defiant, not repentant.



paltry . . . Caesar: not worth exchanging my desolation for his exaltation.

3, 4. He cannot, as Fortune herself can, follow his own will, but being her slave, must carry out her will.

5. It is something to do deeds such as Cæsar has done, but it is a greater thing to do that one deed which will put an end to all other deeds being done, great as they might seem to be.

6. To put an end to deeds that the chances of life and the freaks of Fortune's will can bring about, and to deeds that bring about changes that have brought me from what I was to what I am.

[7, 8. That one great deed that sends us to the eternal sleep of Death, and liberates us from tasting the bitterness of Life after its sweetness; that one great deed which like a Universal Nurse lulls all mankind, and will lull Cæsar and Cleopatra alike, to that eternal Sleep, after we have had our fill, from the breast of the Universal Mother Earth, of the milk of life, with its sweet and its bitter, which she had made us taste during our life on earth as her Infants.] The above explanation adopts the reading "dug" for the Ff: "*dung*". Much discussion down till lately has taken place on these two readings: (1) the Ff: reading has been defended on feeble or fantastic grounds, such as that Antony once used the word "*dungy*", and Cleopatra faithfully repeats it here, or that *dung* feeds vegetables, vegetables feed animals, animals feed men, *ergo* men feed on *dung*, and Cæsar and Cleopatra alike have lived and fed on it; that Cleopatra, in her last hours, becomes alive to this fact, and speaks of it with contempt and disgust: this defence is silent about the obvious fact that the words "*sleep*", "*palate*", "*nurse*", naturally suggest "*dug*", naturally suggest the picture of an infant taking suck, liking it, dropping off to sleep after having had its fill: all this natural connection is forgotten by this defence, so much is its attention taken up by the other word, and its connection. (2) The emended reading has been defended on this ground:—Cleopatra's present state of mind is not one of cynical contempt and disgust for life, but one of exaltation at the prospect of death; and this death will be a sleep, a death that will come to her as life came, bringing not pain, but pleasure; the death



that one who had been a voluptuary in life would love to die. On this general basis, details are explicable thus.

6, 7. **Which**: in both lines the antecedent is "*that thing*," namely *death* (in *her* case, death by suicide, she being the minister of her own will).

7. **sleeps . . . palates**: causatives, "puts to sleep" . . . "makes to palate"; the sense being "which thing being done, *we* sleep and *we* never '*palate*'" (taste). **the dug**: the milk of life; **dug**: nipple, teat (formerly so used); this is where the other reading comes in; to please the criticism that fears to lose altogether the disgusting element in its explanation, we may suppose that this milk was sweet till the nurse put bitter stuff on the teat, to wean her infant from it.

8. Supply "*and that which is*", the antecedent being again "*that thing*" (and not "*dug*"): "and that thing, Death, is the Universal Nurse, into whose lap Mother Earth puts her little ones, after they have sucked and been weaned, to be lulled to sleep; and into whose lap will Cæsar and Cleopatra alike be put; the lullaby this nurse sings is the bite of the asp, in her case; and this song of death, this painless bringing on of death, Cleopatra, the voluptuary, had by her experiments, made sure of hearing, of feeling. It speaks badly for Shakespeare criticism that it should have refused to see this easy, natural explanation, and gone looking for a coprophile one: this degeneracy of Shakespeare criticism is like the degeneracy of Byzantine society, that could call one of its emperors "*Copronymus*"; the latter never recovered from it; is the same fate in store for the former ?

9, 10. Proculeius addresses her still as a queen; in profoundly respectful tones asks her for her demands; but puts in one single word, "*fair*", as a limit to them that she must observe.

11. With what calm majesty does she ask this question !

13-5. Antony told me to trust you; if I trust you, and you deceive me, it matters very little; for I have no need to trust any one: **to be**: if I am.

17, 18. If Cæsar wants me to beg a favour of him, which you call making a demand on him, then, I, a queen, never forgetting the self-respect that befits a queen, can ask him for nothing less



than for a kingdom. With the quickest of eyes to business, she takes Proculeius at his word, and makes a very definite and a very large demand: but with what queenly majesty of language and looks!

21-28. But with what diplomatic skill does Proculeius evade giving a definite answer! Here, then, is another contest, like the one with Thyreus, in which Cleopatra again shines so much as a diplomat: fear nothing from Cæsar, hope for much from him, a prince in name and by nature; be not reserved in your demands, make them in full to him, for he gives all that those in need ask for, and more than all they ask for; only authorize me to tell him that you acknowledge his supremacy over Egypt, as conqueror; and then, when, as your majesty is pleased to say, you kneel to him for favours, he will kneel to you to beg permission to do you favours. Was ever a demand evaded with profounder respect!

23. Refer your case to him; appeal to him in the fullest and freest terms.

24. He pours out the measure of his favours to overflowing.

26. **sweet dependency**: willing acknowledgement of him as conqueror, as your majesty has just intimated ("conquer'd", l. 19).

27. **pray . . . kindness**: call for ("pray in") help in the shape of ("for") an act of kindness; "in" goes with "pray", not with "aid"; a law term, when a litigant called for help from a third party, the better to advance his suit. **for kindness**: to be allowed to do an act of kindness. This hyperbolical language means this:—When Cleopatra asks Cæsar for help, he will grant it; and then will ask her to let him grant something more than she asked for.

29-32. Tell him that fortune has made me vassal, and that I willingly resign to him the greatness he has wrested from me, every hour teaches me I am not a queen who must be obeyed, but a vassal who must obey. I should like to see Cæsar.

send him: do him homage as liege-lord.

[35. All this talk has gone on between Cleopatra at the top and Proculeius at foot, of the monument; after it, Proculeius takes leave of her, as if going back to Cæsar, but passes round and meets Gallus, who meanwhile had planted a ladder, and sent up soldiers by it, Proculeius now following them up: they take Cleopatra by



surprise; Proculeius's highflown language had been meant to keep Cleopatra in play, till this surprise was effected.]

41. **relieved . . . betrayed** : released from confinement within this monument, but not made captive.

42. Have you released me from death also (by taking away the dagger)? Why, even a sick dog thinks death to be a release, and you refuse me that release.

43. Cleopatra, (he no longer calls her "queen of Egypt") do not try, by killing yourself, to prevent Cæsar from showing, to its full extent ("well acted"), the generosity which he intends, and which your death will frustrate.

[47. Death, by taking a single queen's life, will gain as much as he would by taking the lives of many babes and beggars; the high rate of "infant mortality" and of "mortality from privation" (as we should now say) would give Death a larger number of subjects than deaths among kings and queens, it is true; but the death of a single queen would be a prouder acquisition to his kingdom than the deaths of thousands of those common mortals that die like flies.]

48. **O! temperance**: O! don't speak so wildly.

49. She ironically seems to yield to his prayer, but really becomes more violent in speech: I *will* be temperate to please you; nay, to please you more, I will be more than temperate; I will be a total abstainer; I will neither drink, nor eat, nor sleep. She *did* carry out this threat, and the effect of it upon her appears afterwards.

50. **idle . . . neither**: I will not sleep, and, if necessary, I shall keep talking nonsense ("idle") the whole night, to keep myself awake. Critics have given ingenious mis-explanations *and uncalled for misreadings of this line, missing its plain meaning.

[52-7. She scornfully dismisses his assurances about her adding lustre to Cæsar's triumph by her presence in it, and repeats that she will not be ignominiously led as a captive at it; that Octavia will not have the gratification of lacerating her by her grave looks alone, as cruelly as the lash of a whip could have done; that she will not be hoisted aloft, as on a pillory, to the insults of the rabble.]



sober . . . dull: she contemptuously contrasts Octavia's looks with her own laughing eyes and sprightly bearing in the past.

55. **Shall they:** I never will give them the chance to.

57-62. I prefer death in a ditch in Egypt to life as ex-queen in Rome; and when I die, I prefer to lie, a naked, unburied, fly-blown corpse on the mud of the Nile, or to be hanged high on a gibbet on the very top of one of my country's pyramids, rather than be carried as a captive in Cæsar's triumph, or be exhibited as an attraction on a showman's booth in Rome. With what artistic skill does Shakespeare bring in these references to the floods of the Nile, the pyramids of Egypt, the ten Biblical plagues in it, the Egyptian belief in Transmigration, and other matters of interest connected with Egypt,—bring all into the course of the Action, without interrupting it ?

[Enter Dol: After that sharp match of thrust and parry with Proculeius, there follows a very different scene with Dolabella:—he is a lover, her last on earth, who is come to warn her; and for the first and last time in her life, she gently rebukes a lover, and declines his love. Plutarch merely says that Dolabella, a youth of distinction among Cæsar's companions, had a tenderness for Cleopatra, and sent her word privately of Cæsar's real intentions about her.]

64. Dolabella speaks to Proculeius with the tone of a superior, as of a patrician towards an *eques* or knight; or as we should say with the tone of a "hereditary peer" towards a "city man" or "capitalist" (for the Roman knight, like the Rajput Khattri, was often a business man).

65. **knows:** from Gallus who had left soon after the capture.

70. **would die:** wish to die; her resolution rises with her despair.

[71-3. Dolabella tries gently to recall himself to her memory; she replies she does not remember him.

74, 75. His looks have told her penetrating eyes what the state of his heart towards her is, and she delicately but firmly rebukes him; and this rebuke she conveys through the narration of this "dream" of an ideal Antony, all of superhuman perfection, and the realization of this ideal in the Antony she has lost. "No man can replace Antony in my heart", is the meaning of this dream; and



the critics say nothing to show that they *see* this meaning. What a different Cleopatra have we here; the inveterate ensnarer of men's love, she now refuses an offer of love!]

75. **trick**: way, habitual with you men.

[80-86. This is a dream, and dreams know no law of probability or of verisimilitude: the sun and moon in it therefore cannot be taken for Antony's eyes, nor the earth for Cleopatra; but this dream-Antony is a phantasm, and the dream a phantasmagoria; his legs bestride the ocean stream like a very dream-colossus; his raised arms form a crest over the earth, as a crest over-tops a warrior's helmet; his voice towards his friends was as ~~the~~ music of the spheres (that, as Pythagoras said falsely, so she implies, was inaudible to human ears); his voice towards his enemies was the thunder of Jove.]

81. **creature**: (three syllables as in French, and as "creator" is in English) being, masterpiece ("sovereign") from nature's creative hand.

84. **tuned spheres**: the concentric spheres in which the heavenly bodies (moon, sun, planets, stars) were fixed with the earth as centre, were set at such distances from one another as corresponded to the length of wires that produce the scale of notes in music; as these spheres revolved round the earth, they produced a music that earthly ears were too gross to hear.

86. In wrath he was a very Jove when thundering.

86-8. His open-handed generosity never was a barren winter, but was one perpetual autumn, ever growing fresh crops; and growing them again in greater abundance after the reaping.

autumn: the Ff: read "*Antony*". Antony was bounty personified.

[88-90. When he enjoyed his pleasures, he never sank into them, but ever rose above them, without ever leaving them; dolphins always live in the sea and enjoy life in it, but every now and then, show their backs above the water (to breathe); even so Antony ever lived in a world of pleasures, but every now and then he showed himself to be superior to a mere pleasure-seeker, by rising to the higher calls of public duty (as consul, triumvir, general in war). Every one knows the graceful way that dolphins show themselves above the water, curve round, and disappear under it.]



90-92. As emperor of the East, kings and princes were his vassals; and he gave away kingdoms and principalities to whomsoever he pleased, as if they were coins that he drew from his pocket, and flung in charity to beggars.

in his livery: kings and princes were to him what footmen and valets are to an ordinary gentleman.

plates: properly, silver coins: Sp. *plata*, as in La Plata (now the Argentina), the silver country.

95. You lie to me; the gods hear you, and know that you lie to them; for both they and I know that there was in reality such an Antony as the one I dreamt of and have described.

96, 97. But this real Antony, not even a dream can set forth in all his perfection; and the dream-Antony I have described *falls short* of the real Antony.

97-100. Though Nature's materials, on which she works, have not the strange forms and colours that the materials on which Fancy works have, yet if Nature could draw, from the life, a picture of the real Antony as he was, it would be her masterpiece which would beat any masterpiece that Fancy could produce. So she thinks that the real Antony surpassed the dream-Antony she has described.

97. **stuff:** materials to work upon.

98. **strange forms:** such as those she has drawn above.

imaginè: draw from the life; draw from the materials she, Nature, has at her command.

100. **shadows:** masterpieces that Fancy can produce from the materials at her command.

Though we can make no *rational* meaning out of all this, we must respect it as the product of the frenzy into which she has been worked up by Antony's death and her own capture. Against the craft of Proculeius, all the sharpness of her wits had been called forth; in the sympathetic hearing of Dolabella, her bereaved love finds this frenzied outlet.* But hers is also the prophetic frenzy of the priestesses of the Pythian Apollo at Delphi, or of those of the Egyptian Serapis at Alexandria; like theirs, her ravings have a method; and it is this:—In ll. 79-86 Cleopatra announces the *Apotheosis of Antony*, that she saw in this dream; his ancestor Hercules, had been deified, her ancestors, the Ptolemies had been

deified, his master and her friend, Julius Cæsar had been deified, Antony and Cleopatra themselves had, while yet alive, been deified as Egyptian god and goddess; and now, in death, she sees him, in this priestess's vision, deified as a Roman in the "high Roman fashion": the phantasm Antony of the dream is this *Antony Deified*. In ll. 87-92, she gives us the *Real Antony*, saying at the end that her picture of him is a poor one; and that a good picture of him, drawn from the life, would beat any picture of him that fancy could draw (ll. 97, 98). But while sibyls and priestesses in their frenzy were icily indifferent to all around them, *this* priestess in the lonely monument is steeped in tears of mourning for him whom she consecrates as *Divus Antonius*, while his body lies, a mangled corpse, before her; and she consecrates with him her own love for him, in the presence of one who had come to offer her a new and pure love. This overpowering scene is all Shakespeare's own divine invention, put into the lips of *his* Cleopatra; and there is nothing of it in Plutarch's Cleopatra, who merely asks and obtains permission from Cæsar to be allowed to visit Antony's tomb, where she makes oblations and offers up a prayer. The critics are strangely silent on the meaning of this scene, while they say very much where less is needed, or much that is wrong.

100. Dolabella has been repeatedly trying to speak, till now he is able to edge in a few words; they show his profound pity, his respectful tenderness.

101. Your loss is heavy, and you feel the full weight of it.

102-105. May I never attain the object of my wishes and hopes if I do not sympathize with you in the disappointment of all the cherished hopes and wishes that you have suffered.

pursued success: a veiled double meaning (1) success in life in the pursuits of life (after power, wealth etc). (2) winning a kind look, a kind word, from you, that I eagerly wish for.

rebound of yours: the reversal of your success into failure,—of your hopes into despair.

105. The divine inspiration of frenzied prophecy leaves her, and she is once more a mere desolate woman.

Enter Caesar: Gallus had reported to him her capture; and Proculeius her wish to see him.

[112. Cæsar cannot distinguish the queen from among her women; the reason is found in Plutarch :—"She lay then upon her pallet-bed in undress, and on his entering sprang up from off her bed, having nothing on but the garment next her body, and flung herself at his feet, her hair and face looking wild and disfigured, her voice quivering, and her eyes sunk in her head; the marks of the blows she had given herself were visible about her bosom, and her whole person seemed no less afflicted than her soul : but for all this, her old charm, and the boldness of her youthful beauty, had not wholly left her, and, in spite of her present condition, still sparkled from within, and let itself appear in all the movements of her countenance." Reader, contrast this Cleopatra of the monument with the Cleopatra of the first scene of this play, and the Cleopatra of the Cydnus.

Dion Cassius gives a different account : he says Cleopatra put on mourning that made her look most attractive, placed images of Julius Cæsar about the room, and some of his letters into her bosom; reading one of them and weeping over it as Octavius Cæsar entered; when she read out bits of it to him.

It matters little to the artist which of the two accounts is true in fact, and Shakespeare picks out the one incident—Cæsar unable to distinguish the queen from her attendants—as the key to the artistic scene he wishes to open to us.]

114. He has to ask her four times before she complies with his request.

116. **hard thoughts**: fears that I shall be hard on you.

118. Though those injuries were done to my own flesh and blood (Octavia).

119. **sir** : lord, sovereign: " **sir** " in Shakespeare is applied to all ranks, from kings down to knaves.

120-23. I cannot so represent ("project") my conduct to you, as to call it blameless ("clear"); I confess I have been to blame in Octavia's case; but that blame has often been incurred by women and to their shame. **project**: advance my case, put it forward.

124, 125. I am more inclined to be mild than to be severe, to overlook much than to exact full amends.

128. To drive me to severe measures.

130-32. Cæsar has kept this threat in reserve : if you kill yourself, your action will drive me to kill your children ; and you, not I, shall be to blame for their death. **thereon** : on my good purpose.

133. You may leave me and go through the whole world, which is all yours, without asking permission from a poor woman like me to be allowed to do so.

134, 135. And I and other kings and princes, conquered by you, will be re-instated in our former possessions, or be removed from them by you, at your pleasure, as a victor restores or carries off, as he pleases, the shields and trophies of the vanquished. By this she hints that Cæsar should bestow the throne of Egypt on her or on her son ; as she had hinted to Proculeius. **Here my lord** : She holds out a document ; Cæsar stops to receive it.

136. I will be guided by any request you make, provided it will be for your welfare. Cæsar wonders whether the document contains a request in writing that she is unwilling to make through speech.

137. **brief** : bare list, short statement : so a " lawyer's brief ".

139. An exact valuation, except that some things of little value are omitted : Plutarch says " all her goods and money ", which North renders as " all the ready money and treasures she had ", neither mentioning any exception.

143. Cleopatra hopes that for the sake of his mistress, the steward will not mind telling a little lie by saying nothing about the " petty things " : instead, this ungrateful dog tells a very big lie about them, as will appear by and by.

147. Plutarch says Seleucus charged her " with omitting to mention some things and with keeping them back by stealth " ; which North renders as " disproving Cleopatra in that she had not set in all, but kept many things back on purpose ", and adds what is not in Plutarch that he did so " *to seem a good servant* " ; which means that he did so with the object of recommending himself to Cæsar as a faithful servant, as Dercetas had, " to enter himself " with Cæsar. With this clue to Seleucus's character, Shakespeare makes Cleopatra herself mention to Cæsar the " petty things " omitted (in l. 139), and makes Seleucus here bring the charge of her having omitted at least half of her property from the list. A misunderstanding of Seleucus's character has led a critic to explain these lines wrongly

thus :—Cleopatra and her *faithful servant*, Seleucus, had secretly made a pact that he should *falsely* accuse her; that she should *pretend* to fly into a rage; and that the two should then enact *the farce* of ll. 149-74, the object of this pact and farce being to convince Cæsar that she means to live, and put him off his guard. There is not a word in Plutarch or in North to support this explanation, a line in North is directly opposed to it, and shows it to be a mere ingenious, clap-trap fancy. The explanations of the lines that follow also will show it to be so. **made known**: stated in the list.

148. This is the blush of her detected falsehood; Cæsar with a smile, if ever he smiled where public affairs were concerned, calls it wisdom, thinking to himself, "she means to live".

149-53. She penetrates into the motive of Seleucus's falsehood, at once : see, Cæsar, how this creature leaves me because I am fallen from fortune, to follow you because you have risen to power to-day; and if to-morrow fate were to make us change places, those who have left me to follow you, would leave you to come back to me.

153-7. She turns fiercely to Seleucus, he draws back, she flies at him, he runs, she pursues, screaming out what she will do to him if she catches him, she cannot catch him, for she is worn down in body as in mind, and she vents her impotent wrath in calling him those names; Cæsar begs of her to calm herself. She who once, in a like fit of fury, caught and nearly half-killed the messenger, can now hardly run after the treasurer, and can only half-kill him in words. In this Shakespeare departs from Plutarch who says "she flew upon him, took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him well favouredly" (North). Why does he so depart? For two reasons: One is that *his* Cleopatra is too much of a queen, or the wreck of a queen to be made to forget herself so far before Cæsar, however much she forgot herself with the messenger before her maids; (in fact, the setting up of that postal service was Shakespeare's own invention, and is not mentioned by Plutarch, and the maltreatment that Plutarch makes the treasurer suffer here is transferred to the messenger there); the other reason is that Shakespeare's Cleopatra is meant by him now to pass from our aversion to our pity; and he began to work this magic change from the time when she heard of the tragic miscarriage of the last of her trickeries.



Reader, pity her, when you now see her, a physical wreck from voluntary starvation, "her hair torn and dishevelled, her face martyred with her nails, her voice small and trembling, her eyes sunk into her head with continual weeping", as North describes her; and pity her not the less, because you know all her past wickedness that the great artist has laid bare before your eyes in the course of these ten years ~~what~~ he has made you know her. The poor, old girl, how changed, and how much yet the same!

154-6. Though born and bred in my house you are as faithless as a creature hired for an hour, (slaves, so born and bred, often rose to high offices of trust in the master's household): you go back, do you? You seem to be a good hand at going back: [double meaning (1) starting back, (2) deserting me]; I will prevent your going back: [double meaning (1) your eluding me, (2) your entering Cæsar's service]; I will catch you, and gouge out your eyes, even if your eyes could fly as fast as your legs are doing now. O! baseness, seldom seen to be so base! She speaks all this while chasing him round the room, without being able to catch him, and utters threats that she cannot carry out. If she had *actually* done all this to him she would not have *spoken* of doing it: in *Hamlet*, Laertes, who half strangles Hamlet in the Graveyard scene, does not speak a word, while Hamlet, helpless in his grasp, gurgles out all the speaking, during the one-sided tussle.

157. Cæsar, as he speaks, goes up to her and gently leads her back to her seat.

158-63. What a scathing shame it is that, during your visit to me—you, in your exalted position, I, in my humbled state, my own servant, should, all in malice, add one item more ("parcel") to the long list of my misfortunes.

meek: humbled, she means her powerlessness, contrasted with the power ("lordliness") of her victor; but her selection of that word raises a smile at the other meaning it can bear, "meek in spirit", "mild in temper", used just after this exhibition of her fiery temper.

163-9. She here explains for whom the "petty things" of l. 139 were meant; her quick instinct makes her invent donees most likely imaginary; and to name two particularly, for whom she has reserved something *more* than "petty things": thus now tacitly admitting that

she did *not* speak quite the truth in l. 139, and, on the other hand leading Cæsar to be convinced all the more of her intention to live and go with him to Rome, willingly. Plutarch says, "Cæsar was pleased to hear her talk thus, being now assured that she was desirous to live."

165. **immoment toys**: trifling articles of adornment.

such dignity: such small value.

166. **we . . . friends**: we, women, present to ordinary women friends.

167. **nobler token**: gift of higher value, meant to show higher regard.

168. To induce Octavia and your good wife to extend their goodwill to me, and intercede with you for me, for the injury I have done to them.

169-70. Is it not a crying shame that a slave, born and bred in my house (*verna* in Latin), should expose me in this way, by maliciously exaggerating these intended presents to one half of all my property?

with: by.

170-71. I feel it more keenly to be put to shame in this way than I feel the loss of my kingdom.

171-4. Leave the room; if you stay longer, I shall again try to assault you; for what remains of my former fiery temper still smoulders under the cold ashes of my extinct power; and it may drive me to try it again.

cinders: hot cinders lying under the cold ashes of a volcanic eruption: (Cleopatra truly describes her own temper as once an active volcano, now extinct, *but not quite*): if there were any manhood left in you, you would not have insulted a woman, helpless in her misery.

Forbear: a civil way of saying "leave the room".

175-8. I wish Cæsar to know (for once he and I have been equals in greatness) that kings and queens like us are silently suspected by our subjects to be responsible for the actions of our subordinates; and when we fall from power that silent suspicion finds loud expression in charges brought against us for their misdeeds. What is the relevance here of this utterance in general terms, unless she means that this creature, to her knowledge, has been for years

robbing her, and presenting false balance sheets to her, as her Secretary and Treasurer; that the tax-payers of Egypt have been grumbling, under their breath, at his exactions from them; of which he kept her in ignorance, and of which he pocketed the difference between what he wrung from them and what he accounted for to her; and now that she is fallen, this creature turns round and loudly accuses her to Cæsar of the very robberies he has committed on her and on her subjects?

Cleopatra does not deign to tell Cæsar directly of these defalcations of Seleucus, as he told him about hers, but speaks disdainfully, in the air, as it were, for all and sundry to hear, if they like: ancient broadcasting!

179. **acknowledged**: put down in the "brief".

180. **roll of conquest**: list of prizes of war.

182, 183. Cæsar is not a merchant, and will not descend to bargaining about the price of valuables, like this jewellery, that jewellers bargained about, when selling them to her.

184. Do not think that I hold you prisoner in this monument; if you do, it is your fancy, not I, that makes you a prisoner.

186. I shall consult your wishes in everything that concerns your future welfare.

187. Plutarch says, it was Cæsar's threat about her children (l. 130) that frightened her from persisting in a course of starvation that she had adopted, as a means of putting a peaceful end to her life, and of which she had defiantly spoken to Proculeius (l. 49).

189. **Not so**: call me not this: call me your friend.

190. **words me**: is trying to deceive me with fine words; the moment Cæsar is gone, Cleopatra's manner changes in a flash from profound respect to fierce contempt for him; he is trying to cheat me; before he can do it, I will cheat him. Her mind made up, she sets about carrying it out at once: she sends for the asps. **Whispers**: about bringing in the countryman with the basket.

192, 193. Iras divines what the whisper is about.

193, 194. Come back ("again") quick; I have already bespoken the asps.

198. **my love**: after "creature", "gentle", "good madam", all of them timid words that he dared to utter at his last interview,

Dolabella ventures at last to come out with the word "*love*" here: he is the last of her lovers—the self-restrained, following upon the boisterous, the worshipping, the contemptuous ones that have gone before.

religion: as sacred as religious obligation.

200. Three days then is the limit for Cleopatra; and here she is anticipating it by two.

207-20. Since Antony thoughtlessly taunted her with this fate, her mind has been harping upon it; she spoke of it to Proculeius; she speaks of it to Iras. **puppet**: like a doll in a puppet show.

208-12. Low-born carpenters will erect a scaffolding on which we are to be exhibited aloft; their horny hands will rudely push us to it; their stinky breaths will suffocate us as they come near us to hoist us up into it. She works thus upon the dainty sensibilities of this young girl, brought up in luxury in her service.

213-20. Policemen will arrest us, as if we were common women of the street; ballad-mongers will compose scurrilous songs about us, and sing them with tuneless voices in the streets; pert comedians will extemporize scandal about us on the stage, get up scenes of our revels in Egypt, when a man will act the part of a drunken Antony, and a boy actor will act the part of the royal prostitute, Cleopatra: the hardened Cleopatra comes out plump with the word; the innocent Desdemona could not bring herself to utter it—"Am I that word, Iago?" was all that, with tears, she could say.

licitor: a Roman officer who attended on the magistrates, and carried out their sentences; the emblems of their office, an axe in a bundle of sticks, are something like those of the *kora-burdars*, *jallads* and *shonta burdars* of Mahomedan rule in India.

214. **scald**: scurvy, rascally: a very different word from "*scald*", an ancient Scandinavian rimer.

215. **quick**: nimble-witted, quick at extemporizing: in *Hamlet* the abuse of this gift by actors in grossly attacking public personages is referred to.

219. **squeaking**: imitating a woman's voice: in Shakespeare's days, women's parts were played in theatres by boys before their voices broke.

221. Nothing of the kind was likely to happen to Cleopatra or to her women, if they were taken to Rome; Cleopatra, whether she believes what she says or not, succeeds in working Iras up to believe it, and to be the more resolved to die with her mistress.

223. I am sure I shall blind myself rather than have to see such sights.

224-5. That is the way to defeat their purpose, which I am determined not to allow to succeed. **absurd**: silly; for they little know that I am prepared to foil it: "*assured*" is a feeble, irrelevant emendation.

227. The Cleopatra of the *Antoniad* and of the monument is once more going to be the Cleopatra of the Cydnus.

228. **sirrah**: addressed to a woman-servant.

go: go and fetch the things: Iras does what she is bid, silently; she never speaks after l. 223.

229. **noble**: who have managed matters so well, so faithfully.

231. **To . . . doomsday**: to have rest from all work and service, till the last trumpet sounds on the Day of Judgement: this long vacation will of course be enjoyed in the grave.

crown and all: these are no doubt part of what she reserved, not for her "modern friends", but for herself, for this occasion.

232. **this noise**: the altercation between the guards and the clown.

237. **placed**: fixed, made up.

238-40. And now I feel as firm in my resolution, as marble is solid; and as unmoved by fear in carrying it out, as marble is cold; I am no longer a worshipper of the moon, ever-changing in her phases, as I once was, ever changing from mood to mood. Cleopatra here resigns the worship of Isis and her own title of the new Isis. **planet**: tutelary planet, guardian star.

avoid: begone; a peremptory command.

242. **worm**: serpent; often used so in this and other plays.

246. The clown, with his broad, stupid face, is a not-unconscious helper in the tragic event that follows, and a caustically wise moralizer upon the chief character in it: he has been mistaken by some critics as a mere misplacer of words for tickling the gallery.

immortal: he puts extra stress on "*im*", as the word "*mortal*"



does not seem to him to be strong enough; we may translate his stressed word as "mortal for ever", as his next words show.

seldom or never: to some it is merely mortal, but to others it is immortal; some come back, but others never come back, to life, after dying of its bite; but it is certain *all* die of its bite.

250. **given to lie**: Cleopatra winces at this, for she feels it touches her very closely.

way of honesty: lies are lies, and women should not tell them, except when their intention is to tell the truth; this consoles Cleopatra somewhat.

252. **what pain**: at this Cleopatra winces again, lest it should mean "what great", but it may also mean "what little".

good report: this cheers up Cleopatra, if "good" means "good"; but in the Clown's vocabulary "good" may mean "bad".

253. What does this riddle mean? Something general with a particular application: a man who believes all that women ("they") say is sure to be ruined by less than half what women do; Antony was such a man, and Cleopatra such a woman; and half of what she had done, would have been more than enough to have ruined him.

255. **fallible**: he means "*infallible*", using a fine word before a fine lady, instead of the common word "*true*", meant to be used only with vulgar people.

odd: strange in its ways; so that people had better be careful how they handle it.

257. **all joy**: may you come to no harm from the snake, though from the liberal *bucksheesh* you have given me, you seem to have taken a very great fancy to a very odd sort of a pet; but to Cleopatra's ears, his sarcastic words have a perfectly serious meaning:—the snake *will be a joy* to her.

259. Having been so liberally rewarded, he stays back, though dismissed, to give a little more advice for his money, to the generous lady. This simple son of the soil is not so simple as to think that the lady means no harm with the snake, but having been paid to bring it, he brought it, and kept his counsel.

260. **do his kind**: act as it is his nature to act.

263. **no goodness**: he is more plain spoken now; he was ambiguous before (l. 253).



266. Don't give it anything to eat : i.e., don't let it bite anyone.

268. **eat me**: Cleopatra falls in with his humour, and lets him, plainly enough, into her design.

270. He understands her well enough, but turns it off, by giving another meaning to "*eat*" :—No, he won't eat a woman; the very devil himself will not eat a woman, for such food is sure to disagree with his stomach; a woman is sure to get the very devil into trouble, if he has anything to do with her; let alone a mere man (Antony, for example).

271. And here this clown rises above Consul Enobarbus in his estimate of woman's character :—I do not say this of all women; for there are women who might be a delight to the gods themselves. *We* know such a woman; and at the very end of the play she is brought before our eyes, though she has long ceased to act a part in it: she is Octavia.

dress her not: does not cook her as a dish for the table; does not contaminate her nature; Cleopatra is a dish that the devil cooked in this way: she herself has used this metaphor.

272-4. The hands of the gods have created *all* women to be pure and good; the hands of the devils corrupt and defile *half* of them; if there are so many Cleopatras in the world, there are *as* many Octavias in it. **their**: that they create.

276. Thank you again for your present; may you come to no harm from the snake. And so departs this fig-seller, snake-catcher, and moral philosopher.

279. **immortal longings**: longing for a life like that of the gods.

280. In that life, I shall drink, not the drink of mortals, but the nectar of the gods; this is her ideal of immortal life—to be a voluptuary in Elysium after death, as she had been a voluptuary on earth before it.

281. **Yare**: be quick; "*garb*" and "*gear*" are from the same root.

282. **rouse himself**: from the sleep of death.

284. Cæsar's good fortune which the gods have bestowed on him in sport, only to take it away from him in anger; and the gods in wrath have sent evil fortune to Antony, meaning to make amends to him with happiness in Elysium.

285, 286. **husband**: she calls him so; for they two were best suited by nature to each other in life; and in the manner of her death, she wishes to follow his example, and so be like him in death, as she was in life; die with him, after having lived with him. My true husband, I come; and my death at my own hands proves that I am your true wife.

287, 288. I feel my soul already soaring upwards, turned into fire and air, quitting my body, and leaving it to be in the grave below, as earth and water. **baser life**: (1) to live a baser life of "earth and water", in the grave. (2) to be eaten by worms; this (2) is a bad explanation, for it jars with her voluptuous conception of and longing after death, to make her think of worms in the grave: **baser**: lower, on earth, as opposed to the "higher" life as fire and air; "worms" would destroy, defile the enchantment of this *Euthanasia*, this *Happy Despatch*, that possesses her.

Iras falls and dies: most ingeniously contrived physical causes, most technical toxicological causes, and a most atrociously villainous cause, have all been given to explain her death: for instance, Iras carried the basket and an asp managed to bite her; she herself took an asp and made it bite her, unobserved; she fell down dead at once, because the first bite of snakes is the quickest to work (with details in each case), etc.; and—the villainy—Cleopatra took an asp and applied it to Iras "with or without her consent, to see the effect of the poison and the pain she would have to encounter", thus making Cleopatra murder Iras! It was a woman again, Mrs. Cowden Clarke, who first gave the true explanation:—*Iras died of a broken heart*. We have seen how she had been worked up by her mistress; how she had declared she would rather die than fall into Cæsar's hands; since then she has been brooding over this thought; had never spoken after her declaration; had mechanically gone through her last offices to her mistress; and it was her mistress's kiss that snapped her heart-strings: this is the poetry of her death; in poetry there is, and must be, such a thing as a broken heart; and it is in vain for prosaic anatomy, physiology and pathology, and most in vain for grovelling literary dirt-handling, miscalled criticism, to raise their voices against it.



295. **vanishest**: diest without a struggle, without a sign of pain.

296. For such signs would show that we were reluctant to leave this world; whereas death looks to us to be no more than going off to sleep.

297. She calls upon the gods to join her in this her hour of grief, and to shed tears of sympathy ("rain") for her.

298. **This . . . base**: Iras's death shows that I am a coward, afraid to do what she so readily did: she reproaches herself for belying that 'courage' (l. 286) that was to make her worthy of being Antony's wife. Shakespeare makes her act just as Antony had done: Antony reproached himself to Eros for his "baseness" in delaying to follow Cleopatra's example (when he thought she had killed herself), and here Cleopatra reproaches herself similarly; Antony spoke of his "courage" when he had made up his mind to imitate Eros and here Cleopatra speaks similarly.

299-301. Another terror comes upon her:—Iras's spirit will reach Hades and there meet Antony's, before I can; she will be asked by him for news about me; and when told that I also am coming, will thank her for that news with a kiss; and so, his first kiss after death, which should by rights be for me, his wife, will be received, not by me, but by another; and this will make Elysium feel like Hell to me. What Elysian jealousy!

curled Antony: Antony the handsome, Antony the gay, Antony with his hair dressed and perfumed; no longer the mangled, blood-stained Antony that I drew up, and whose corpse now lies there beside me.

make demand: ask for news from earth and of me.

kiss: this would be a kiss of welcome and of thanks, nothing more; but the thought of it makes Cleopatra madly jealous, and makes her hasten to prevent it, if she can, by hurrying after Iras, and trying to overtake her! A critic sees nothing pathetic in these lines, but finds it to be "almost ludicrous, according to modern ideas". In her moments of pleasure, of vanity, of frivolity, of pride, of cunning, of craftiness, of cowardice, of anger, of jealousy, Cleopatra's nature has always made her run impulsively to excess. It would be a false picture of her heroism to say that she is not a bit afraid to die; she is very much afraid, as much as Juliet was, to die; it is the remembrance of

Antony in life, in death, after death, and this example of Iras present now before her eyes, that hearten her up; and it is this most groundless fit of jealousy that makes her convulsively seize the wriggling asp and fasten it on her.

Which . . . have: Hades with Antony's first kiss would be Elysium, Hades without it would be Hell, to me.

301-306. She puts the asp on, calls it endearing names ("wretch", "fool," and below "my babe") tells it to be quick and bite, and, as it bites, wishes that it had the gift of human speech, to call out to Cæsar that he was a fool to have been over-reached so easily.

302. **knot intricate:** (1) intimate bond between body and soul, whose union makes up human life; so in *King Lear*, "holy cords intrinse" mean the intimate bond that should unite daughters to father. (2) intricate bond between body and soul, so hard to undo, because the one clings so close to the other and refuses to be parted from it.

unpoliced: (1) whose design has been frustrated ("un-") (2) devoid of ("un-") skill in laying his plots, forming his design.

306. **eastern star:** star of the east, Venus, now setting.

Peace, peace: critics wrongly take this as spoken to herself; she speaks it to Charmian who is weeping aloud; hush, hush, do not disturb the baby that is sucking me.

308. And don't disturb me who am going off into a sleep. **O! break:** O! break, my heart; O! let me die; her use of this word shows what she thought to have been the cause of Iras's death: O! let me die as Iras has done.

309. It is now, and not at l. 306, that Cleopatra, fully conscious up to then, becomes half-conscious, and speaks to herself. **As sweet . . . gentle:** she feels so, as the poison takes effect; how sweet, how soft, how gentle it is to die.

310. She feels dying to be so pleasant that she thinks she will increase the pleasure ("Nay"), by employing a second asp to administer it, with the first.

O Antony: her mind now wanders out of this world, and she sees Antony in the distance in the next.

311. Why ("What") should I linger? Let me hasten to join you. She expires before finishing the sentence, and Charmian finishes it for

her. Thus dies Cleopatra, after her heart's wish, enjoying the death of a voluptuary. Goodbye, Cleopatra! Rejoin that husband in Hades, who suited you best on earth, in all your woman's varying moods, himself a man of varying moods; may you meet him in Hades, and get his first kiss there; and may you two, as birds of a feather, fly about for ever in the New Paradise that it will create for both. She died on 30th August B.C. 30, aged thirty-nine. Critics here discuss, at some length, the exact manner of her death, whether by one or two asps, whether bitten on arm or breast, whether there were two punctures or four: questions quite needless in the poetry of her death.

312-7. Charmian performs the last services to her dead mistress: she closes the eyes of the dead; and, as she did hundreds of times before during her mistress's life, takes a survey of her attire to see that everything is in its place as it should be; notices that her crown is slightly awry; re-adjusts it carefully; and, satisfied that her mistress in death looks, as she wished to look, like herself on the Cydnus, says that she will now take the long holiday that her mistress has given her leave to take.

vile: old spelling "*vild*", whence the Ff: corruptly read "*wild*".

313. Death can boast that he has now a queen for his subject, worth "many babes and beggars", as she herself said.

314. **a lass unparallel'd:** the sweetest girl on earth; "*lass*", like "*girl*", is used endearingly; Cleopatra, whom many before, including herself, called *old*, is called a girl now, when she lies dead, her face thin, pale, care-worn, sorrow-stained, haggard; but surrounded with all the majesty of a queen, lying in state; beautiful in death.

Downy . . . close: she tenderly closes the eyes of the dead, noticing, as she does so, the long, silken eyelashes, made all the more conspicuous as they lie on the cheeks.

315. And never will eyes more queenly than yours look on the sun again; other queens will live and reign, but none to equal you.

316. **crown's awry:** the Ff: read "*away*", as if the crown had fallen off her head, when her head fell back on the couch; it is a mistake to read and explain so; for it disarranges Cleopatra's array more than we should wish it to be, after she has been laid out in state for us to gaze upon and mourn; it would jar rudely upon the solemnity of the scene; her crown is only *slightly* disarranged; the

quick, practised eye of the tire-woman detects what our eyes have not noticed, and her loving hands re-adjust the disarrangement to a hair's breadth, as only a woman's hand can do. Plutarch says, "Charmian, seeming about to faint, and scarce able to hold up her head, *trimming* her mistress's diadem"; see l. 339.

317. **then play**: obey your last wish and order (V. ii. 231): *i.e.*, I will kill myself. Charmian, Iras, Eros, were all members of the Society of the Diers-Together who had taken that oath; death comes of itself to the young Iras, and so makes her keep her oath; Charmian and Eros keep theirs, by bringing death upon themselves.

Enter Guards: Cleopatra had sent Cæsar a letter containing pathetic prayers and entreaties that she might be buried in the same tomb with Antony; this had alarmed him, and made him send the guards in haste, himself following.

320. **partly feel**: begin to feel the effect; feel faint.

326. **Ah! soldier**: what does this mean? I can find no clue in Plutarch or in the text; it cannot be angry reproach, for there is no reason for it; it cannot be meant for Dolabella, for he enters after she dies; it must be meant for one of the guards; and the meaning seems to be her bidding farewell to the last human face that her dim eyes and fainting senses can just discern before she drops dead; it must be the soldier who runs to her help as she is falling.

327. Your fears are realized, and here are the proofs.

329. **see perform'd**: find to have been already done.

332. **at the last**: to the last, to death.

333. **levell'd**: guessed aright at.

334. **took . . . way**: disdained to be guided by another; refused to follow my wishes.

336. **simple**: the countryman had played his part well with the guards, and had quite taken them in, by laughing when stopped by them, removing the leaves on top, showing the fruits under them, and offering them some.

337. **poisoned**: by poisoned fruits:

339. **trimming up**: this shows that "*awry*" is the correct reading in l. 316.

344. As if she was adorned for another Cydnus, to ensnare another Antony within the silken net ("toil") of her beauty; whence,



once caught, there was no delivery ("strong"): Cleopatra, alive on the Cydnus, was strong to ensnare; Cleopatra, dead in the monument, is still strong to ensnare.

346. **something blown**: somewhat swollen; Dolabella examines the body, while the guardsman examines the room (l. 347).

350. **caves**: we may easily suppose that snakes lived in holes within larger cavities ("caves") along the river-bank; and there is no need to read "*canes*" (reeds), growing in the river-mud.

352. These are the numerous experiments noticed before that Cleopatra had made.

336. **clip**: enclose.

357-360. Great events like these are brought about through the violent end of those who are the principal actors in them; and the pity due to their tragic deaths should be as profoundly felt, as the glory of him who brought about their deaths is loudly proclaimed. The pity felt for Antony and Cleopatra should be as great as the glory accorded to Cæsar, who by his victory has brought about their deaths.

which: who.

361. **show**: processional march in honour of her funeral.

363. Arrange the solemn celebration on a scale that befits royalty.



ADDENDUM (*Notes*)

Act I Sc. ii. l. 147 (p. 137)

' No. Pinto's book was published in 1614 ' (P. C. G.)

Act IV Sc. iii. l. 1 (p. 200)

' Or if another.....': ' No. see l. 35.' (P. C. G.)

Act IV Sc. x. ll. 10-13 (p. 255)

' Thereupon, Antony's cavalry..... ' ' Not in North '
(P. C. G.)

Handwritten:
31321

ERRATUM (*Text*)

	<i>Read</i>	<i>For</i>
Act I, Sc. ii, l. 105	winds	minds
Act II, Sc. ii, l. 91	The article of my oath ?	The article of my oath
Act III, Sc. ii, l. 2	despatch'd	dispatch'd
Act III, Sc. iv, l. 27	strain	stain
Act IV, Sc. xiii, l. 36	Yet come a little.	Yet come a little—

Handwritten:
13-4-55